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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Greece.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Oh! Greece all lovely as thou art,
Home of the Heroic and brave;
There poetry and song have part
In every sculptured stone and wave!
Tho'! the fallen temples of thy God,
By conquering Moslems were trod;
And o'er the ashes of your sires,
Leapt high the unbeliever's fires;
I hail ye with that burning love,
The heart can feel for fame like thine,
Where every forest, hill, and grove
Hath been the haunt of things divine!
I hail ye, for ye e'er shall be,
The land whose fame is first to me;
And tho' at times, the slave of all,
With banners raised on high—to fall,
Your sons in slavery's worst dearth,
Still battled for their native hearth,
And every rock and field and glen,
Gave back the war cry of brave men,
Contending for their native sod,
Their altars and their country's God!
Men, stalwart as their mountain rock,
That laughs to scorn the tempest's shock;
Whose blood was shed like mountain flood,
For their uprooted freedom's good;
Men, who had nerve and heart to dare,
The deepest misery of despair,
For such it was, a land to see
Fair, great and glorious as thee,
Reeking and red with native gore,
"From Athen's rock to Calpé's shore."
Oh! Greece, enfranchised Greece, once more
I greet ye, as a son would hail
The dying blessing of his sire,
As a young mother, wan and pale,
Would clasp her first-born nursling nigher
Unto her breast in that sweet hour,
That first she kissed her tiny flower;
I hail ye as the Persian hails
The Sun God burning in the east,
As would the sea beat tar, the sail,
That in the hour of shipwreck meets
The wild gaze of his streaming eyes,
As the young lover, at her feet,
Doth greet his lady's answering sighs
Such is the joy which swells my soul
Reading the body's vain control
To hail thee, as I feel thou art,
The cradle of the classic heart!

Philada. June 7th, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Eve at the Fountain.

BY THOMAS K. HOPLAND.

She stood beside the Fountain! the clear stream,
Reflected all her charms,—in company,
With newborn Phœbus! no arm, and amorous beam,
Which in its crystal bosom sported free.
Entranced she gazed, and saw the vision bright,
Smile when she smiled, and mimic every look,
"How beautiful"—she cried with fond delight—
"Would I were thee sweet spirit of the brook."
And lightly then she flew to a near grave,
Where 'neath a vine, her bosom's lord reposed;—
"Adam," she cried—"awake—arise my love,"
Then stooping kissed him and his eyes unclosed
"Adam we are not in the bowers alone,
As thou didst say, and as I deemed we were,
For by yon fountain as I chanced to roam,
I saw a form beauteous beyond compare.
In its bright bosom sporting joyously—
Lo! when I smiled so did the spirit smile,
And ever as I moved it mimic'd me,
And looking—oh so beautiful the while—
Ah! would that I were as the spirit fair!"
"And so thou art," cried Adam, as he pressed
His perfect partner to his throbbing breast,
"For thou alone, my gentle one wert there,"
And that sweet spirit which to thee did seem
To be so wondrous beautiful and fair
Was thine own image mirrored in the stream.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Rector of Trosley; Or, Woman's Faith. A Tale.

BY THOMAS J. BEACH.

Our tale introduces the reader to the delightful manse of the Rector of Trosley, a village of little importance, situated at the foot of one of a chain of hills which adorn with their luxuriant verdure the County of Kent—the Garden of England! We have said, "a village of little importance," but the value of a "living" in the "Established Church," is to be estimated not by the proportions of the village, but by the extent of the parish and the fertility of the soil, both of which advantages Trosley possessed in an eminent degree; to this was added a neighboring benefice hereditary in the family, called Addington, under the spiritual supervision of a Vicar; and from these united sources of emolument, the Rev. George Fitzware enjoyed an income of some ten thousand pounds per annum.

The parsonage occupied the lap of the ascent, and was designed with a refined taste and embellished with a liberal hand. The mansion was irregularly encircled, at a short distance, by a number of ancient elms, whose towering heads from the period of their early maturity, had afforded an abode through many any ornithological generation to a noisy community of rooks. In the rear, some four or five acres exhibited the abundant products of a seasonable vegetation under garden culture, diversified with orchard trees of a choice variety; while here and there a conservatory crowded with exotic fruit and flowers from the sunny vales of southern Europe, flooded the air with rare aroma, new and grateful to the sense. The whole of the grounds were environed with a broad belt of shrubbery, closely planted and permitted to flourish in exuberance, under small restraint, a resting place for a thousand ever-twittering birds, and made vocal with the prolonged harmony of the summer evening song of the blackbird and the thrush, while the hills echoed through the livelong night with the mellow sweetness of the tireless nightingale, the tenant of some fragrant arboret. The carriage sweep embraced in its inner portion, immediately in front of the house, a beautiful parterre lavishly planted with such of the most elegant flowers as were sufficiently hardy in their nature to sustain the ruder season of the climate, forming another of the variations of light and shade in the dominion of the Trosley parsonage.

Mr. Fitzware, at the time of which we write, in his thirty-eighth year, possessed in a commanding person, handsome features, and dignified yet urbane deportment, very favorable qualities to prepossess the mind; the freshness of youth had, however, been slightly touched by time, and in the luxuriant dark hair that relieved his brow the thin line of silvery grey was already frequent to denote the insidious advance of years.

With an ardent love of learning he had imbibed something of a stoical philosophy; and from some unfortunate choice of studies, or an inclement scepticism, he had in youth been impressed with the idea which had imperceptibly grown into a dogma of belief, that, inflexible virtue in mankind was a theory having a precisely relative position in the scale of ethics, with those grand arcana of chemistry and mechanics, alchemy and perpetual motion. Like the advocates of those abstruse branches of science he contended for the possible existence of the thing he disbelieved, but after long experience and investigation deemed it too rare and subtile ever to be discovered. It is in this peculiarity perhaps we might find some palliation of the fact that he was now only in the fourth year of his wedded life the husband of a beautiful and devoted woman, and she the young mother of a cherub boy whose striking resemblance to Fitzware, seemed to have been an effort of nature, to eradicate from his mind the illiberal appliance of his thesis to the gentler sex, which was destined to blot, hereafter, the bright volume of his existence.

The circumstances attending his marriage bear the touching impress of romance, and claim a relation at our hands. Two years previous to that event, Mrs. Cathcart, the widow of a deceased merchant, whose misfortunes and death had both been induced by the profligacy and extravagance of an only son, retiring from the metropolitan society in which she had been wont to move, chose a retreat at Trosley, where, with an only daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, she lived in somewhat strict seclusion, on the poor remains of a shattered fortune. Evading an intimacy which might lead to an interchange of visits, she formed no acquaintance beyond the mere formalities of recognition, inseparable from an attendance on the devotional exercises of the church, and was gradually wasting away under a pulmonary disease, without a knowledge of the fact. Her decline at length became so manifest that Mr. Fitzware determined to court an introduction, and for this purpose, leaving the church without waiting to throw off his surplice, after the morning services of the subsequent Sabbath, he overtook the two ladies before they reached their point of deviation from his homeward path. A general remark served to elicit an observation in return, and the conversational powers of the minister soon beguiled Mrs. Cathcart into a discourse, in which she was at once interested and pleased; it required, however, his best efforts of persuasion to induce her to accept an invitation to dine with him, and he congratulated himself on the success of his truly laudable object, as, supporting on either arm the debilitated mother and the beautiful daughter, he introduced them to the matron of the parsonage house. The extreme frugality with which Mrs. Cathcart indulged at the table, afforded the minister an opportunity to express an apparently casual remark on her health—he feared she was indisposed.

The lady replied that she had not for some time enjoyed her usual health, but had scarcely permitted herself to think that it was seriously impaired; "for even now, sir," she added, "you will perceive the bare thought of such a thing, has turned my poor Amelia pale with apprehension."

"Alas! dear mother," said Amelia, "I have sometimes almost fancied that, you have really become thinner since we left London, and thus reversed our hopes that the country air would improve your health."

"We will trust your fancy has deceived you, Miss Amelia," rejoined the Rector, "though it would be imprudent to neglect proper caution, and the employment of such means as experience has suggested to arrest the progress of affliction; air and gentle exercise will assist you, madam, and if you will oblige me with your consent, I shall call for you, or, send a carriage for your use a few hours, every day until your health is re-established—nay, madam, I entreat you will not refuse me," he continued, with pressing earnestness, as Mrs. Cathcart manifested some objection, "for, should your health still decline, I could not forgive myself for allowing you to reject my offer."

Mrs. Cathcart was overruled; it was the first time she had found herself unable to resist the conviction that consumption was at prey upon her existence. The carriage was announced, and Mr. Fitzware accompanying the ladies on his way to the church, desired the coachman to proceed to the widow's dwelling, having observed that for some time past the ladies had absented themselves from the evening's service, rightly conjecturing that Mrs. Cathcart had been too much exhausted to attend; and that lady could not fail to estimate the kindness, which manifested itself in such minute attentions, from one who promised to be so valuable a friend.

From that time Mrs. Cathcart sunk with fearful rapidity, notwithstanding the generous pastor obtained the best medical attendance, even from the Metropolis, and was unwearied in the assiduity of those kind offices he imposed upon himself; scarcely three months had elapsed, when he was summoned to her bedside, with the information that a sudden change had taken place, which threatened her speedy dissolution, and that she had expressed an earnest desire to see him. He hastened to the house, accompanied with a physician. Amelia was supporting her mother's head upon her sobbing bosom, unconscious that the spirit had already passed away; but a glance sufficed to inform the physician that Death had usurped dominion over all that was mortal of the form extended there. Mr. Fitzware, with gentle persuasion, led the poor orphan from the room, and it was not till he had seated her by his side in another apartment, that she knew the mother, whom she so dearly loved, had expired, even in her arms.

"She is dead, then," exclaimed Amelia, with an emphatic burst of agony, and crossing her arms upon her breast, with an expression utterly forlorn, she added in musing despair, "my mother dead!—Oh! heart, sad heart, now, now thou art alone." A flood of tears afforded a temporary relief to her mind, which had been stirred by the shock her acute sensibility had sustained, even to the seat of reason, for a moment of overwhelming agony.

Mr. Fitzware soothed the unhappy girl by directing her to the consolations of religion, and instructed her to dwell upon the promise of a reunion in Heaven. Tendering to her the hospitalities of the parsonage, he urged her to accompany him on his return, and leave those to act, unembarrassed by her presence, whose attentions were now required to the deceased.

At such a moment an expression of common sympathy would have thrilled her torn heart with gratitude; but to find him, whom she would have been too happy with the permission to call by the name of friend, regarding her in the dark hour of her affliction with a father's tenderness, was more than she could bear—her breast heaved with unsupportable emotion, and under the deep sense of his disinterested benevolence, she would have thrown herself at his feet and wept her thanks in a passion of tears. He perceived her intention and averted it—drew her within his arms, and pressing his lips a moment upon her pale brow, bade her to instruct her heart that she had a guardian and a friend, who held her happiness and honor dearer than his life, and, he continued, "would you name him in your prayers, Amelia, call him—Fitzware." The stoic was subdued and his philosophy had departed. He led her to the carriage.

Though familiar with the study of the human heart, Fitzware, while he flattered himself that his diligent attentions to the mother, sprung only from the charities of religion, probably knew not that they were abundantly superinduced by the pleasure he experienced in the society of the daughter, until Amelia had been, unwittingly on his part as on hers, both wooed and won within an hour after the death of her mother.

Amelia, in the simplicity of her heart, satisfied that the interest which Fitzware had evinced during the illness of her mother, was such only as he considered a duty incumbent on him in his pastoral character, little expected to find the evidences of his regard more freely, if possible, extended to her in her loneliness, and that too, amplified to munificence. And for this, when she would have given him her gratitude, her ardent temperament had prompted her very innocently to bestow on him her love, not knowing it.

But heavily indeed was the unhappy girl afflicted by her loss; it was hers to mourn that being with whom all her affections had been associated, and from whom they had met with that fervent reciprocation which had made the internal bosom the harbor of her own young heart; the shaft of the shadowless purveyor for the insatiate grave, which had been fatal to her mother's existence, rankled fearfully in her own breast, and she nourished the secret hope that the blow would prove more kind at last, and take her from her lonely orphanage.—But there was one who watched the broodings of her passive sadness with more than a father's anxious eye—it was Fitzware. He had in the early stages of Amelia's grief, left her much to the society of the matron who presided over his household affairs, but when he discovered that the young and beautiful girl, as heirdess of an insupportable sorrow, anticipated relief only at that bourne which lies beyond the dark valley through which her mother had so lately passed, his heart started with a new alarm, and he interposed with energy the influence of scriptural consolation.

How pliant are the emotions in the season of our life; there is an elasticity in youthfulness which becomes a wonder to us in our age. The springs of sensibility shall be distracted by the rude shocks of eventful time, and anon when the unpractised observer expects the burthened heart with anguished throes to rend itself in twain, lo! the agony is past—the aspect worn with woe unbends itself to smiles, and the mind comes back with vigor to its wonted joy.

Fitzware was an erudite in much of the philosophy of human nature; he made it his study to be kind to his adopted ward, well knowing that his kindness would inspire, or rather enhance the sense of gratitude, and thus beguile her mind from its occupation of a lingering regret; while, at the same time, he did not deny to his own heart, the worthy selfishness of the motive by which he was mainly actuated. The event accredited his judgment well. The lily promptly grew in newer whiteness where the pallor of indisposition had spread its inanimate hue; the ruby melted on her lip, and health came back with roses in the bud to blossom on her cheek. The Rector gazed with pride, and welcomed with a new delight, each returning evidence of subsiding woe. And who will hold him guilty if he whispered to his heart, that, through a Providence now thrice blessed to him, he had been the sole instrument in rescuing from an early tomb, the inestimable woman who transported him with her loveliness and thanked him with her smiles!

Some four or five months had elapsed after the decease of Mrs. Cathcart, when the parsonage received a visitor in the person of Charles Merlynne, a nephew of the Rector's,—his sister's son, who came up from Oxford to kill a week of the vacation, amongst the sylvan scenery of the Kentish hills. And that week had passed; another; and yet another, and the season was upon the eve of expiring, when Charles sought his uncle in a twilight ramble on the wooded hill. They met and the youth bowed, spoke, and paused.

"You are serious this evening, Charles; is it that you leave us on the morrow," questioned Fitzware.

"I scarcely know, sir."

"Indeed! I trust the charms of your Alma Mater possess attractions paramount to those you find in the unclassic shades of our hill side seclusion."

"I must confess my weakness, sir, and acknowledge that I have found in Trosley, charms beyond compare with—"

The Rector threw an uneasy glance upon his nephew, who stood with eyes fixed upon the ground, as he continued in an irresolute tone, the subject he had left unfinished;—

"Pardon me, sir, but in the peerless beauty of the form and feature, and in the exalted mind of the engaging maid who dwells beneath your roof, I have received my first lesson upon the resistless influence of love. I speak of the fair Amelia, sir."

Charles was silent, and with his gaze returned to its perusal of the earth, he saw not the anxious frenzy of that eye which levelled its searching scrutiny at him. But in a moment the Rector's countenance was calm as a summer's eve, though an inquisitive ear might have detected in a slight infirmity of tone, the only evidence of the turbulent emotions that swelled within his breast.

"And the lady—she is doubtless acquainted with your passion?"

"She is," replied the youth.

"So soon"—and the Rector paused—one moment only, but in that moment he suffered a martyrdom of suspense. The thought darted through his mind that he had possibly deceived himself, after all, that Amelia had never entertained any other sentiment than that of an all-prevailing gratitude for the trifling services he had rendered her; and now, when manly youth with quick and ardent eye to tell the gentle tale, and fluent tongue to press the pleasing suit, composed by love's own art, with purity of years and feeling in her favor, she had perhaps yielded her first affection, even to the youth who stood before him. He could not endure the thought, for he felt that Amelia Cathcart was the absolute arbiter of his destiny; on her depended his happiness or misery here—perhaps, hereafter—the suspense must end, and he felt that his next question was the signal for a reply that was to be to him a doom.

"So soon, master Charles,—she could but respond with favor to so prompt a suitor!"

"The lady, all-possessed, gave me her kind attention with prudent demonstration of regard, and when I paused for her reply, with free acknowledgment of the honor—as she was pleased to call it—that I had proffered her, with blushing modesty, reluctantly avowed—"

"Well, sir, why do you pause?" exclaimed Fitzware, with nervous energy—"what did she avow, sir?"

"She loved another!"

"Another," murmured the minister with abstracted echo, and the tempest had become a calm.

"Unable to conceive upon whom a world of joy so infinite had been bestowed, I would inform myself from you."

"You should have interrogated the maiden, Charles," said his uncle with a smile.

"Then you know not, sir?"

"I can be scarcely wiser than yourself, in reading the secrets of a woman's heart, and I assure you Miss Catchcart has never made me her confidant in that particular. But you are young, Charles, quite young, and before another vacation will have forgotten her, or at least learned to regard her as the honored wife of—another."

"Alas! no; but may I trust my uncle that you will approve me to her regard; and when you learn to whom her affections have been given, I entreat you to inform me; but for my sake, assure yourself that he is worthy to possess a creature adorned with such excelling loveliness."

"You may rely upon the exercise of my best discretion, Charles," and they separated as if by mutual consent, each to abandon himself to his own reflections.

Scarcely a minute had Fitzware walked alone, when he perceived Miss Catchcart approaching him from another avenue of the shrubbery.

"Amelia plays the nymph to-night; to give the pale moon good welcome to her empire, and watch the advent of her starry escort," said the Rector, accosting her as she advanced.

"Such might have been my fanciful employ, but look, sir," she said, extending her hand in which lay yet bleeding a dead bird; "it had not sung one half the prologue of its melody, when with a shriek it ceased and fell, thus mutilated, almost at my feet. Poor minstrel, how I pity thee; what could have caused its death!"

"It has been stricken by the night-hawk, and has escaped from his talons," said the Rector, as he cast it into a shrub and wiped from the fair fingers of the gentle one, the blood of the bird. "You mourn the fate of the bird, Amelia, and yet you have not pity. Nay, do not start, and read my face with such curious reproof; I just now left my nephew—ah! you really have not pity, or his story surely libels your young heart."

Poor Amelia bowed her head, and the clustering tresses concealed her crimsoning brow; but her tresses nor the twilight could veil the suffusing color on her cheek, or still her bounding heart. Fitzware, scarcely less agitated, but with his emotions better disciplined, observing that Amelia was so much moved as to be unwilling to trust her tongue with speech, continued to address her in another strain.

"My nephew, Miss Catchcart, is a worthy youth, and I believe has entertained an honorable affection for you; true he is young, and the disappointment he has experienced by your rejection of his suit, though it may cost him a pang, he now thinks cannot be soothed, will in change of scene and society gradually decline. But the chief, and indeed the only obstacle to a youth of spirit, has been placed between him and the possession of your hand, by the reason you have assigned for this rejection of his love. Pardon me, my dear Amelia, but I trust you have discovered no unworthiness on my part, either in the guardianship I have assumed of your youth, by tacit and I believe mutual consent, or in the friendship I profess, to induce you to withhold from me your confidence?"

"Oh, sir, I entreat you reproach me not with such a suspicion; unworthy! Fitzware unworthy! Rather let the accusation come from you that I am unworthy of your kindness," was the rapid exclamation of her lips, in the confusion which embarrassed her mind.

"I am little disposed to wanton with your feelings, Miss Cathcart, but on the contrary, I know no task so grateful to me, as that of ameliorating your sorrows or contributing to your joys. Yet you will perhaps readily suppose, that I was somewhat surprised upon learning from Charles, your acknowledgment, that,—you loved another."

A deep sigh was the only response that escaped the lips of the bewildered girl, and the hand which Fitzware still retained with his own, as they wandered on, trembled violently with irrepressible emotion.

Fitzware continued:—

"If your heart has made its choice from our visitors among the neighboring gentry, I know it has not made an unworthy one. If it is an attachment matured before your residence with us, the voucher for my hope in the propriety of your choice, is in your own discrimination. Amelia, does the object of your love deserve his hand?"

"To answer such a question were to mock his eminent worth. His praises ever dwell on virtue's lips, and vice, though quailing beneath his eye, in its dismay admires him. This hand—it were a paltry toy if weighed against a tithe of half his excellence. He is—" she paused, for she feared that her enthusiasm had betrayed a secret, she fancied had been hitherto so admirably concealed.

"You have said enough," observed Fitzware. "He must indeed be a paragon of virtue, to merit such esteem with virtue's very self. He has proffered you his hand and heart?"

Amelia was silent.

"You speak not. You have given your love unasked, and look not requital of the precious offering?"

"I entreat you, sir,—allow me to retire." A suppressed sob divided the sentence.

"A moment, and you shall. Amelia I know the man whom you have thus magnified in your esteem; yes, I can name him even now," he continued, and suspicion stole across the maiden's heart; he drew her to his breast, "it is that happiest of men—Fitzware!"

A thrill of rapture gushed along his veins, as yielding to his embrace she whispered the assent, "It is Fitzware!" Tears, tears of extatic joy relieved her bursting heart, and her sensibility which had been so severely tried, relapsed with exhaustion to its wonted tone. Love is but a poor dissembler.

"I have played the catechist, my lovely own, but to confirm my hopes," said Fitzware. "Though long impressed with a glad conviction that you had given to me that place in your heart, it would otherwise have been my assiduous study to have won, my doubts required the proof, to which your artlessness denied concealment. I will not detain you longer now; the dew is falling, and you will need a few minutes to compose yourself before you appear at table."

"To-night, sir, you will excuse me there."

"Well, be it so, and now, good night, and take with you the first kiss of love that mine have ever pressed to woman's lips." 'Twas given and returned. Amelia fled to the solitude of her own apartment, to weep her joy anew.

In the course of the following day, Charles Merlynne departed, and on the succeeding one, in compliance with her request, Amelia left the parsonage on a visit to Monclare—the residence of Sir Sutherland Fitzware, the Rector's brother, some fifteen miles distant—which was to be prolonged until she returned the Rector's bride.

Love, anxious for possession is restless till the rite is solemnised, and in about three months subsequent to the event just related, it was announced that the Rector would exchange with the Vicar of Addington, the benefice alluded to at the commencement of our narrative, the duties of three successive Sabbaths; accordingly on the following Sunday the parishioners of Trosley were left to the spiritual charge of that very worthy divine, the Rev. Tillotson Miller, who, in the interim between the conclusion of the prayers and the commencement of his discourse, very unanimously astonished his congregation with the following extraordinary notice:—

"I publish the bans of marriage, between George Fitzware (your beloved Pastor, my brethren,) and Amelia Cathcart, both of Trosley parish; if any person know just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him now declare it. This is the first time of asking."

The Vicar resumed his seat, and observed through his lawn sleeve, the scene that ensued. A universal whisper came up from every part of the church; bonnets to bonnets denoted a close conversation; old men smoothed their gray hairs with sober delight, while the eyes of the young ones twinkled with an expression of humor and gratification; the old parish beadle rose up in his place with unusual dignity, and displayed an immense hiatus in his visage, for the space of five minutes by the clock in the gallery, when his wonder subsided, and he re-seated himself with the remark, in murmur,—"Well, I've watched him from a boy up, and I never thought he'd do the likes o' that." There were those who smiled, and those who wept at the Vicar's announcement, and all for joy; while the cottage girls began to consider whether their prettiest flowers would be in blossom, to strew and decorate the lovely bride.

The third time of asking came, and with it the third Sabbath of Mr. Miller's exercises at Trosley Church, and on the following morning, at nine o'clock, the eight bells in the old tower rung out such a merry "triple Bob major," that for miles round the country might have been heard from the parishioners, the exclamation—"There, the Trosley Parson's married!"

Digression is the necessary evil of story-telling—the prevailing error of the pen,—but here turn we once more to the current of our narrative. As before mentioned, Fitzware was, at the time this history begins, in the fourth year of his wedded life, when one morning,—a lovely day in spring,—he kissed the cheek of his babe, and the lips of his young wife, bade her adieu for a few days, and took horse for the ancient and goodly city of Canterbury. He looked around as he entered the shrubbery, on his way to the high road, at a point which was to close the view of his mansion, and in the brief glance observed his wife, waving in her own, the little hand of the babe, expressive of the fond farewell. He would have returned the sign, but before his hand had touched his lips an angle of the road brought the budding trees between them. He pursued his way with a heart so full of happiness, that an involuntary ejaculation of thanks rushed to his lips, and was breathed to heaven.

In the plenitude of his enjoyments, his mind withdrew from the outward scene to the contemplation of the objects that were grouped within itself, and he indulged his thought and fancy to that degree of ecstasy which creates the intellectual paradise, and half etherealizes the beings with which we people it, elevating us with those we love, far, far above the sensual world. And there would seem to recline within his arms the form of his Amelia, in beautiful illusion—her countenance—sainted with the purity of her soul—and he would gaze upon it, and catechise her eyes, and read in every answer love—love—love. And he would speak to her, not with his lips, but with his heart; and his heart would hear her answer, not framed to speech, but in the import of her bounding breast, which throbbed harmonious echo to his own—and all would abound with love,—the pure, sublimated love of soul, in its rapturous embrace with soul. It was as if the re-action of his early prejudice against the sex, in common with mankind, had produced a keenness of susceptibility to the refinement of love, that grew to rhapsody upon his active imagination.

Thus was he borne slowly on, unconscious of motion, save when at intervals a passing vehicle, or traveller, for an instant disturbed that placidity under favor of which he pursued his mental dream. He was startled at length by the abrupt summons of a sergeant of heavy horse, whose clattering equipments had failed to apprise him of the proximity of a small party of dragoons, under the command of a subordinate officer, who now with an air of insolent importance demanded his attention.

"Hillo! Mister. Can you tell us if we are in the right way to the Royal Oak Inn, and the distance we must travel yet to reach it," questioned the sergeant.

"In a moment," said the Rector, summoning his thoughts to the recognition of his whereabout. "You have three miles to travel yet, and you are on the direct road to the Inn."

"Spur on," commanded the sergeant, and then suddenly halting again, turned to the Rector with another question,

"May be you know something of these parts; can you tell us if there is a nearer road to the parson's house at—at—what's the name of the place, Jem," he continued, addressing one of the men.

"Wrotham, ain't it!"

"No, there's a village we turn off to before we get to the Wrotham—its Tos—Tros—"

"Trosley, do you mean," inquired the Rector.

"Aye, Trosley, that's the place,—Trosley parson we want to see. Tell us the nearest way to come to speech with him."

"You are speaking to him now," was the mild reply.

"The devil," muttered the sergeant, in an under tone, touching his helm, however, with a most respectful salute. "I beg your pardon your reverence, upon my honor,—I really—this is,—no idea—"

"Oh, there is no apology required, I assure you," interrupted the Rector; "what is your business with me?"

"We are in pursuit of a deserter, Sir, from the Maidstone Barracks, named Peter Patterson, the description of whom I have the honor to bear, and which, as a magistrate, you are desired to copy; you are also desired to aid the "Hue and Cry, by the active employment of such civil officers, and people as you can command," continued the Sergeant, reading from his paper of instructions, "and with speed, since it is important that the capture be effected, the deserter having struck his superior officer so violently as to endanger his life. A severe example will be made of him and he knows it, and consequently the most prompt and effective aid is requested of the county magistracy."

Without waiting for more, Mr. Fitzware turned his horse's head and rode on with the Dragoons, as far as the fork in the road which branched to Trosley, where, having copied the description of the deserter, secretly hoping that he might not be found in his district, he directed the scouting party on their way and rode rapidly homeward.

Upon the verge of the shrubbery which skirted the parsonage, at a point retired from general observation, stood a rustic lodge, built of unhewn trees and reeds, where in the evening of the summer season, Fitzware had delighted to seclude himself with the society of his wife, and a favorite author. It was the first object that attracted his eye on his return, and he was a little startled to observe a female figure, which, though the situation was somewhat remote, he could not mistake,—moving cautiously through the half clad shrubs, and at length darting into the lodge. It was Amelia; but what could have drawn her to such a place he was at a loss to conjecture, unless the sunny morning had beguiled her of her prudence and enticed her out with her baby bag. He felt his old theory reviving in his mind, and it almost suffocated him with the momentary emotion; he rebuked the ungenerous thought, and dismounting somewhat mechanically, partly from curiosity and partly from a desire to give his lady a pleasant surprise at his unexpected return, stole noiselessly toward the lodge; he was within a short distance of the entrance, when his step was arrested by the sound of her voice, saying in earnest and distinct tones:

"We're safe, dear Charles, from observation here."

What pen could express the horrible, overwhelming conviction of dishonor that sent the hot blood dashing through the listener's veins,—then froze it there! O, such a sense of utter nothingness! His wife,—she, whom he had worshipped as the incarnation of fair virtue's self, the paramour of—whom! Charles—what Charles! Here is more to reach his ear, and he has a relish for it now.

"True, my sweet girl," the other voice replied, in tones so carefully suppressed as to perplex the effort to recognize them, "true, but how shall I reach the house? And do you assure me I can remain for several days?"

"At night, when all is dark and still, I will come here and conduct you in unseen. Fitzware, I am confident will apprise me previous to his return, and I doubt not he will be absent four days at least. I have brought refreshment for you, now—here is cake and wine. I will not remain longer at present lest my absence should cause suspicion at the house."

"But, Amelia, a moment love,—to-night, when I am in the house, where shall I pass my time, sure unobserved."

"Where, but in that place, in which I can command the strictest privacy—my chamber, Charles!"

"This is kind," was murmured softly by the youth, and a kiss,—or his quick fancy hissed one in his ear—stung to madness the miserable Fitzware. He darted with the lightning swiftness of revenge toward the place which hid the assassins of his peace from his fell gaze, but his first motion caught the ear of the terrified Amelia, who, perceiving his approach through a slight aperture at the side, screamed aloud, "My husband!" and fell, heavily, senseless to the cold earth.

Fitzware sprang, lion-like into the lodge, only to see his prey escape him; a figure enveloped in a huge grey cloak, closely muffling his face from observation, had already forced his way through the slender fabric of the simple structure, and with rapid strides was hastily moving toward the road. Fitzware followed with a small travelling pistol in his hand, confident of his victim; but what was his chagrin and astonishment to see his hatred rival, with cool impudence, mount the horse he had himself just left by the road-side, and gallop off. The Rector fired after him, but evidently without effect, and at another time he would have known the act was vain—a mere expression of his immortal hate. He returned to the lodge, and there, upon the ground, cold and still lay the form of—her that was his wife. He involuntarily presented the pistol to her bosom and pressed the trigger; there was no response; the lock was down—the pan was open; he remembered that he had just fired it, and cast it from his hand; there were no means of sudden murder by his side—and as he looked again at the wretched woman at his feet, he doubted not but she was already dead,—smitten to death by her own shame. He gazed steadfastly at the pallid face for some moments, and then with the most consummate disdain, muttered through his clenched teeth the one word "Beast!" and strode hastily away. In the mansion hall he encountered Amelia's maid.

"Where is your mistress," he demanded in a tone so strange that, the girl started with alarm.

"Indeed, sir, I don't know; I have this instant missed her from her apartment," was the reply.

"She lies within the lodge, upon the skirt of the shrubbery, next the road; go and attend her; if she be dead, see that I am at once informed of it; your messenger will find me in the library. If she is alive, I will not be disturbed." And Fitzware passed on.

The frightened girl having fortified herself with the company of some of her fellow servants, being careful to include the coachman and butler in the escort, proceeded at once to the designated spot; they found their unfortunate mistress still inanimate upon the earth. A garden seat spread with the coats and shawls of the party served for a litter, and the unconscious Amelia was borne to the house, her head being supported upon the bosom of her weeping maid. Fitzware observed from the window the approach of the mournful group, and could not resist the desire to assure himself of the fate of his wife. He met the litter in the hall just as Amelia, under the influence of the restoratives her maid had administered, manifested some symptoms of returning consciousness. Her eyes opened once or twice, and at length as she fixed them on her attendant a slight flush tinted her pale brow, and she faintly but hurriedly exclaimed,

"Kate, good Kate, has he escaped my husband? Is he safe?"

"Aye, wanton," responded the deep tones of her husband's voice, "but his respite from my vigilance shall be too brief to allow him time for congratulation. For you, mistress—" but Amelia had relapsed into insensibility,—and Fitzware turned toward an adjoining apartment with a face agonised beneath its expression of his stern resolve.

"Sir, pray sir, instruct us with regard to my lady," implored Kate, following him as he moved away. "Shall we send for the physician, sir?"

"Do as you please—do as you please—do as—" and the Rector, retiring, closed the door upon the sentence.

The lady was removed to her own apartment, where she soon revived, and though forbidding the attendance of a physician, before evening her condition was very visibly improved. She enjoyed a placid sleep through the night, and upon the following morning desired to see her husband. She was informed that he had left the parsonage at a late hour on the night preceding. There was a package in the library, however, addressed to "Amelia."

"Quick, bring it hither," interrupted the astonished woman.

Its contents proved to be a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds, with several of a minor denomination, accompanied with the following startling paper:—

"Amelia,

Enclosed you receive five hundred and seventy-five pounds—all that I have on hand; the lesser notes as facilities for immediate use. There will also be deposited, subject to your order, at any date after to-morrow, the sum of two thousand pounds, with Purcell & Co. Bankers, Lombard Street, London, which will be continued as an annuity through the same medium, so long as it shall be regularly drawn by you. Depart at once from the Parsonage, nor even pollute the village with your presence by an unnecessary delay. Seek your paramour, if you will, since I have determined, upon reflection, to abandon the pursuit of a revenge unworthy of myself. Live remote from the public eye, and distant far from me; adopt some other name and henceforth dishonor not that, of FITZWARE.

Our boy remains with me."

Bewildered, stunned, as it were, Amelia sunk back upon her pillow completely exhausted; she remained but a short period, however, under the overwhelming influence of her husband's communication. Rallying to the encounter, she endeavored to survey, more calmly, the character of those difficulties which environed her on every side,

"Whither," she inquired, "is Mr. Fitzware gone?"

Kate had informed herself from the coachman of his master's orders, which were for Monclare, the seat of Sir Sutherland Fitzware.

Amelia resolved to write upon the instant, and penned with touching earnestness, an appeal to be heard in defence of her innocence. She asked no re-union, till her fame was made as spotless in his sight as it had ever been, though years might intervene before that time could come; yet she begged him to regard her guiltless as she was unfortunate. She prayed to be admitted to an interview, and in the broken language of a bursting heart, implored him to permit her for a mother's sake to take leave of her sweet boy—"our only one"—she wrote.—She would await his reply, and if her request was denied, she would only prolong her stay at the Parsonage till evening of the following day, under the fond hope that he would yet relent, if not to mercy, to justice only, and then her heart would go, even with gladness, to years of exile from his presence—from his arms, and from their dear, dear babe.

One of the servants took charge of the letter, and swore to deliver it into his master's hands if it cost him his office, and he did so. A fleet nag bore him speedily to Monclare, where he desired admission to the Rector. It was not denied him, and upon delivering the letter, Fitzware opened it at once, and read it with considerable attention, and not without emotion. Upon concluding the perusal, he paused a few moments, and then muttering the words, "mystery—humbug!" deliberately thrust it between the bars of the grate, and as it burst into flame, turned to the bearer and said,—at the same time pointing to the sheet. "There, sir, that is my answer—go!"

The man hesitated, and seemed disposed to offer remonstrance.

"Do you hear me, sir," thundered Fitzware, "go, instantly, or you shall have such reward as impertinence deserves in the minion of a wanton."

The man withdrew.

It was toward evening of the following day, when Fitzware was astounded by the appearance of Charles Merlynne, seated with Sir Sutherland in a cabriolet, which the latter drove over the terrace in gallant style, to the door of the mansion. The Rector had found his brother absent on his arrival at Monclare, and little did he dream to see him accompanied thus on his return. Sir Sutherland alighted and welcomed his brother to the hospitalities of the house, and expressed a hope that Amelia was with him. The Rector replied not, but under the perplexity of his emotions turned abruptly to his nephew with the exclamation—

"And so, sir, you have the hardihood to appear before me."

"And why not?" responded Charles.

"Where did you spend the day before yesterday?"

"In London, sir."

"Would you swear it?"

"That would be quite unnecessary, uncle, for I was in the company of Sir Sutherland the whole day, and he will vouch for me, I'm sure."

"At noon on that day he was with you in London, Sutherland," interrogated the Minister.

"He was—you are ill," added the Baronet, observing that the countenance of his brother had continued pale, until life itself seemed to be at its very ebb.

"No, not ill; ashamed that I have suffered my thoughts to be engrossed by a conviction that is not real, to the prejudice of my better judgment. But I'll know the villain. My carriage here, with the least possible delay," he called to a groom who was just leading off the cabriolet. "Sutherland, have you a fleet horse? Yes, you have I know, your own hunter, let him be saddled for me in two minutes—the twilight darkens fast—I would be at Trosley within an hour, if possible."

"Saddle Pomfret," said the Baronet, "and have him at the door within two minutes—Jack, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a guinea waits for you," added the Minister.

Pomfret was there—the guinea was paid—and swift as the wind the mettled steed bore the Rector from Monclare.

"The parson's mad," said the Baronet, as he passed his arm through that of his nephew, and entered the mansion.

Fitzware arrived at his own dwelling, only to learn that Amelia had left it half an hour before; the curiosity of one or two of the servants had induced them to watch her, and from them he learned that she had proceeded down the avenue to the road, and that the instant she appeared there, a gentleman, leading two horses, on one of which was a side saddle, came from the little lane in the wood opposite, assisted Mrs. Fitzware to mount, mounted himself, and they rode off rapidly on the London road. One of the female servants added—the unwelcome information, that, she believed the man passed the preceding night in her lady's chamber.

Revolving in his mind the extraordinary change that detected guilt effects in the deportment of the individual, Fitzware, believing that he should be soon visited by the appeal of contrition from the unhappy woman, resolved to leave all in the hands of him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine."

To be Continued.

Foreign Magazines.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Sleep's Phantasy.

BY R. HOWITT.

I had a deep and pleasant sleep,
And such a dream of joy I dreamt,
If I such mood awake could keep,
My life would be from pain exempt,
And this dull land of weary hours,
Would be a paradise of flowers.

An aged man with hoary hair,
Beside a cheerful hearth was seated,
With children sporting round his chair,
Whose rosy cheeks with play were heated;
And one had climb'd, and on his knee
Was placed, as pleased as child could be.

I thought I knew that old man's face,
Yet marvell'd he should seem so old,
And deem'd I in the child could trace
Something that of resemblance told.
Yet seemed a lady, near him placed,
With yet a stronger likeness graced.

Methought ten years had passed by,
For two the eldest boy seem'd ten;
The fire had left the old man's eye,
Nor was his frame so stout as then;
I look'd on him and on the child,
And knew the grandsire when he smiled.

He was a frank, warm-hearted man,
And I that smile had often met;
Nor, though he now was weak and wan,
Could I what he had been forget—
For I his only girl had woo'd
And won—and then sad change ensued.

Methought the lady's face was glad,
And one that, years gone by, I knew;
The children all her features had,—
Her vermeil cheeks, and eyes of blue,
And I was startled—for one came
And called me sire, and named my name.

Then look'd I on the brow of each,
And could, in part, my likeness see;
And in their hair, and in their speech,
I thought they all resembled me;
Then to the mother's eye I turn'd,
And knew the one—loved—lost—and mourn'd.

From the Dublin University Magazine, for June.

Making a Night of it.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY."

The reveillee had not yet sounded, when I felt my shoulder shaken gently as I lay wrapped in my cloak beneath a prickly pear-tree.

"Lieutenant O'Malley, sir; a letter sir; a bit of a note, your honor," said a voice that bespoke the bearer and myself were countrymen. I opened it, and with difficulty by the uncertain light read as follows:

"DEAR CHARLEY,

"As Lord Wellington, like a good Irishman as he is, wouldn't spoil Patrick's day by marching, we've got a little dinner at our quarters to celebrate the holy times, as my uncle would call it. Maurice, Phil Grady, and some regular trumps will all come; so don't disappoint us. I've been making punch all night, and Casey, who has a knack at pastry, has a goose-pie as big as a portmanteau. Sharp seven, after parade. The second battalion of the fusiliers are quartered at Melanto, and we are next them. Bring any of yours worth their liquor. Power is, I know, absent with the staff; perhaps the Scotch doctor would come—try him. Carry over a little mustard with you, if there be such in your parts.

Yours, D. O'SHAUGHNESSY."

"Patrick's Day, and raining like blazes."

Seeing that the bearer expected an answer, I scrawled the words "I'm there," with my pencil on the back of the note, and again turned myself round to sleep.

The sun was setting as I mounted, and, joined by Hampden, Baker, the Doctor, and another, set out for O'Shaughnessy's quarters. As we rode along, we were continually falling in with others bent upon the same errand as ourselves, and ere we arrived at Melanto, our party was some thirty strong; and truly a most extraordinary procession did we form; few of the invited came without some contribution to the general stock; and, while a staff officer flourished a ham, a smart hussar might be seen with a plucked turkey, trussed for roasting; most carried bottles, as the consumption of fluid was likely to be considerable; and one fat old major jogged along on a broken-winded pony, with a basket of potatoes on his arm. Good fellowship was the order of the day, and certainly a more jovial squadron seldom was met together than ours. As we turned the angle of a rising ground, a hearty cheer greeted us, and we beheld in front of an old ordnance marquee a party of some fifty fellows engaged in all the pleasing duties of the cuisine. Maurice, conspicuous above all, with a white apron, and a ladle in his hand, was running hither and thither, advising, admonishing, instructing, and occasionally imprecating; ceasing for a second his functions, he gave us a cheer and a yell like that of an Indian savage, and then resumed his duties beside a huge boiler, which, from the frequency of his explorations into its contents, we judged to be punch.

"Charley, my son, I've a place for you; don't forget. Where's my learned brother!—haven't you brought him with you? Ah, doctor, how goes it?"

"Nae that bad, Master Quell; a' things considered, we've had an awfu' time of it lately."

"You know my friend Hampden, Maurice. Let me introduce Mr. Baker—Mr. Maurice Quill. Where's the major?"

"Here I am, my darling, and delighted to see you. Some of yours, O'Malley, ain't they? proud to have you, gentlemen. Charley, we are obliged to have several tables; but you are to be beside Maurice, so take your friends with you. There goes the roast beef: my heart warms to that old tune."

Amid a hurried recognition and shaking of hands on every side, I elbowed my way into the tent, and soon reached a corner, where, at a table for eight, I found Maurice seated at one end; a huge purple-faced major, whom he presented to us as Bob Mahon, occupied the other. O'Shaughnessy presided at the table next to us, but near enough to join in all the conviviality of ours.

One must have lived for some months upon hard biscuits and harder beef to relish as we did the fare before us, and to form an estimate of our satisfaction. If the reader cannot fancy Van Amburgh's lions in red coats and epaulets, he must be content to lose the effect of the picture. A turkey rarely fed more than two people, and few were abstemious enough to be satisfied with one chicken. The order of the viands, too, observed no common routine, each party being happy to get what he could, and satisfied to follow up his pudding with fish, or his tart with a sausage. Sherry, champagne, London porter, Malaga, and even, I believe, Harvey's sauce, were hob-nobbed in; while hot punch, in tea-cups or tin vessels, was unsparingly distributed on all sides. Achilles himself, they say, got tired of eating, and though he consumed something like a prize ox to his own cheek, he at length had to call for cheese, so that we at last gave in, and having cleared away the broken tumblers and baggage-carts of our army, cleared for a general action.

"Now, lads!" cried the major, "I'm not going to lose your time and mine, by speaking, but there are a couple of toasts, I must insist upon your drinking with all the honors; and, as I like despatch, we'll couple them. It so happens that our old island boasts of two of the finest fellows that ever wore Russia ducks. None of your nonsensical geniuses, like poets, or painters, or any thing like that; but downright, straight-forward, no-humbug sort of devil may-care and bad-luck-to-you kind of chaps—real Irishmen! Now it's a strange thing that they both had such an antipathy to vermin, they spent their life in hunting them down and destroying them; and whether they were toads at home, or Johnny Crapauds abroad, it was all one. (Cheers.) Just so, boys; they made them leave that; but I see you are impatient, so I'll not delay you, but fill to the brim, and, with the best cheer in your body, drink with me the two greatest Irishmen that ever lived, 'St. Patrick and Lord Wellington.'"

The Englishmen laughed long and loud, while we cheered with an energy that satisfied even the major.

"Who is to give us the chant! Who is to sing St. Patrick?" cried Maurice. "Come, Bob, out with it."

"I'm four tumblers too low for that yet," growled out the major.

"Well then, Charley, be you the man; or why not Dennis himself? Come, Dennis, we cannot better begin our evening than with a song; let us have our old friend Larry M'Hale."

"Larry M'Hale," resounded from all parts of the room, while O'Shaughnessy rose once more to his legs.

"Faith, boys, I'm always ready to follow your lead, but what analogy can exist, between Larry M'Hale and the toast we have just drunk I can't see, for the life of me; not but Larry would have made a strapping light company man had he joined the army."

"The song, the song!" cried several voices.

"Well, if you will have it, here goes."

Larry M'Hale.

AIR—It's a bit of a thing, &c.

"Oh! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
And never could want when the crops didn't fail.
He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a-year,
And a heart for to spend it had Larry M'Hale!
The soul of a party,—the life of a feast,
An illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;
He would ride with the rector, and drink with priest,
Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

"It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
His house was so big and as strong as a jail;
With a cruel four pounder, he kept all in great order,
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.
He'd a blunderbuss too; of horse pistols a pair;
But his favorite weapon was always a flail
I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
For he handled it neatly, did Larry M'Hale.

"His ancestors were kings, before Moses was born,
His mother descended from great Grana Uaile:
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenchs to scorn;
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.
He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;
And, though loaded with debt, oh! the devil a thinner
Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

"With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,
None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale,
As he piously said, 'I've a plentiful board,
And the Lord he is good to old Larry M'Hale.'
So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,
It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale;
For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
If we only had plenty like LARRY M'HALE."

"Very singular style of person your friend Mr. M'Hale," lisped a spoony looking cornet at the end of the table.

"Not in the country he belongs to, I assure you," said Maurice; "but I presume you were never in Ireland."

"You are mistaken there," resumed the other; "I was in Ireland, though I confess not for a long time."

"If I might be so bold," cried Maurice, "how long?"

"Half an hour, by a stop watch," said the other, pulling up his stock; "and I had quite enough of it in that time."

"Pray give us your experiences," cried out Bob Mahon; "they should be interesting, considering your opportunities."

"You are right," said the cornet; "they were so; and, as they illustrate a feature in your amiable country, you shall them."

A general knocking upon the table announced the impatience of the company, and when silence was restored the cornet began:

"When the Bermuda transport sailed from Portsmouth for Lisbon, I happened to make one of some four hundred interesting individuals, who, before they became food for powder, were destined to try their constitutions on pickled pork. The second day after our sailing, the winds became adverse; it blew a hurricane from every corner of the compass but the one it ought, and the good ship, that should have been standing straight for the Bay of Biscay, was scudding away under a double-reefed topsail toward the coast of Labrador. For six days we experienced every sea-manœuvre that usually precedes a shipwreck; and at length when, what from sea-sickness and fear, we had become utterly indifferent to the result, the storm abated, the sea went down, and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbor of Cork, with a strange suspicion on our minds that the frightful scenes of the past week had been nothing but a dream.

"'Come, Mr. Medlicot,' said the skipper to me, 'we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?'

"I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies, and mutton chops floated before my excited imagination, and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove which, opposite Spike Island, rejoices in the name of the Goat and Garters.

"'Breakfast, waiter,' said I; 'a beefsteak—fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk, and butter, all fresh.' No more hard tack, thought I, no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast.

"'Up stairs, No. 4, sir,' said the waiter, as he flourished a dry napkin, indicating the way.

"Up stairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little dejeuner made its appearance. Never did a miser's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment, than did mine skim over the muffins and the muffin, the teapot, the toast, and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is a probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments. I arranged my napkin upon my knee, seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to bisect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when, with a loud crash the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran piteously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon, the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room, his face beaming with smiles, while he rubbed his hand in an ecstacy of delight.

"'It's all over, sir,' said he, 'glory be to God, it's all done.'

"'What's over? what's done?' inquired I, with impatience.

"'Mr. M'Mahon is satisfied,' replied he, 'and so is the other gentleman.'

"'Who and what do you mean?'

"'It's all over, sir, I say,' replied the waiter again; 'he fired into the air.'

"'Fired in the air. Was there a duel in the room below stairs?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the waiter with a benign smile.

"'That will do,' said I, as seizing my hat I rushed out of the house, and hurrying to the beach took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons that, although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the green island."

A general burst of laughter followed the cornet's story, which was heightened in its effect by the gravity which he told it.

"And, after all," said Maurice Quill, "now that people have given up making fortunes for the insurance companies, by living to the age of Methuselah there's nothing like being an Irishman. Into what other part of the habitable globe can you cram so much of adventure into one year! Where can you be so often in love, in liquor, or in debt? and where can you get so merrily out of the three? Where are promises to marry and promises to pay treated with the same gentlemanly forbearance! and where, when you have lost your heart and your fortune, are people found so ready to comfort you in your reverses? Yes," said Maurice, as he filled his glass up to the brim, and eyed it lusciously for a moment, "Yes, darling, here's your health; the only girl I ever loved—in that part of the country I mean. Give her a bumper, lads, and I'll give you a chant!"

"Name! name! name!" shouted several voices from different parts of the table.

"Mary Draper!" said Maurice, filling his glass once more, while the name was re-echoed by every lip at the table.

"The song! the song!"

"Faith, I hope I haven't forgotten it," quoth Maurice. "No; here it is."

So saying, after a couple of efforts to assure the pitch of his voice, the worthy doctor began the following words to that very popular melody, "Nancy Dawson:"

"Mary Draper."

AIR—Nancy Dawson.

"Dont talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames,
That never lived—except in dramas,
Nor shone, except on paper;
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could equal Mary Draper.

"Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,
Her foot was small, and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

"She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you 'Rousseau's Dream,'
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down a bird,
Oh! she charmed all the Forty-third!
Did lovely Mary Draper.

"And at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would one and all
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper;
Lord Clare would then forget his law,
King's Counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor,
For love of Mary Draper.

"The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face and shape, or
Her pretty ancles—but, ohone,
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're gone;
So here's to Mary Draper."

"So here's to Mary Draper," rang out every voice, in such efforts to catch the tune as pleased the taste of the motley assembly.

"For Mary Draper & Co. I thank you," said Maurice. "Quill drinks to Dennis," added he in a grave tone, as he nodded to O'Shaughnessy. "Yes, though, few men better than ourselves know their matters, and few have had more experience of the three perils of Irishmen—love, liquor, and the law of arrest."

"It's little the latter has ever troubled my father's son," replied O'Shaughnessy; "our family have been writ proof for centuries, and he'd have been a bold man who would have ventured with an original or a true copy within the precincts of Killinahoula."

"Your father had a touch of Larry M'Hale in him," said I, "apparently."

"Exactly so," replied Dennis; "not but they caught him at last; and a scurvy trick it was, and well worthy of him who did it! Yes," said he, with a sigh, "it is only another among the many instances where the better features of our nationality have been used by our enemies as instruments for our destruction; and, should we seek for the causes of unhappiness in our wretched country, we should find them rather in our virtues than in our vices, and in the bright rather than in the darker phases of our character."

"Metaphysics, by Jove!" cried Quill, "but all true at the same time. There was a namesake of mine in the Roscommon, who never paid car-hire in his life. 'Head or harp, Paddy?' he would cry, 'Two pennies or nothing.' 'Harp! for the honor of ould Ireland,' was the invariable response, and my friend was equally sure to make head come uppermost; and, upon my soul, they seem to know the trick at the Home Office."

"A jolly fellow," said Maurice, "and thanks for your story. But come, doctor, couldn't you give us,

'Sit ye down, my heartie, and gie us a crack,
Let the wind tak' the care o' the world on his back.'"

"You maunna attempt English poetry, my friend Quill; for it must be confessed ye've a damnable accent of your ain."

"Milesian Phœnician-Corkonian; nothing more, my boy; and a cooking kind of recitative it is, after all. Don't tell me of your soft Etruscan—your plethoric Hoch Deutsch—your flattering French. To woo and win the girl of your heart, give me a rich brogue and the least taste in lub of blarney!"

"There's nothing like it, believe me—every inflexion of your voice suggesting some tender pressure of her soft hand or taper waist; every cadence falling upon her gentle heart like a sea breeze on a burning coast, or a soft zephyr over a rose tree; and then think, my boys,—bad it is a fine thought after all,—what a glorious gift that is, out of the reach of kings to give or take, what neither depends upon the act of Union nor the Habeas Corpus. No! they may starve us—laugh at us—tax us—transport us. They may take our mountains, our valleys, and our bogs; but, bad luck to them,

SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1841.

Death of Mr. Clark.

It is with the deepest regret that we perform the melancholy duty of announcing to our readers the death of Willis Gaylord Clark, editor of the Philadelphia Gazette. He died at his residence in this city on Sunday night last, about one o'clock, at the early age of thirty-two years. His disease was pulmonary consumption. At his own request, he was buried at twelve o'clock, noon, on Monday last, at the side of his wife, whom he sincerely loved and mourned. It is stated by those who knew him best, that his decline was hastened by the early death of his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached. Some of the sweetest verses in the language attest the depth and genuine tenderness of his feelings. He was endowed with all the intensity of an ardent, poetic temperament, and a heart delicately attuned to every generous feeling.

Mr. Clark has left a wide circle of sincere friends to mourn his loss. He was a warm friend, generous, courteous, frank and high-minded. Where he loved, he was ardent, and his hatred was equally sincere. He knew not what it was to be lukewarm in his regard. In Mr. Clark's poetry there is always to be found a high moral tone, blended with vehemence of thought,—a longing for a nobler and purer state of enjoyment, and a chastened view of all worldly things. He was emphatically the divinity within him was destined for a brighter sanctuary, and he inclined into his brilliant effusions the charm of deep religious sentiment. As a poet, he had but few equals in this country, and we shall embrace an early opportunity to furnish testimonials to the readers of this paper.

Mr. Clark devoted the most of his life, since he came hither, to the duties and labors of an editor. He was for many years connected with the Rev. Dr. Ely, in a literary weekly journal in this city, similar in character to the New York Mirror. Afterward he was associated with the Rev. Dr. Brantly, in the Columbia Star, and at a still later period, we think in 1839 or 1836, he was connected with the Saturday Evening Post as editor. Since that time, and up to the hour of his death, he has been proprietor and editor of the Philadelphia Gazette. In these capacities he was always strictly courteous, never invading the sanctuary of life, or forgetting for a moment the obligations imposed by the position he occupied. He was the esteem of friends, and the respect of those who were political foes. His loss will be peculiarly felt by the editorial brotherhood of Philadelphia.

There is something so touching and appropriate in the following stanzas, from Mr. Clark's own pen, and they speak so eloquently that deep devotion which he held for the departed and loved dead, that we cannot refrain from giving them a place.

The Early Dead.

When auro dust, like dewy flowers departed,
From our dim paths, the bright and lovely fade
The fair as first—the pure—the gentle-hearted,
Whose looks within the bosom a Shiloh made
How, like a blighted rose, the cheek of beauty
The memory of their voices stole the mind!

We hear the sigh, the wasp, the fitful laughter,
Then their lips, as hales, were wont to draw
When Hope's beguiling wages they hastened after,
And drank her cyan nectar, long ago!
While Love and Joy, in the innocent boys was strong,
And pour'd rich numbers for the loved and young

When the clear stars are turning high in heaven,—
When the low night-winds has the flowering tree,
And thoughts are deepening in the hush of even,
How soft these voices on the ear steal!
They come of rapture, which have blown'd and died—
Of sorrow, by remembrance sanctified.

Yet, when the loved have from our pathway vanished,
What power magic can their voices restore?
Like some gay sun-burst, by the tempest banished,
They pass in darkness—they will come no more
Unless of day-dreams within the storm hath fled,
No light reserved breaks on their lonely bed!"

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unencumbered by back balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a fair start together and one who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

The Rector of Trosley.

We commence this week a thrilling tale, called the "Rector of Trosley," which we shall conclude next week. Such a story has not appeared in any newspaper as original for years. It is from the pen of Thomas J. Beach, Esq. favorably known in literature as a romance writer of uncommon power; and we may confidently say that when our subscribers shall have perused the whole of The Rector of Trosley, they will pronounce it unrivalled as an American tale.

We have also received the second of the tales, for which we have contracted with the well-known Author of "Cavendish" or "Life's Ivy Wreath." Her story is entitled the Rovers, and our readers may shortly expect it. Of the composition of the writer of these wide-spread sketches we need not speak.

A Cliff-Chat.

It has become the fashion of late in the newspaper world, to open every number with a "scene," gravely organizing the reader thereon, with what delicious morsels the editor has that week served his customers; and it has been thought should we differ so during between the fashion, to interest them greater which is a Dinner, which a poetry, and which the dessert. This reminds us of the old fellow who pointed on a sign a wooden chopping down a tree, and distributing either his own persons or the public determined, wrote under the sign "this is the man," and under the tree "this is the tree." The tenor of it is, these honest fellows have to outgrow such crude—good, bad, or indifferent—in turn, so that by the time they get through their objections of commodities are pretty well exhausted, and so they go on pulling this way, week in and week out, their "gossip" in a broad sense, presents a perfect catalogue of hypothesis. To notice a fine article now and then is a different thing from constant puffing. By keeping up the habit, too, they get at last, the Major Longbows, to believe all they say. The above comments they may judge of as they will, and hence some and then their jokes be crack, at which, we, and honest men and those their jokes be crack, at which, also all sensible acquaintance, they are sure to laugh five minutes by the chronometer. They will sometimes go out of the way not, in order to get in their story, and those are their pet to their wife and to offset their pungent. Now and then, moreover, they do it so cleanly, that their jokes are about as opposite as the commentary of the magic instrument, who, capitulating to his companion, said that next which declares that "the mighty gunner, the chief next which declares that "the mighty gunner, the chief next which declares that "the mighty gunner, powder is heavy useful in time of war, but powder, powder is heavy useful in time of war. What would our Gotham hill do in substitution old cut powder?"

We shall not, therefore, inflict a half a column, weekly, on our readers, telling them therein, like the old Dutch

Friends' Old Asylum.

We alluded lately to the demolition of this antique structure lately situated in Walnut above Third Street. When we wrote that paragraph the venerable building was still in existence; but now alas! its time-worn walls are levelled in the dust. The hand of improvement has laid it low. The ancient structure, like its cousins of a past generation, exists no more. Never again shall we behold its venerable form, with its gable end to the street, through its antique garden. Year after year it withstood the rage of improvement, modestly lifting its humble head amid the grander structures around, and we had hoped that the old asylum would be suffered to remain, if for nothing else, at least as a dumb though eloquent memento of the past, telling of the decay of all earthly things. But it was not so to be. It is gone.

But a day or two since we passed along where the workmen were employed in removing the walls, and incessantly we stopped to gaze on the work of demolition. Most of the buildings had been torn down, but one or two still remained in the rear, and the little ancient garden yet showed its flowers and herbs, now however, dowdy, broken down, and dying. Our mind ran back through the long long years since these hoary dwellings had been first erected. We wondered how many hearts were those who planned these buildings, or who were wont to walk in this garden? They have been mouldering for generations in their graves, they and their children and their children's children. Old and young, happy and miserable, the beautiful, the innocent, the gay; they have all slide passed away, "as a shadow that continueth not." There used to be a quaintness in the old structures, and a staid and venerable air to the little garden plot, touchingly in keeping with the memories that haunted the place; but soon every vestige of the character of the spot will be lost, and the busy hum of traffic will take our thoughts off from the quiet dead. Perhaps it is for the best. God knows.

The lot was originally, says the North American, the two centre lots of eight in that block, as laid out by William Penn, and belonged to John Martin, who lived upon it, and died there in 1792. Martin left the property to the Monthly Meeting of Friends, with the design that it might be made the residence of such poor Friends, as the Monthly Meeting might see proper to place in it. The building in which Martin lived stood till about the year 1795, when its dilapidated condition required that it should be pulled down.

In 1799 the Monthly Meeting built three houses 15 feet square, one story and a half high, on the south part of the lot facing the north, and two of the same size at right angles facing the east. It was the original design of the Meeting to construct these buildings in the form of a hollow square, all the houses facing inwards; which notion it seems still influenced the meeting in 1745, at which time two other houses were built adjoining those put up in 1799, facing the east, and also six houses on the front of the lot on Walnut street, the latter having no door in front, and but one entrance through the centre by a flight of steps to the yard. These six houses with the two adjoining at right angles on the west, cost seven hundred pounds thirteen shillings and three pence.

The sum stipulated in the contract for building these houses was 600 pounds, but the Meeting changing its views, and having the two centre buildings in front made one story higher, the additional expense was incurred. Thirteen houses have each and all at times been occupied. Within a few years past, however, the number of resident families has not exceeded seven or eight, and at the present time is only four. As nine of the buildings have been taken away, four still remains to be occupied by these families. Some of the present inmates have been there for many years; one female, though younger than her companions, has been there for forty-seven years, and has devoted herself to growing and selling herbs. The institution has been sustained by the Monthly Meeting, though aided by several legacies and donations. The inmates are generally employed in sewing, and knitting, and when unable to take care of themselves, they are provided by the Meeting with nurses and attendants.

There is now standing on the south end of the lot, a two story brick school house about 16 by 36 feet, built by voluntary contributions, in which Anthony Benezet taught school in his day. Benezet at his death left his property to be applied to the education of colored and Indian youth. This building has the appearance of great age, and upon a visit to it the other day we found the floor of some twenty or thirty colored children attending their lessons in the A, B, C, &c; so that to the present day it is used in carrying out the design of his founder. The school is under the charge of what is called the Southern Monthly Meeting. The Asylum part is under the care of the Middle Monthly Meeting, which is the most ancient, having been the old Philadelphia Monthly meeting instituted about the time of William Penn. The use and occupancy of this lot cannot be diverted from the originally intended object, and although the spirit and taste for improvement has removed a part of the tenements, there will still be space enough to supply the charities of the Meeting. The number of these poor is small—and should they increase, the usage of giving them a home would not be long unapplied.

Well, gone is to end of the worthy dead that "their works live after them." Penn, Martin, and Benezet are no more; but the charities they had a hand in when living, still perpetuate as it were, their lives. These benevolent cares, existing not in decay, but full of vitalized vigor. The manor dies and is buried, and what good has he done? He raises Mamy erected on the page of history,—and that is all. But the holy man who have raised charities like these, leave behind them a perpetual spring of good works, which waters the earth long, long after they have passed away and are not. Well may it be said that such men live again in the deeds done by their minds. There is a fame beyond that of the warrior—a glory less dazzling it is true—as reason is not like the meteor sparkling, yet enduring, but one like the calm effulgence of a planet in the sky.

We take leave of the venerable Almshouse as we would part with an old friend. To-day it is destroyed—to-morrow some other relic will depart. Well—it is so with life. Let it be.

Reception of President Harrison.

The latest intelligence by packet, by the people of Philadelphia, the Cliff Cottage, and the children of the Late Wm. Penn, is that the reception of the remains of the late President in North Broad, left on Wednesday morning last by steamboat for Washington city. It will probably be short, in the performance of its lamentable, but melancholy duty, about a month. It is composed of the following gentlemen, most of them old acquaintance and long cherished friends of the deceased President.

By the Citizens, Jacob Burnet, John C. Wright, John Barron, Charles S. Clarkson, Lewis Whitman, Andrew McAlpin, and John G. Vaughan.

By the Soldiers, T. D. Carroll, and Ambrose Dudley.

By the City Council, Rufus Hodges, Edward Woodward, and D. E. Powell.

On the arrival of the remains here, says the Gazette, it is the intention of our citizens to pay their last respects to their departed friend, previous to his interment, by a funeral procession and other appropriate ceremonies. After them, the body will be conveyed to North Bend, where it is to be buried on a beautiful elevation, which is distinguishable from the river for some distance above and below. And here, beneath the sod that his own hand had cultivated, and which will hereafter be watered by the tears of his pilgrim countrymen, will repose all that is earthly, of him who in war was the people's idol, shining defender, and in peace their unfailing friend.

The Ericsson Propeller.

The late successful adaptation of this propeller to steamboat navigation, has called up more than our share of talent to dispute the originality of the invention with Mr. Ericsson. Among others a Mr. John C. Stevens, at Washington, claims for his father the honor of being the inventor, and making the first known practical application of it. The New York Herald says, Mr. Stevens admits that Mr. Ericsson was not aware that the elder Stevens had planned or used the propeller. The latter, it appears, termed it the "Circular Scull," and applied it, in 1804, to the first steamboat which ever navigated the waters of the Hudson. This boat was twenty-five feet long. This was two years before Fulton came to this country. In 1806, Mr. S. built another boat, sixty feet long, in which he used the propeller; but as there was too little room for passengers, in 1807 he built the Phoenix, gave up the propeller, and at the suggestion of his son, Robert Stevens, he adapted the paddle wheel invented by Fulton.

The horizontal chain pump used by Mr. Stevens in connection with Chancellor Livingston in their boat on the Hudson, is still fresh in the memory of the older inhabitants of New York.

American Women.

Mr. Buckingham, the oriental traveller who lately visited this country, pays the following compliment to the American women.

"The women, moreover, are much handsomer than the men. They are almost uniformly good-looking, the greater number are what would be called in England 'pretty women,' which is something between good-looking and handsome, in the nice distinction of beauty—This uniformity extends also to their figures, which are almost universally slender, and of good symmetry. Very few large or stout women are seen, and none that we should call masculine. A more than usual degree of feminine delicacy, enhanced by the general paleness of complexion and slightness of figure, is particularly characteristic of American feelings, and the extreme respect and deference shown to them every where by men, has a tendency to increase that delicacy by making them more dependent on the attention and assistance of others than English ladies of the same class usually are."

Shocking Murder.

The county of Berks, so long innocent of any flagrant crime, has at length been the scene of a murder of the most shocking character. It seems an old gentleman, whose name we have not learned, lived for some time past in Bern township, in a house alone. He had amassed some money, which, with the false caution of misers, he kept near him. On Tuesday morning last he was found on the floor of his house dead, his forehead and skull broken in—evidently by means of an iron hook or rack, taken from the chimney. A gun belonging to the old man was taken by the murderers, and sold some three miles from the house. This may lead to their detection. The perpetrators of this horrid crime are supposed to be two foreign Germans, who were for some time in the neighborhood. They probably obtained about $500 in money. A reward has been offered for their apprehension. An inquest was held on the body—verdict in conformity with the above.

Fashions for June.

The late arrivals have brought us out the London and Paris fashions for June. We perceive but few changes in the mode except in the following instances:

Morning Negligee—Robe de chambre of mousseline de laine, with a Turkish pattern. Lace cap, trimmed with violet and straw colored ribbons. Bronze kid shoes.

Morning walking dress—Robe of plain percale. Body and sleeves tight, with rows of buttons over the bust. Scarf either of the same material as the dress, or black. Drawn bonnets in gros-de-Naples, ornamented with flowers or a drop feather. Small carriage parasol of shot silk.

Evening dress—Robe of embroidered tarlatane, Manteline, *a la Duchesse*, of lace lined with pink satin, or gros-de-Naples. Richly embroidered handkerchief. Head dress of diamonds. Fan and bouquet.

Providential Escape.

On Saturday last, as Robert Morris, Esq. and a portion of his family, in company with a friend, were riding in an open two horse carriage, an accident occurred which, but for a providential escape, might have led to the loss of life. It appears that the carriage stopped at the residence of Mr. Morris, when his friend, who had been driving, sprang out, throwing the reins upon the horses' backs. As Mr. Morris was about alighting, the horses ran off, and stopping forward to cross the tree he was thrown violently out. His two children still remained in the vehicle. The affrighted animals proceeded down Vine from Tenth street to the wharf, where they brought the vehicle in contact with a wooden and overturned it. They there stopped. Fortunately those inside continued no injury. Mr. Morris, however, was, we regret to learn, considerably bruised.

University of New York.

The new members of the medical department of the New York University were inaugurated on Wednesday week. They are Valentine Mott, M. D. Professor of Surgery; Granville S. Pattison, M D. Professor of Anatomy; John Revere, M. D. Professor of Medicine; Martyn Paine, M. D. Professor of Institutes, &c.; Gunning S. Bedford, M. D. Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children; Jas. W. Draper, M. D. Professor of Chemistry.

The institution is now prepared to compete with the sister ones both here and in the west, but we feel assured that, excellent as it may be, our own University will still maintain the palm, like Leyden of old.

The Match Affair.

This vessel, it will be recollected, was carried into Baltimore, some time since, on suspicion of having been engaged in acts of piracy. She is now under trial for condemnation. The testimony of John Myers, the chief mate, goes strongly to prove the piratical disposition, at least, of Captain Nunez, by aggressions committed on the following vessels, on the voyage from New York to Brazil: The British vessel Madras, the American vessel Sullivan; the American vessel Emily; upon a vessel name unknown, belonging to Portugal, and upon the British vessel Albert. In all probability a complete case of piracy will be made out.

Indian Difficulties.

The Indians on the western frontier appear to be anything but quiet. Several parties of Pawnees, now, at the last advices from Missouri, supposed to be gathering with the design of attacking the Cows and Lowa Sioux and the Missouri river from the settlements. It will be remembered that a marauding party of the Iowas attacked a Pawnee encampment, some time during the winter, in the absence of the warriors, and butchered large number of women and children. Should the Pawnees take vengeance, it is to be feared the Cows and their allies will be driven across the river and compelled to seek refuge in the settlements.

Transylvania University.

This celebrated western institution, located at Lexington, Kentucky, has just elected Dr. Elisha Bartlett, of Lowell, Massachusetts, a medical author of considerable reputation, to fill the vacant chair of theory and practice, in the medical department of the University. With the present array of professors, this academy has nothing to fear. Under their charge, and that of the worthy dean, Dr. Mitchell, who is also professor of Therapeutics and Materia Medica, the University may confidently look forward to the highest reputation. It already numbers two hundred and fifty-four students.

The Question Settled.

The debate in the House of Representatives on the reception of petitions for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, was closed late on Wednesday, by the adoption of the rules of last session, especially the rules before adopted, which confines the action of the House to the business contemplated in the Proclamation of the Executive. The vote stood 119 to 103. A motion was subsequently made to re-consider, which was lost. This decides the question for the extra session.

The Fiscal Agent.

The following is the plan of the fiscal agent introduced to the Senate of the United States on Saturday the 12th inst. by the Secretary of the Treasury. We invite attention to it. The subject is one of general interest, and the community is chiefly on the qui vive, to learn whether Mr. Ewing's plan will be adopted. The New York Chamber of Commerce has already memorialized Congress, in favor of a National Bank, and the chief money-lenders have only postponed the subject temporarily. The Fiscal Agent is in fact a Bank, differing, however, from the old National Bank. The citizens of New York have also petitioned Congress for a National Bank. Their memorial is already one hundred and thirty feet long, in double columns. It has been entrusted to the Board of Trade, and a Committee of that body, consisting of Messrs. G. P. Disosway, O. T. Hewitt, and Chester Clark, appointed to carry it on to Washington.

It is proposed to incorporate a Bank in the District of Columbia by the name of the Fiscal Bank of the United States, having a capital of thirty millions of dollars, with power to establish branches or offices of discount and deposit in the several States, with the assent of the State; that the Government subscribe one fifth part of the capital; and on the supposition that it is the purpose of Congress hereafter to direct that the fifth instalment, appropriated by the deposit act of June 23d, 1836, shall be paid into the treasuries of the several States, it is also proposed that a subscription to that amount be made in the name of the United States, for the use of the States respectively; the stock to be assigned to, and become the property of, each States as shall accept the same, in the manner and in the proportions, and subject to all the conditions provided and imposed by that act.

And for the amount of the six millions to be subscribed by the United States on their own account, and also for the amount to be subscribed for the use of the several States, it is proposed that a stock be created, bearing an interest of five per cent. per annum, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government any time after fifteen years.

In case Congress should not see fit to make such a provision as is proposed for paying to the States the fourth instalment under the deposit act, it may be well worth while to consider whether the States might not be permitted to take the stock of the Bank according to their respective amount of population, to the extent of two millions in all, issuing therefore stock of their own, bearing such interest and redeemable at such periods, as might be prescribed; the dividends on the shares thus held by the States, respectively, to be applied in the first place, to the payment of the interest on their stocks; with a further provision, if thought necessary, that, in case the proceeds of the public lands should be assigned to the States, those proceeds should be applied to the reimbursement of the principal of their debts, or stocks, created or issued for the purpose aforesaid.

In the opinion of the Secretary, it is desirable that the States should be permitted to take an interest in one of the foregoing modes, or some other made, in the new institution; but, if Congress should think otherwise, then it is recommended that the Government of the United States subscribe for ten millions of stock, leaving twenty to be subscribed by individuals.

It is proposed that the affairs of the Bank be managed by twenty directors, seven of whom are appointed by the States in which the branches may be situated, if such State be a stockholder, and the rest to be appointed by the directors of the Bank.

It is proposed that the Bank be the fiscal agent of the Government. That the public moneys be deposited in it; and when there, that they be deemed and taken to be in the Treasury of the United States, and that the drafts of the Treasury be received except by law, and that the notes of the said Bank be receivable in the payment of public dues, and that the payments made by the Treasury of the United States may be by checks on said Bank.

That the said Bank receive the funds of the United States, and transmit them from one part of the Union to another, and distribute them for the payment of public creditors, and perform the duty of pension agent free of charge.

The ordinary powers and privileges of banking institutions being conferred upon it, and the ordinary liabilities and duties imposed, in order to prevent over-banking, excessive issues, fluctuations in the price of stocks, and consequent speculations therein, and to secure the bill holders and other creditors of the Bank from danger of loss, it is proposed—

To limit the dividends to six per cent. per annum, but if they fall short in any year, the deficiency, with interest thereon, to be afterwards made good—and when a surplus accumulates, exceeding two millions, the excess to be paused to the credit of the Treasury of the United States.

That the amount of debts which it may at any time owe, should not exceed twenty millions, including deposits. That the debts at any time due to the Bank shall not exceed the amount of its capital and 15 per cent. thereon; and that when the amount of its bills in circulation shall exceed three times the amount of specie in its vaults, no new loan shall be made.

That it shall not deal in any thing except gold, bullion, or foreign notes, and bills of exchange; and that it shall take no more than six per cent. upon loans.

That it shall discount no promissory note, and purchase no bill of exchange which has more than one hundred and eighty days to run or maturity, and that it shall not renew.

That no debt shall be renewed.

That it shall not at any time loan the United States more than three millions of dollars, nor any State more than one hundred thousand dollars, nor either for a longer time than one hundred days, unless authorized by law.

That it shall contract no debt for a longer time than one year.

That it shall issue no note of a less denomination than ten dollars.

That the officers of the institution shall not be permitted to borrow money from, or contract any debt therein, in any manner whatever; a note or bill of which such officer, as maker, drawer, endorser, or acceptor, is forbidden to be discounted.

The directors of the branches are not to be considered officers within the meaning of this provision.

To prevent undue influence and indirection in the management of this institution; to prevent, also, large and improper loans to individuals, to the injury of the stockholders and the public, and to prevent, likewise, false impressions when such impressions might be mischievous, it is proposed that the books of the institution, including the accounts of all individuals therein, be at all times open to the inspection of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States; to a committee of either House of Congress; to each of the directors of the Bank, and to a committee of the stockholders, with power to make public whatever they may think fit.

It is proposed to provide that the branches shall not issue notes or bills adapted to, and intended for, circulation; but may sell drafts, not less in amount than fifty dollars, for the accommodation of the public.

That the Bank shall not suspend specie payment—that it shall not pay out any thing but coin or bullion or its own notes. That the existence, or a corporation continue for twenty years—but that it be allowed to use its corporate name for two years longer in settling up its affairs.

That no other bank be established by Congress during the existence of the charter.

And providing that it shall not be deemed an infringement of the privileges granted by the charter, if Congress shall order the same corporation to place offices of discount and deposit wherever the same may be necessary for the collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public revenue.

All which is respectfully submitted.

T. EWING,
Secretary of the Treasury.

The President.

Every thing in relation to this ship is still deeply interesting. We gave last week the opinion of several sea-captains in New York, concurring in stating that she had perished in the gale in March. Since the arrival of the Great Western in New York, however, we have been favored with the opinion of Captain Hoskins, of that vessel, respecting the probable fate of the President. He thinks her still safe. His words are:

"Some of the opinions given in the course of the inquiry, I differ from most distinctly, and those opinions would, no doubt, have a strong though very erroneous impression on the public mind, if allowed to pass without notice from some one placed in a similar position to me, who, from very many years experience of all description of vessels, sailing and steam, has had opportunity of forming a good judgment on the subject.

The opinions to which I allude are those of Captain Cole, of the packet ship Orpheus, who, by the report, said "that the President then must have been shipping seas heavily and fast—that probably these huge bodies of water worked through into the engine rooms or fire rooms, and extinguished the fires, in which case the steamer would have been comparatively helpless."

That the President was shipping water, there is no doubt, but I do feel a perfect conviction she did not ship sufficient to extinguish her fires. The fire places are put upon the platform of the fire room, and the platform put upon the bottom of the ship (in the Great Western—the President's I think higher)—the openings to the engine and fire rooms are made so small, as to render it quite impossible that a body of water sufficient to overflow the fire place could find its way below, even with impudence; but with the necessary precaution in such weather, of battening the hatches, &c. down, the supposition of such a result is perfectly chimerical. Captain Cole's opinion appears (by the report) to have been coincided in by other gentlemen, certainly good sailors, but with every respect for Captain C. and those gentlemen, I must say they are not competent judges in this steamship case.

I fully and entirely believe a good steamship the safest vessel that ever went to sea, and there are numerous instances where they have been placed in situations from which no sailing ship, however well managed, could escape. A case in point occurred at Barbadoes, during the last tremendous hurricane in the West Indies. H. M. steamer Spitfire, and many ships were lying in Carlisle Bay—the ships were all lost or dismasted; the Spitfire, ship her cables and put to sea, in the face of the hurricane—her decks were swept—her boats and paddle boxes washed away, yet she never had her fires extinguished, but continued it all by means of the steam power, which alone saved her.

If the engines are damaged, still steamships are safer and good sea boats with their sails. I was once, in the Great Western, compelled to stop the engines at a moment, in a heavy sale of wind, which was bearing her on the eastern edge of the bank of Newfoundland. Immediately got storm sili sail on her, and for two hours—the time we were stopped—lay as beautifully, as easy and as dry as any ship I was ever out in, in similar weather. I do not know the exact proportion of loss between sailing and steamships, but I am quite sure it is very much in favor of steam. I am not called upon, nor do I feel justified, in giving any opinion respecting what may have happened to the President, which, I yet believe, is above water, possibly a log working about at the mercy of the winds and waves, in the hopeless (a vessel belonging to this port) did, some time since, for seventy days, before she reached St. Thomas, and ninety days before she reached Europe. Captain Lewis is a sailor, with energy of character and resources from long experience, which is a strong inducement for hope that the President will yet be heard of."

Suspected Piracy.

Ship Charles found dismantled—Boat on the Bulkhead—Probability of a Prize or Slaving Schooner Gone off and Abandoned in Pass Christian—Great Excitement in New Orleans.

A beautiful pinnay has been purposed off the Balize, near New Orleans. The intelligence is to be relied on, as it comes in a letter from Mr. Hodge, one of the most respectable merchants of New Orleans. He says, in writing to the National Intelligencer:—

"A dreadful act of aldermanly piracy has been committed off the Balize, which ought to be known forthwith to the Department, and I therefore hasten to address you the present, though I have but a few minutes for the mail.

The ship Charles, cleared a few days since for Havre, and on Friday, the 4th instant, was fallen in with by one of our tow-boats, about forty miles from Balize, without any body on board, and fresh traces of blood on her deck and cabin. She had twenty-three cabin passengers, (some of them ladies,) principally our French displeasure, going to make their annual purchases in Paris, and all of them, as usual, set down with considerable sums of specie, and I presume not less, together, then $100,000, probably much more. The hatches were open, but the jolly-boat was gone, and only a dog in it, and a lot of cutlinen. These circumstances, and the fact that all the sailors' clothes were missing, lead some to think it was mutiny and piracy by the crew.

There is, as you may suppose, great excitement in the city. The ship has just come to the levee, and I have time to mention the particulars. Her boat is not lost, and was left even with her sails set. The revenue cutter at the Balize, I presume has started in pursuit. And it is suggested here to arm two or three steamboats, and obtain volunteers to proceed out and sweep the Gulf round the neighborhood."

From the New Orleans Bulletin of the 7th inst. we add the following more particulars to the ship Charles, in addition to the letter of Mr Hodge:

"The Tiger took the ship in tow, and brought her in over the bar, and reported to Captain Jones, of the Revenue Cutter Woodbury, that she had been left by him in pursuit. The Tiger reached the city with the Charles in tow yesterday morning, about eight o'clock and the news of the horrible transaction spread like wild fire through the city, and created intense anxiety. The crowds that repaired on board, rendered it necessary to remove the ship to the opposite side of the river, where an examination took place under the superintendence of Recorder Bright, of the Third Municipality, who had promptly repaired on board as soon as the ship reached the Levee."

The steamboat Neptune, Capt. Rolling, was instantly chartered by the second municipality, and with sixty picked men, two cannon, ammunition and weapons, together with stores for thirty days, despatched in pursuit of the pirates. The Neptune will probably examine all the bays and inlets down the western coast as far as Galveston.

"The information," continues the Bulletin, "went over by the mail boat yesterday to Mobile and Pensacola, and the revenue cutter from the former place will proceed to sea and run to the westward; and the Revenue cutter at Pensacola will of course despatch all his small vessels in pursuit, with the best possible delay. From the promptness with which these measures have all been adopted, we have reason to hope that they will be crowned with complete success, which is the more probable, as the information from the Balize states that it had been constantly calm weather, so that the wretches will not have had an opportunity of getting away from the neighborhood of their atrocities.

A number of vessels, both for northern and European ports, were to sail almost the same time, full of passengers, and, as may be naturally supposed, creates the greatest anxiety among their friends and relations."

The Bulletin of the 8th, holds the following language:—

"In our remarks yesterday we omitted to state that the log slate was found hung up in the mate's stateroom, with the following record upon it, viz. "Thursday, June 3, 1841, commences with light airs from the westward—a number of sail in sight—ship continues to make water. at 4 P. M. S. W. Pass Light House bore N. E. 1 N. from which I take my departure." The above, it will be recollected is our time—the day commencing at 12 o'clock noon. on Wednesday and consequently the above entry is up to 4 P. M. of Wednesday, *viz!* time. The log on ship board is usually written up every watch—that is, every 4 hours, on the slate—and at the end of each 24 hours, is carried into the log book. It would appear, therefore, that the Charles must have been taken possession of on Wednesday, after 4, and previous to 8 P. M. and probably, from the entry of the break, as they had a bright moon during the whole night.

The conjectures as to the transaction are most various. Many suppose it is a mutiny of the crew, who have escaped in the boats, after overpowering the officers and murdering them and the passengers.

The memorandum on the log slate, that "the ship continues to make water," has induced some to suppose that she has been abandoned from that cause. But such would a vessel, lumber laded, and therefore incapable of sinking, be thus abandoned in sight of land, with probably, ten or a dozen inward and outward bound vessels, constantly in sight; and what has become of the crew and passengers, who, even had they acted so foolishly, could have pulled ashore in three or four hours? besides the ship when found, had but little water in her, although she had probably been abandoned 36 hours when the Tiger fell in with her, she was readily pumped out, and left but little, if any more than ships usually do."

By a letter from New Orleans, we learn that the steamship Savannah, which arrived on the 7th from Texas, reported having been boarded on the 6th by the Revenue Cutter Woodbury, off the Balize, and thoroughly examined the coast from the S. W. Pass to Vine Island, without having made any discoveries. Barrataria had likewise closely inspected, with ill success. The Savannah reports that the weather during the passage was delightfully balmy, rakish and sharp built, hugging the shore, to a strange direction. It seems to me probable that the pirates—if the deed is an act of piracy—and of barratry—have made the best of their way to the West Indies.

Two more expeditions had left New Orleans to expose Barrataria and the adjacent places. Several individuals have been arrested at the Balize on suspicion of being implicated in this atrocious business.

A small boat, filled with armed men, had a few days before been taken up off the Balize on suspicion of piracy. It has since turned out to be a party intended for the slave-trade. The Captain has been carried in irons to New Orleans.

Commerce of France.

The recent French papers contain a summary of the report laid before the Chamber of Peers, by Count Gradaine, the minister of commerce, by which it appears, that since the French government reduced the protective duties on foreign produce, the trade of the country had increased considerably. Thus in the year 1839, the general trade of France, including the merchandise in the government stores, amounted to 616,000,000 francs, and the exports to 594,000,000 francs, and the foreign produce imported amounted to 442,000,000 francs, and the exports to 1,085,000,000 francs, and the amount of foreign produce imported amounted to 650,000,000 francs, and the exports to 677,000,000 francs. French navigation improved in a similar proportion with that of trade. The French tonnage in the year 1829, amounted to 647,000 tons; and in the year 1839, to 1,200,000 tons. Domestic produce increased in similar proportion. The French coal mines produced but 17,000,000 metrical quintals in the year 1829; and in the year 1839, they produced more than 30,000,000. "And what is still more remarkable," observes M. Cunin Gridaine, "this immense progress in manufacturing industry was realized concurrently with the consumption of foreign coal, for the quantity of that article imported in the year 1839, amounted only to 5,000,000 of metrical quintals; and in the year 1838, it amounted to 13,000,000." "Let continues M. Cunin Gridaine, "from coal we pass to iron, we find that in the year 1828, France possessed 793 furnaces, producing 1,000,000 metrical quintals of cast iron, and 1,295 furnaces for refining, manufacturing annually 1,500,000 metrical quintals of iron. At present France possesses 475 furnaces, which produce annually 2,477,000 metrical quintals of cast metal, worth 63,000,000 francs, and 1500 furnaces for refining, which produce 2,241,000 quintals of iron, worth 93,000,000 francs." "Similar improvement is to be found," observes M. Cunin Gridaine, "in most of the domestic productions. Lyons has increased her silk looms from 27,000 to 40,000, and the exportation of silk stuffs, which in the year 1829, amounted only to 1,100,000 francs, reached, in the year 1839, to 141,000,000. No less remarkable has been the improvement in the woolen and cotton manufactures. The exportation of woollen stuff amounted in 1829, to only 30,000,000 francs, and increased in 1839, to 60,000,000 francs. And the exports of cotton increased from 47,000,000 to 80,000,000, francs, within the same period." "The result is, consequence," concludes M. Cunin Gridaine, "to be derived from this increase of manufactures is the diminution in their price, which renders them more accessible to the mass of consumers. Thus, in the last ten years, iron was sold at from 49 to 58 francs, while in the year 1839, according to the quality, new produce not more than 35 to 38 francs at most. Woollen cloth, which was sold in the same period at from 40 to 50 francs the piece, now brings only 29 francs; and calico, which in 1829, was sold for 90 centimes, is not now worth more than 40 to 50 centimes."

Wise, the Aeronaut.

The well-known aeronaut Wise, lately made an ascension at Danville. The Democrat of that place gives a detailed account of his aerial voyage, from which we extract the following, in Mr. Wise's own words. It will be seen that he mentions a phenomenon which has puzzled many, and which he proposes to attempt some of our serene theory light upon this interesting subject.

"I found the atmosphere much colder in crossing the mountains than it was at the same height in crossing over level and cultivated land. During this voyage I observed a peculiar motion in the balloon, which I had experienced on former occasions when travelling very fast, but never made any particular investigation. When coming along with a steady current whilst the balloon is in equilibrium, it revolves slowly; on this occasion it drew my particular attention on account of the regular pulsations that it moved with. At first I attributed the regular vibrations to the pulsation of my body, but on holding my breath I found it to continue more perceptibly; in fact, the low motion I perceived in the car, the more regular were the vibrations of the velvet, whenever the balloon by the discharge of ballast or gas would ascend or descend, the pulsation was sufficiently arrested not to be observable. This phenomenon caused me to remain in the atmosphere nearly an hour longer than I had intended; and on another occasion I will continue the further investigation of the subject. The pulsations worked at intervals of two and a half seconds, and made a revolution in fifty seconds, this was the result of five successive tests. There is no motion to notice that I can as yet attribute it to, and to me it has opened another remarkable and very interesting wonderful source of investigation.

The cause of distance or vertigo, as I have before mentioned, has beyond a doubt in my mind disappeared by inhalation, and invites the attention of anatomists and scalists to the further investigation of that delicate and most essential organ—the Eye."

The Williams Brown.

Captain George L. Harris, of the ship William Brown, of which unfortunately has our readers are already informed by the publication of Mr. Hodge's letter, called upon us yesterday, and gave the Boston Atlas of Wednesday week, and furnished us with several facts relative to that vessel, which we have never seen stated, and which we deem of sufficient interest to warrant their publication. The ship William Brown, of 300 tons, was built in Boston, and of his own as being "as good a vessel as he would ever wish to sail with." He is of opinion that their conduct has been judged of rather too severely, and some what prematurely, and states several things, which, although they do not, to our mind, justify all that is alleged to have been committed, will still go far toward palliating what but for these circumstances, would seem unnecessary acts of cruelty. He states that the first mate, with about forty others in the long-boat, and himself, with the second mate and seven other in the jolly-boat, remained attached by a rope to the vessel until she went down, when the ropes were cut.

Just before parting with the vessel, the mate suggested that, owing to the crowded condition of his boat, it would be necessary to draw lots as to who should be thrown overboard to save the remainder. The boat was so crowded that it was impossible even to use the oars, and in imminent danger of being swamped by every wave. Capt. Harris replied that he did not wish to participate this event, and begged the mate not to do so until found to be indispensably necessary. He also states, what is a strong palliating circumstance, that the passengers, having been awakened too hastily to be able to save any portion of their clothing, were nearly entirely naked, and they were benumbed with cold before the captain parted company, and that it would have been little better than suicide to have risked the lives of the crew in order to save them when were first probably by a more cruel death from cold, and who could not long survive as they were.

Captain Harris speaks in the warmest language of grateful remembrance of the kindness which he experienced from Captain Lewis Lebas and the crew of the Mere de Famille, by whom he was

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Travelling Agents.

John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Gorwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severe, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ R. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ L. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once.

☞ R. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

The Money Market.

The money market in Philadelphia has changed but little since our last. The officers of the U. S. Bank are still engaged in giving certificates of deposit, bearing six per cent. interest, in exchange for its notes, as well as to such depositors as had funds in the bank at the time of its suspension. About $800,000 have been funded in this way. The effect will be salutary, inasmuch as creditors of the Bank, either as note-holders or depositors, will now draw interest. The great topics of the day are now the Revenue Bill of Pennsylvania, and the Fiscal Bank of the United States. The project of the Secretary of the Treasury for the latter will be found in to-day's paper. The following list comprises all the information in relation to the Revenue Bill. A large number of the Banks have already their small notes in circulation, and quite a perceptible difference is made, in consequence in our receipts from Pennsylvania subscribers.

Banks Accepting the Bill.

	May Issue.
Lancaster Bank,	$26,333
Farmers' Bank of Lancaster,	60,000
Bank of Middletown,	16,339
Harrisburg Bank,	56,250
York Bank,	37,171
Carlisle Bank,	43,173
Bank of Chambersburg,	49,515
Bank of Lewistown,	26,944
Northumberland Bank,	30,000
Wyoming Bank,	15,171
Towanda Bank,	26,125
Berks County Bank,	10,563
Monongahela Bank of Brownsville,	23,625
Exchange Bank of Pittsburg,	117,597
Erie Bank,	19,106
Moyamensing Bank,	46,875
Bank of Pennsylvania—5's	125,000
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank—5's,	62,500
Lebanon Bank,	13,178
United States Bank,	
Farmer's and Drovers' Band of Waynesburg,	14,063
Bank of Gettysburg,	23,219
Bank of Susquehanna county,	18,750
Columbia Bank and Bridge Company,	59,250
Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank of Pittsburg,	93,000

Banks which have Rejected the Bill.

	Might have Issued.
Philadelphia Bank,	$262,414
Commercial Bank,	131,250
Southwark Bank,	46,875
Girard Bank,	300,000
Western Bank,	75,000
Franklin Bank of Washington,	22,500
Bank of North America,	131,250
Bank of Pittsburg—*except.*	
The whole issue under the bill might have been	$3,179,999
Refused to issue of	909,289
Balance,	$2,270,710

We may add that in addition to the above, the Bank of the Northern Liberties, the Bank of Penn Township, the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank of the Northern Liberties, and the Chester County Bank, have accepted the Bill. It will thus be seen that our community will very speedily have an abundance of small notes. The Kensington Bank has rejected the Bill.

United States Bank.

There is a wide difference of opinion, whether the United States Bank Bill will be confirmed, if passed. Great efforts are made, by memorials on both sides. The New York Express states that the "Memorial in Favor of a United States Bank will be one of the most extensively signed documents that ever went forth from that city. It is believed that already fifteen thousand persons have signed, and all of them persons who are interested in the Mercantile concerns of the city, embracing all classes of men of business." On the other hand, active exertions are made against the measure.

Notes issued by the borough of Harrisburg, payable two years after date with one per cent. interest, very handsomely engraved, are in circulation in this city, but are regarded with distrust.

"The True Issue," published at Jackson, Miss., states that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Bank, on the 19th ult., they burned about $350,000 of their post notes, (which was all that the cashier had time to have registered,) and that they intend continuing to destroy this description of paper at every succeeding meeting of the Board.

The Inquirer says, "We were shown a one dollar note on the 'Corning Bank' of New York, altered to a five. The alterations had been effected in several places, but in no instance in a very skilful manner. The note was signed '*H. W. Bostwick*, President, and *P. J. Mallory*, Cashier.'"

Counterfeit Gold Coin.—The St. Louis Era says, that a large amount of spurious gold coin has been put into circulation in the upper part of the State of Missouri. It is stated that in one case payment of seventy-five dollars was made in half eagles, not one of which was genuine.

The St. Louis New Era says, that a sale of Missouri State Bonds, to the amount of $30,000 has been made to an Eastern capitalist now in St. Louis. The Bonds bear the extraordinary interest of ten per cent.

The Branch Bank of Alabama, at Huntsville, refuses to receive Tennessee money on deposite. This course is adopted, because the Nashville brokers kept running up the Huntsville money and then running it down, for purposes of speculation.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
1552 shares		United States Bank,	18½a21
735	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	37½a38½
250	do.	N. O. Gas Bank,	10
241	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	6¼a6½
100	do.	Girard Bank,	20½
30	do.	Mechanics Bank,	27a28½
20	do.	Louisville Bank,	75
10	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	98
8	do.	Union Insurance Co.	50½
6	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	39½
4	do.	American Fire Insurance Co.	75
4	do.	Franklin Fire Insurance Co.	100
1	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	43½
1	do.	Reading R. R.	21

Rail-Road Accident.

An accident occurred on Friday week on the Norwich and Worcester Rail-road, which, but for the coolness and intrepidity of the engineer would have proved fatal to the passengers. About seven o'clock, on that day, as the train of cars was passing from Worcester to Norwich, in North Killingly, Conn. about thirty-five miles from Worcester, the front axle of the locomotive broke off while travelling at the usual rapid rate, and tore up the whole track, a distance of thirty feet. The engineer as soon as possible disengaged the engine from the cars, and the engine ran off the track to the left, at a descent of ten feet, and was crushed to atoms with the engineer and conductor upon it, who very fortunately escaped without any serious injury.

It was through the coolness and intrepidity of the engineer that no injury was done to the passengers, as by disengaging the cars from the locomotive, at the risk of his own life, he preserved the lives of those entrusted to his care. The baggage car ran off the track to the right, and was badly injured; Adams's Express car also ran off the track, but received very little injury. Capt. Reynolds, the agent of the line, immediately despatched news of the accident to Norwich, and an engine and train of cars arrived to the relief of the passengers about 12 o'clock this morning. The steamboat New York, with the passengers, reached New York about half past six. There were about one hundred and fifty passengers in the cars at the time of the accident.

Congressional News.

Washington, June 9, 1841.

Mr. Sturgeon presented a petition praying for an amendment of the Constitution to effect the abolition of Slavery. The reception was objected to by Mr. Preston, when, on motion of Mr. King, the motion to receive was laid upon the table.

Mr. Buchanan presented a petition praying for the abolition of the Slave Trade, when a question arose as to what should be done with petitions of this nature, when it was decided that the question of their reception should always be put. The motion to receive was then laid upon the table.

Mr. Clay having expressed a wish that the Bill repealing the Sub-Treasury might be engrossed, a motion to that effect prevailed, ayes 27, nays 18.

The Bill having been read a third time, the question now was on its engrossment; when Mr. Woodbury took the floor, and at considerable length addressed the Senate upon the general benefit of the Sub-Treasury Act, and upon his administration of the currency.

House.—The Chairmen of the Additional Committees, not reported yesterday, are—

On Expenditures on State Department, Mr. John Van Buren; Treasury Department, John McKeon; War Department, James J. McKay; Navy Department, Thomas Jones Yorke; P. O. Department, Joshua A. Lowell; Public Buildings, Cave Johnson.

After the adjournment of the House, the name of James J. McKay was substituted for Romulus M. Saunders, as announced by the Chair yesterday, on the Select Committee on the Currency.

The House then proceeded to the election of Chaplain, when it appeared that the Rev. Mr. French (Episcopalian) received 118 votes, and was elected.

Mr. Sergeant moved that the House proceed to the election of printer, and that the printing be done at an expense twenty per cent. less than heretofore, when Mr. Andrews, of Ky., moved a division of the question.

A motion was made to adjourn by Mr. Van Buren, which was negatived, yeas 41, nays 137.

Mr. Ingersoll then took the floor, and commenced his remarks on the question of re-consideration of the adoption of the Rules, and laid down his premises on the whole ground of the slave trade, foreign and domestic, stating that it was a question of great importance, that he would not treat it as a party man—that this country, the constitution, and humanity were pre-eminent, and as such he would consider the question.

The gentleman was called to order several times, but the Speaker decided that Mr. Ingersoll was in order.

Washington, June 10th 1841.

Senate.—The morning was occupied chiefly in a debate between Messrs. Rives and Buchanan, respecting the correspondence in the McLeod case. Nothing of moment, however, was elicited.

Petitions for a Bankrupt Act still press on this Congress, and claim a hearing. Mr. Henderson introduced one on leave to-day, and it was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Clay was in favor of a reasonable bankrupt law and would give such a one his support; and although a Bankrupt Bill was a relief measure, yet he was not disposed to place it before that of the establishment of a Bank and the distribution of the public lands. After the leading measures were disposed of they might take up the bill, and if possible, pass it, though he did not think such a result was to be anticipated at the present session. Next to the question of the currency, a bankrupt law (liberal in its spirit, but guarding at the same time the rights of the creditor) is the most wanted—and I can but expect that Congress will so regard it.

House.—Nothing of importance was transacted today; the whole time being spent in debating.

Washington, June 11, 1841.

The vote was taken on the motion of Mr. Ingersoll to reconsider the vote by which the House had struck out the 21st rule. As was expected the House refused to reconsider by the following vote—yeas 110; nays 116.

In the House this morning, Mr. Hunt of New York gave notice that he would at the earliest opportunity ask leave to introduce a bill to repeal the act of 1837, entitled an act to repeal the act authorizing the payment of the fourth instalment of the surplus revenue to the States.

A motion was then made that the House do now proceed to the election of a public printer, whose rates of compensation shall be 20 per cent. less than those of the joint resolution of 1819. After some debate, the question whether the compensation shall be 20 per cent. less than those of the joint resolution of 1819, was taken—yeas 178, nays 19.

After some further debate, Messrs. Gales and Seaton were elected printers to the House on the first ballot.

The House then adjourned.

In the Senate, the consideration of the motion to refer the portion of the message relative to our foreign relations to the committee of foreign affairs, was resumed.

Washington, June 12, 1841.

In the House of Representatives this morning, owing to the continued sickness of Mr. Wise, the question of re-consideration in regard to the rules of the House, was further postponed until Monday.

The presentation of petitions being then in order, a great number were presented asking the establishment of a National Bank, all of which were referred to the judiciary committee.

On motion of Mr. Briggs, the judiciary committee to whom have been referred numerous memorials in favor of a general bankrupt law, were directed to consider the expediency of reporting a bill to that effect.

Mr. Mattocks presented a petition asking the abolition of slavery in the district, and in the territory of Florida. Mr. M. then moved its reference to a select committee.

Mr. Underwood raised the question of reception.

Mr. Everett moved that the question of reception be laid on the table. A noisy debate then arose on points of order. After several ineffectual motions to adjourn, in which the yeas and nays were taken every time, the question was taken on the motion to lay on the table, and it was carried by a large vote.

Several other memorials on the same subject were presented, but the question of reception being raised, it was laid on the table in every case by acclamation.

A great number of petitions for various objects were then presented, and referred to appropriate committees.

The report of the select committee on the rules, and the resolutions accompanying it, was made and adopted. They provide that there shall be no action at the present session on any subject not specially referred to in the President's message. Also that all petitions not referring to the above subject be laid on the table until next session.

Washington, June 14, 1841.

In the House of Representatives, the Speaker stated that the first business in order was the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House had appointed a committee to revise the Rules of the House, with the exception of the 21st Rule, relating to abolition petitions.

The whole morning was occupied in the discussion of the reception of petitions to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

In the Senate memorials came in by scores, on various subjects, all of which were referred to appropriate committees, where they will remain until the next session.

After various resolutions of enquiry of the departments had been offered, the motion to refer that portion of the President's message to the committee on Foreign Relations, was again called up. The particular subject under debate in relation to this motion was the letter of Mr. Webster to the British Minister, in answer to the demand of the latter for the release of McLeod.

Mr. Preston spoke at some length in support of the views taken by Mr. Webster.

Mr. Benton followed on the other side.

Washington, June 15, 1841.

Last evening the House remained in session until 8 o'clock, Mr. Wise having occupied six hours. When he sat down Mr. Botts moved the previous question on the motion pending, which was to reconsider the vote by which the select committee on the rules had been appointed, and by which the rules of the last House, except the 21st, had been temporarily adopted. The previous question, after some altercation, was seconded, and the question on the reconsideration being put, was carried—yeas 106, nays 104.

Amidst some uproar, the House adjourned.

In the House this morning, the Speaker stated that the resolution relating to the 6th rule, having been reconsidered, they were exactly where they stood prior to the adoption of that resolution with the amendment of Mr. Adams, striking out the 21st rule.

A long and noisy debate here arose on a point of order.

Mr. Rayner, of North Carolina, then took the floor, and spoke on the general question of the reception of petitions relative to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

In the Senate, Thomas Allen, of the Madisonian, was elected printer of that body.

The remainder of the day up to the leaving of the cars was taken up in a debate on the motion to refer the McLeod case to the committee on foreign affairs.

A Forgery.

A late letter from the Hague says:—

"A case of forgery, recently discovered here, has produced a great sensation. A manufacturer of Leyden, who had fallen into difficulties some time before the accession of the present king, and had obtained his Majesty's confidence, while Prince of Orange, had received various sums of money from him; and his royal benefactor had gone so far as to put his name to some bills, which the manufacturer readily got cashed. Taking advantage of this, he forged the Prince's name on several other bills, circulated them, and obtained 100,000 florins from one capitalist alone at Amsterdam. The man was arrested not long ago at Rotterdam, and is to be tried for the offence. He has endeavored to screen himself by threatening to disclose some secrets concerning the present king, of which he boasts that he is in possession. His Majesty has determined that justice shall pursue its course with this individual."

Important to Bankers and Brokers.

An action of some importance was decided a day or two ago, before the Superior Court of New York. Mr. William Fitch, a broker, instituted a suit against Mr. Benjamin K. Hobart, a porter in the Phenix Bank, under these circumstances: A trunk containing $500 in silver, was deposited by a clerk of the plaintiff, in the bank, with orders to the porter not to deliver it except to himself or order. That some days subsequent he called for the trunk, but it could not be found, nor has any thing been since heard of it. After a patient examination of the case, the jury, under the charge of the Court, rendered a verdict for the defendant.

Death from Starvation.

Mr. James Dunbar, aged seventy-five years, died in New Gloucester, Maine, April 12th. The disease which terminated his earthly existence, was an obstruction in the passage leading from the throat to the stomach. Ossification on some foreign substance had so completely closed the alimentary conductor, that no kind of nourishment could possibly be taken, and consequently he departed for want of its sustaining nutriment. For the last ten days of his existence he was unable to swallow the least substance whatever. Horrible as it may be to relate, he actually died of starvation!

Murder.

A horrid murder was committed at Flatlands, Long Island, N. Y. on Tuesday. A black man killed a white man, by knocking him on the head with a stone, and then cutting his throat. They had worked together the day before and quarrelled. William Vinson was the name of the deceased, and Samuel D. Douse the name of the murderer. They quarrelled about some clams.

General News.

The Maryland Colonization Society held its Convention at Baltimore last week, the proceedings of which are published in the Sun of that city. A statistical table made up from the census of Maryland shows the difference in the proportion which the free colored population of the State bears to the white at present, compared with that of 1790. Throughout the State there was in 1790 one free colored person to 60⅓ white persons; at present, there is one free colored person to 3 3-5 white persons. In several counties the proportion of the free blacks had increased in half a century from one to twenty, thirty and forty, to one to every *two*, *three* and *four*. This calculation is entirely distinct from the slave population. Among the resolutions adopted was one intimating strongly that the day must arrive, when the colored population of that State will have no alternative but removal.

An Important Criminal is now being tried, as we learn from the Picayune, at the Parish of St. John the Baptist. Jacques St. Martin is charged with the murder of one Miel, a Frenchman, and Samuel McCoy, an American, on the 15th of December last. The circumstances of the case are of a singular nature. The wife of the prisoner had been thrown into a state of great nervous excitement by some noises at the door for several nights previous to the murder. The deceased were flat boatmen, and rapped at St. Martin's door to get some fire—the wife became alarmed, cried "murder!" and her husband, who had just gone out, heard her shrieks, returned, seized his gun, and shot both the men. This question is how far St. Martin is responsible for the act.

Arkansas Coal.—This new article of commerce has been received at Natchez. The papers of that city say that it has been burnt there, that it emits no smoke, and burns freely with a pale white blaze. It burns as freely as Pittsburg coal, and is used in the same grates. The Free Trader says, "it would be almost considered a romance should we give a history of the man who discovered this coal, and of the events in his life which led to the discovery. Suffice it to say the coal is anthracitical, with sufficient gas contained in it to make it highly inflammable; with so little bitumen as to make it scarcely smoky, and with a tenacity of combustion which makes it last as long again or one-third longer than any coal ever known in Natchez."

Atrocious Attempt to Murder.—We learn from the Stockbridge, (Mass.) Visitor, that an atrocious attempt was made to take the life of a young lady in Green River last week. She visited the house of a Mrs. Lane, when she was persuaded to drink a cup of beer in which Corrosive Sublimate had been mixed, and notwithstanding the immediate use of the stomach pump, and other active remedies, the effect of the poison was so powerful that her life is still despaired of. The motive attributed to Mrs. Lane for this diabolical conduct is a desire to remove the young lady poisoned that her daughter might marry a young man to whom the other was engaged. Mrs. Lane and her daughter are both in jail.

A Claimant for the White House.—A proclamation declaring the writer to be President of the United States, and requiring Congress to meet on the 4th of August next, has been sent by some person, probably insane, to the editor of the National Intelligencer, with a request that the editors will demand the key of the President's House, and keep it safely for him until he arrives in the city. The Sun recommends that the place be well swept out and dusted, and that every thing be duly prepared for the reception of the gentleman, who also sent a three dollar bill to pay the expense.

A Hurricane.—The New Hampshire Patriot says, that on Wednesday, the 2d, an almost dry tempest swept over the State from North to South. At Lyman, about 100 miles north of Concord, the time of its passage was two o'clock P. M. It passed over Concord at five the same evening. Many trees were blown down and the streets swept clean of dust and sand. In some places there was a little rain for a few minutes. The gust extended over a considerable width of country, and neither increased nor lessened greatly in its passage.

A Fatal Duel at New Orleans.—We learn from the New Orleans Bee, that a duel was fought on the 2d inst., at Mandeville, between Messrs. Samuel Wright and S. W. Oakey, merchants of that city. The hostile meeting grew out of certain articles in the Vicksburg Sentinel, abusive of Mr. Oakey, and of which Mr. Wright was the reputed author. The combatants fought with rifles. The first shot proved ineffectual. At the second, Mr. Wright fell, having received his adversary's ball in the side. He lived scarcely a minute.

The Frederick County Bank.—The Frederick Herald of Saturday says that nothing has yet come to light respecting the robbery of the Bank at that place, though energetic measures are being taken by the officers to detect the depredator. A considerable amount of its notes have already been reported to the Board by those in whose possession they are, and holders of notes and certificates of deposit are called upon to come forward and have them redeemed, after the 21st of June, by a new issue.

The Men of the West.—The Nashville Union says,—"A little group of veterans—five in number—all of whom were companions in the early settlement of the Mississippi Valley—happened together at the Post-office in this place a few days ago, when in the course of their conversation about events of olden time, they mentioned their several ages, which, added together, made an aggregate of 388 years. Of the five, Gen. Jackson, who was 74 in March, is the youngest."

A Skirmish with the Arabs.—A skirmish recently took place between the French and the Arabs, in which the latter mustered 5000 men, in addition to 15,000 horse—the latter to be called in in case of need. The Duke de Nemours commanded the French, and it is stated in the French account of the affair, that the Arabs lost five hundred killed, and were repulsed at all points; while the French had only ten or twelve men killed, and fifty wounded.

Naval Board.—The Naval Board for the examination of Midshipmen of the date of 1825, convened at the Naval Asylum on Monday morning. The board consists of Commodores Biddle, Ballard, Conner and Read. Commodore Biddle acting as President, and Commodores Ballard, Conner and Read as the examiners. There are at present about twenty-five or thirty Midshipmen awaiting their examination.

An Appalling Case.—The Baltimore Sun states that two brothers named Conelly, were recently brought into the watch-house, in a state of melancholy wretchedness. They entreated to be sent anywhere rather than home, as their father was constantly drunk, and daily displayed the cruelty which drink inspires, in abusing and beating them. They were accordingly sent to the alms-house.

An Odd Calculation.—An English paper states, that the owner of an ambulating menagerie lately calculated that, if all the ferocious animals which are now confined in Europe were let loose in an immense forest, it would contain 225 lions, 289 tigers, 302 leopards, 270 panthers, 67 elephants, 10 rhinoceroses, 2,700 wolves, 78 rattlesnakes, 216 boa constrictors, 1,040 hyenas, and 96 crocodiles.

An Affray.—Francis B. Silvia, a foreigner, residing at Nantucket, Mass. was nearly beaten to death last Tuesday week, in a fight with some other foreigners, some of whom were his boarders. He lay insensible twenty-four hours, and recovery is still doubtful. His wife also was terribly bruised. One James Kearney is in prison, charged with being the principal rioter.

A Bad Member.—At one of the towns in New Hampshire they have a "Thief Detecting Society," the members of which were recently called out in pursuit of some person who had stolen a horse. Half the town gave chase and the chap was caught, when he proved to be a member of the society, who had previously been in good standing.

Yellow Fever.—The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Eagle says that a decided case of yellow fever, accompanied with the worst features of that disease, occurred at Fishkill last week. The victim had spent the winter in New Orleans.

Attempt to Break Jail.—Several of the criminals confined in the Maryland Penitentiary, at Baltimore, attempted to get out a few days since. They had nearly descended, when their designs were discovered and frustrated.

Missouri Bonds.—The St. Louis New Era says that a sale of Missouri State Bonds, to the amount of $30,000, has been made to an Eastern capitalist now in St. Louis. The bonds bear the extraordinary interest of *ten per cent.*

Infidel and Licentious Books.—The Presbytery of Niagara, New York, have passed a formal resolution, declaring that Byron's works and Bulwer's novels "are books of an infidel and licentious character."

An Old Public Servant.—Richard Harrison, Esq. late Auditor of the Treasury, died at Washington on the 10th inst., in the 92d year of his age. He received his appointment from George Washington.

A Heroine.—The Lycoming Gazette says that a large Bear was killed on the 27th ult. in Franklin township, by the wife of Mr. Joseph Whitmore. Her only weapon, it is said, was a *broad-axe*.

A Strange Case.—The dead body of a man, name unknown, was found a short time since on the roof of a three story house in Vicksburg. No one could divine how he came in such a situation.

More Steamships.—The St. John (N. B.) Herald says that the English government is about contracting for a new line of steamers to the North American colonies, to run direct to that port.

The Governor of Cuba, has ordered the immediate erection of Sunday Schools in Havana, where children may be educated free of expense. The Lancasterian system is to be adopted.

Sentence Changed.—John Burke, sentenced at Hartford to be hung for the murder of his wife, has had his sentence commuted by the Legislature to imprisonment for life.

To Niagara.—In two nights and one day you can go from New York to Buffalo. The first night is spent on the Hudson, and the second on Lake Ontario.

Heavy Robbery.—Some rogues stole an iron chest containing four thousand dollars, from the store of Mr. Codd, in Toronto, one night of last week.

Mrs. Power.—A letter from England to the New York Herald, states that Mrs. Power, wife of the comedian, is quite insane.

Low Enough.—The Louisville Advertiser states that corn has been sold at auction in Missouri as low as *three cents a bushel!*

War in Candia.—A desolating war is raging on the island of Candia, between the Christians and Turks.

An Earthquake.—A shock of an earthquake was lately experienced at St. Jago de Cuba.

Right! Right!!—A truckman in Boston has been fined ten dollars for cruelty to horses.

The St. Louis Murderers have been sentenced to be hung on the 9th of July next.

The Halibut Fishery.—The Halibut Fishery has become of considerable importance, employing a large number of vessels. These fish usually vary from 60 to 100 lbs. in weight. The largest ever caught was in 1806, about 60 miles from Portland—it weighed six hundred pounds.

The fishermen of the islands south of Cape Cod, take a considerable number of sword fish, every year. They are taken by harpoons. The flesh is considered good, and about 300 bbls. a year are pickled and salted (being first cut into slices,) at Martha's Vineyard. This fish varies from nine to fifteen feet in length, and weighs from three to five hundred pounds. He feeds principally on mackerel, herring, and other fish which visit the coast in shoals.

India Cotton.—The Boston Evening Journal says, the cultivation of cotton is on the increase in India. According to the Bombay Times of March 27—up to the 19th March, 1840, the total imports amounted to only 62,522 cwt. while to the same date of the present year they amount to 324,679 cwt. thus exhibiting an increase of 235,157 cwt. This large increase does not appear to be owing to any fortuitous circumstances, but either to the cultivation being greatly extended or to greater exertions being used to bring forward the new crop. From all accounts it appears that greater extension is given to the cultivation of cotton in districts which heretofore supplied comparatively insignificant quantities, and greater attention paid to the quality.

The Bible Convention of South Carolina.—A letter from the agent to the Chairman of the Executive Committee affords a very encouraging prospect, that the general supply of the State with Bibles will be effected in the course of the year, through the exertions of district societies and committees. We trust that the several districts and sections of the State will emulate each other in carrying on this good work; the labor and expense of which are so divided under the arrangement adopted by the Convention, as to promise the accomplishment of the object, without taxing unreasonably the efforts or means of any.

A Vile Transaction.—The Macon (Geo.) Telegraph says:—"On Saturday night, as the cars and locomotive, on the Monroe Rail-road, were coming down, about eleven o'clock, they encountered a pile of logs, that some miscreants had placed across the track. As might have been expected, the locomotive was stove into atoms, the tender upset, and the cars (which were full of passengers) came near being precipitated off the track! Providentially no lives were lost—the passengers received no injury, except in delay; and only one man (one of the engineers) was injured.

A Murder in Prison.—An atrocious murder was committed last week in the Ohio Penitentiary. A notorious rogue named Clark, who was under punishment for highway robbery, and had been frequently chastised for bad conduct, took an opportunity to strike Mr. Cyrus Sells, one of the guards, on the head with an axe, and nearly severed the head from the body. Another convict who was at some little distance, rushed to the spot, and narrowly escaped a fatal blow levelled at him by Clark. The latter was seized and disarmed.

Military Pageant.—The Nashville Whig of the 4th inst. contains an intimation, that an invitation has been sent to all the Volunteer Companies west of the mountains, to meet in grand encampment on the coming Fourth of July, at or near Louisville. It is also suggested as an additional inducement, that the remains of General Harrison will arrive at Cincinnati, about the first of July, and the encampment being in the vicinity, could attend the remains to the grave and return home in season.

A Narrow Escape.—The Salem Gazette states that a man in Lynnfield, a few days since, while blasting rocks, had a narrow escape for his life. He was sitting in the usual manner, on the rock, with his legs extended, and hammering between them. While ramming down the charge it exploded, severing the fragments of the rock in all directions, but doing him no other damage than throwing him a dozen or two feet backward, tearing off his little finger, and jarring him considerably.

A Prisoner from Havana.—A sailor named Josiah Needham, arrived at Baltimore, on Saturday, in the brig Thomas Ashby, having been sent home from Havana by Consul Trist, on a charge of having murdered a shipmate. No witnesses were sent with him, and he will of course be discharged. From the letter of the Consul, it would appear that the homicide was committed during a drunken frolic, and that Needham was insane when intoxicated.

A Fishing Smack Sunk.—The steamboat Telegraph, in coming out of the harbor of New Haven, about ten o'clock on Monday evening, ran over a fishing smack, on board of which were three persons. One of them, named Richard Hand, belonging to Sag Harbor, was drowned. The others, Chester Hodgson and John Bragg, were saved by a boat sent off from the steamer Bunker Hill.

A Cheap Home.—The Southern Shield states that the Legislature of Arkansas has passed a law, offering great inducements to persons disposed to emigrate. Each settler can, by going to the Auditor's office, select a tract of land, not more than one quarter section, and by a settlement thereon secure himself a home, free of charge. The lands belong to the State, and are some of the best in its territories.

A Murder in Albany.—On Sunday last, in Albany, a man named Hughes, so wounded his wife Catharine, that she died in a few hours. They were from Little Falls, and were married at Herkimer some years since. They had disagreed, and lived apart for the last year, and met a few days ago by accident, when the husband sought an opportunity and shot her through the head with a pistol.

Phenomenon.—Yesterday, says the Chicago American, our city was visited by thick swarms of small flies, that hovered about the roofs and corners of our buildings, and presented the appearance of dense and black clouds of smoke arising out from the chimneys or the roofs. They flew so low, as to cover the passerby, and their hum was like the distant roar of a waterfall.

A Death by Lightning.—On Tuesday evening week, during the severe thunder storm, at York Haven, Pa. a Mrs. Fink, consort of Mr. William Fink of that place, was instantly killed by a flash of lightning, while sitting in the room with the remainder of her family, consisting of her husband and children, who escaped entirely uninjured.

Illinois Public Works.—The Chicago American of the 3d says that the present Board of Canal Commissioners are determined to go on with the canal at any sacrifice. Six contracts, it is said, have been let in the vicinity of Ottawa, for State bonds at par, and the remaining lettings between Juliet and Ottawa will be put up.

French Living.—One is struck, says the New York Express, with the comparative cheapness of living in France. We see advertised, a capital house with handsome furniture, at 600 francs per annum—the situation one of the best in Paris! A country house on the Seine also, well furnished, with a garden, for 300 francs.

Temperance in London.—It is said that there are in London and the suburbs, fifty total abstinence societies, with 20,000 members, of whom 3000 are reclaimed drunkards; in the country ninety societies, with 40,000 members, of whom 4000 are reclaimed drunkards; in Scotland 150,000 members, and in Ireland 5,500,000.

Rope Making.—An English writer, says the Boston Journal, who assumes to know something of this subject, recommends the disuse of tar for yarns, and adduces strong evidence to show that white yarn prepared, is thirty-seven and a half per cent. stronger than the like weight of hemp worked with tar in the usual way.

Military.—Among the manoeuvres exhibited at a review of French troops at Vincennes, were ordinary evolutions with the *gymnastic step*,—target firing, 17 balls out of 100 hitting the mark at 1500 feet—cutting down trees six inches through, with sabres, and firing volleys while the men lay on their backs.

Wyoming Claim.—A resolution appropriating $3000 to aid in erecting a monument over the bones of the Connecticut people who fell in the memorable massacre in the Valley of Wyoming in 1778, passed the House of the Connecticut Delegates by a large majority, but was defeated in the Senate.

Fifty Acres of Land.—The Government of Canada with the view to accelerate the settlement of the land bordering on the Kennebec road, has offered fifty acres of land to any person who will settle upon it, and clear a place, one third of it under crop within four years from the date of their location.

Counterfeit Gold Coin.—The St. Louis New Era says that a large amount of spurious gold coin has been put into circulation in the upper part of the State of Missouri. It is stated that in one case payment of seventy-five dollars was made in half eagles, not one of which was genuine.

Great Haul.—We learn from the Barnstable, Mass. Register that Captain Isaiah Baker, of Harwich, took forty barrels of shad on Monday night, the 7th inst. at one haul. Captain Baker uses what is called a "Purse Seine," and frequently fishes in ten fathoms of water.

Fourth of July this year falls on Sunday. It will be observed as a solemn religious festival in many places. Bishop Onderdonk has prepared a form of Prayer for the occasion, which will be used in all the Episcopalian Churches in New York on the ensuing anniversary.

The Great Chartist Petition.—Prayers for the release of Frost, Williams, and Jones, and for a general pardon to all political offenders in England and Wales, when presented in Parliament bore the signatures of one million three hundred thousand persons.

The Banks and Brokers of Alabama have commenced a war upon each other. The Branch Bank at Huntsville refuses to receive Tennessee paper, because the Brokers have been in the habit of running it up and down on speculation.

Pass him Name Round.—A magnanimous little hero, named Duncan McPhail, only twelve years old, sprung into the North River a day or two ago, and at the risk of his own, saved the life of a companion.

Court House Burnt.—The Court House at Tiffin, Ohio, was burnt down on the 23d ult. It was a brick building, said to have cost $12,000—supposed to have been set on fire by an incendiary.

The Prince de Joinville is about leaving France, in the Belle Poule, and after visiting Newfoundland, will spend several weeks in New York harbour.

Intemperance and Death.—Inquests were held in New York, on Sunday, on the bodies of two women and one man, who had died of intemperance.

Napoleon's Standard.—The King of the French has presented, to the island of Corsica, the imperial standard which Napoleon had at Elba.

Murder will out.—A man named Proctor, who committed a murder in Alabama about ten years since, has just been arrested in Missouri.

The Brandywine.—Captain Ghisinger has received orders to take command of the U. S. ship Brandywine

A Sad Catastrophe.—On the 3d inst. a fire broke out in the county of Franklin, N. C. in the dwelling house of Mr. Archibald Turnet. The building, with its furniture and entire contents, was burned to the ground, and his eldest son, a fine lad, about ten years old, perished in the flames. His aged mother was also so badly injured that she expired the next day.

Suicide in New York.—A lawyer from the Island of Bermuda committed suicide at Tammany Hall, New York, on Saturday evening last, in a fit of derangement. He had but recently arrived, and had exhibited signs of insanity on the voyage. His name was Ralph Tucker.

Hydrophobia.—A death by hydrophobia recently occurred in New York.

City News.

Young in Crime.—Two young men named James Alexander and Frederick Shulze, the latter apparently not more than nineteen or twenty years of age, were on Wednesday committed by the Recorder, charged with burglary. Between twelve and one o'clock the night before, the watchman on the beat in the vicinity of Spruce and Tenth street, when near the corner of Bond street, heard some secret whispers, and listening with attention for a few moments, recognized the sounds of boring, as if with an auger. He passed toward the sound, and when in the middle of the street, observed a man issuing from a gate way, and immediately gave chase to him and arrested him. Upon him was found a wax candle. In the yard was found a large brace, and upon examining the back door six holes were discovered bored through. Shulze was afterward found in an adjoining yard, and taken into custody. The house is the dwelling of the Rev. Dr. Bethune, and is at present unoccupied, the Doctor and his family being absent from the country for his health. The villains did not succeed in getting any thing but trouble and disgrace to themselves.

Additional Gas Works.—The Northern Liberties Gas Works Company are about to have constructed a large gasometer tank capable of holding 75,000 cubic feet of gas, in St. John street, above Poplar. The clear diameter of the tank will be 72 feet, and 22 feet in depth. It is to be constructed of a stone wall four feet thick, and inner wall of brick 18 inches thick, and lined with hydraulic cement six or eight inches in thickness. The dimensions of this reservoir exceed any other in the United States, except one in the city of Boston, which is but a few feet larger.

The Case of Dr. Eldridge.—In this case the Judges heard the arguments on both sides on Saturday, and agreed to release the Doctor, provided he would enter into a recognizance of $1000 in his own name. He refused his discharge on those terms, and was conveyed back to Moyamensing. He also demanded the return of the money that had been taken from him. Subsequently, however, at the desire of his friends, he gave the required bail, and was discharged.

Remains of the Dead.—On Monday, the workmen employed in digging out Thirteenth street above Christian for the purpose of constructing a culvert, dug out the skeleton of a human being of ordinary size. The skull bones were of an extraordinary thickness. The other bones were calcined, and broke with the slightest pressure. It was found about 18 inches below the surface of the earth.

Suit against Nicholas Biddle.—The suit lately instituted by the Bank of the United States against Mr. Biddle, is brought to recover nearly seven hundred thousand dollars paid out during his administration, for which no vouchers can be found, of which sum more than four hundred thousand dollars, it is asserted, were paid to him for purposes unknown, upon the checks of the Cashier.

The New Bridge.—The County Board have authorised the Commissioners to contract for the construction of a free bridge over the Schuylkill at Callowhill street, with Charles Ellet, jr. for the sum of $50,000, as soon as the necessary conveyances for the site have been made; the whole cost not to exceed the sum of $71,000, including the site.

The Free Quaker's Meeting House.—This old building at the corner of Arch and Fifth streets, has been recently painted on the outside, making it look quite young again—and has also been fitted up in the interior upper story for the use of the Apprentices' Library.

Commencement.—The building of the bridge across the Schuylkill at Callowhill street is about to be proceeded with; an examination of the old abutments was made on Monday, preparatory to entering upon its construction.

Emigrants.—The packet ship Shenandoah, Captain West, arrived on Monday afternoon, 32 days from Liverpool, bringing upward of 200 steerage passengers.

Cape May.—The steamboats which ply between this city and that place, are to commence their trips on the 21st instant.

The Debt of Mexico.

The N. O. Bulletin states that the foreign public debt of Mexico, with the South American States, is as follows, in pound sterling:—

	Debt.	An. interest.
Chili,	£1,720,216	£103,212
Peru,	3,450,400	207,024
Buenos Ayres,	1,780,000	106,800
Brazil,	6,090,000	300,000
Equator,	2,664,416	159,864
N. Granada,	6,195,263	371,715
Venezuela,	3,531,290	211,878
Guatemala,	292,250	17,535
Mexico,	9,045,322	466,861
Total,	£34,679,167	£1,964,889

Mexico and Brazil are the only ones that pay promptly the annual interest.

New Hampshire.

Gov. Page has sent in his message to the Legislature of this State. Among other things it asserts that the act of Congress of 1836, by which the Surplus Revenue was apportioned among the States, was intended to direct strictly a Deposit and not a Distribution.

The vote in this State for Governor, at the March election stood thus:

For John Page, (Opp. incumbent,)	29,116
" Enos Stevens, (Whig candidate,)	21,230
Majority for Page,	7,886

There were about 1000 scattering, mainly abolition.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10a12½	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1½
" midding,	6a 8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
" Corned,	7a 9	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a 8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6
Mutton,	5a 7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pork, fresh, per lb.	6a 8	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
" pickled, "	6a 7½	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8
Hams, Jersey,	11a12	Blood Pudding,	7a 8
Jowls,	5a 6	Potatoes, peck,	22a25
Dried Beef,	11a12½	Apples, "	25a40
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Butter, lb.	12a18¾	Pickles, per 100,	25a37½
Lard, "	10a12½	Beets, qr. peck,	4a 5
Cheese, "	6a12½	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Eggs, per doz.	12a14	Turnips, peck,	20a25
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Onions, rope,	8a10
Chickens, pair,	44a50	Do. green, bunch,	1a 2
" " Live,	37a50	Sweet Potatoes, per lb.	5a 6
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Sassafras, qt.	5a 6
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Lima Beans,	11a12½
Salmon, pickled, lb.	11a12½	Cellery, bunch,	3a 6
" fresh,	20a25	Dried Peaches, ¼ pk.	20a25
" dry, lb.	22a25	" Whortleberries,	12a15
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a 7	Green, "	5a 6
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	Cranberries, qt.	10a12
Perch, string,	10a20	Dried Apples, ¼ pk.	16a20
Rock, lb.	12a20	" Pears, "	37a44
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Indian Meal, ¼ peck,	10a12½
Lobsters, live, lb.	12½	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Ducks, pair,	62a75	Wheat " "	75a81
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Buckwheat, "	62a68
Kale, qr. peck,	1a 2	Chesnuts, per qt.	10a12½
Poke, per qt.	3a 5	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Asparagus, bunch,	8a12½	Shellbarks, per qt.	4a 5
Currants, per qt.	8a10	Hominy, "	8a10
Sallad, qr. peck,	1a 2	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
" head,	1a 2	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Gooseberries, per qt.	7a 8	Spinnage, qr. peck,	3
Strawberries,	10a25	Dried Cherries, qt.	10
Cherries, per lb.	6a 8	" stoned,	20a25
Cucumbers, piece,	6a10	Peas, half peck,	12a14
Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2

A tramp through our markets early of a Wednesday or Saturday morning affords one of the greatest pleasures that we can call to mind: besides, if some of our young sluggards were to try it a few times, they would find the jostling of the crowd, and the squeezing between the baskets as beneficial to their health as the sight and odor of fruits and flowers were delightful to the senses. We scarcely ever remember to have seen a greater abundance of Strawberries, Cherries, Currants, Gooseberries, Whortleberries, &c. in market at this season of the year than were to be seen in all our markets the past week. The first mentioned delightful fruit is not only very plentiful, but good and cheap. The first crop of Green Peas are nearly used up, and, as a consequence, they are something higher this week than last. The second picking, or narrow fats, (the sweetest and best Pea raised,) will be in market in a week or ten days, when the price will be down again. We want nothing here but new Potatoes and Tomatoes, of which, as yet, but a very few of the former have found their way to market, to furnish our tables to the taste of the nicest epicure in Christendom. Our Beef, our Lamb, young Poultry, and our Butter, will compare with those of the best market in the world. We have noticed for the past week an unusually good supply of fresh Fish, of various descriptions, and in excellent condition.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Market inactive, and no sales of Quercitron. Holders ask $34 per ton for No. 1.

Coffee—There is no change in the market, and the sales have been limited.

Cotton—Prices are steady with sales to a moderate extent.

Flour and Meal—The receipts of Flour have been quite small, and the demand continues very limited, both for export and home use. Sales of fair brands Penna. Flour for export at $5 per bbl. Western sells at $4,87½ to $5 for city use. Rye Flour is held at $3.25 per bbl. Corn Meal—A sale of Brandywine in bbls. at $3. Penna. can be quoted at $2.87½.

Grain—Supplies moderate, and of Wheat the principal receipts have been stored; millers declining to operate at the present rates. We quote Penna. red on Tuesday at $1.07a1.09 per bushel. The last sale at 1.12. Corn—Sales of flat yellow at 54a55, round 57, and white 52 cts. Oats—No arrivals and much enquired for. We quote 37a37½ cts.

Hides—An import of 800 Maracaibo sold at 13 cts for dry, and 11½ cts for salted.

Molasses—Market very quiet, and no sales of consequence.

Provisions—The transactions have been of a retail character, at the prices quoted last week for Beef, Pork, and Bacon.

Sugars—Between 2 and 300 hhds New Orleans have changed hands at full last week's prices, say 6¼a7 cts, chiefly at the latter price; 70 do Porto Rico, part at 7¼a7½ cts. part price not named, and some St. Croix at 8¾ cts; 300 bbls white Brazil sold at a price not reported.

Teas—Some transactions have taken place in common Young Hyson at about 45 cts per lb.

Tobacco—There is no activity in the market, and buyers still hold off for some decline in prices.

Whiskey—Dull, with small sales at 23 cts in bbls; last sale in hhds 22½ cts.—*North American.*

Wm. W. Fouche, Dentist, No. 70 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. ap 1 ly

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 3d to the 16th June.

June 3, received from		*June 9, received from*	
J. Olney,	$6 00	J. Hamilton, Esq.	10 00
C. Reynegom,	3 00	J. B. Cole,	3 00
H. P. Percy,	1 50	R. Winton,	5 00
W. Shearer,	3 00	J. Wayne,	1 50
W. Jones,	6 00	John Tipperary,	6 00
H. Munson,	2 00	J. Shingler,	2 00
D. H. Johnson,	2 00	J. Ravey,	2 00
C. White,	2 00	Allen Mode,	2 00
J. C. Case,	2 00	J. Taylor,	2 00
L. Quin,	4 00	C. Hooper,	1 00
J. Parke,	2 00	W. H. Pyle,	2 00
R. H. Gregory,	2 00	J. K. Smith,	2 00
D. H. Bird,	5 00	Miss Philpot,	3 00
S. R. Arnold,	2 00	F. E. Goodsell,	3 00
P. Sharp,	2 00	*June 10.*	
J. Murray,	2 00	A. R. McNeal,	5 00
J. Logan,	2 00	O. C. Moore,	3 00
D. Bassett,	2 00	H. H. Boyd,	5 00
W. Murray,	2 00	J. C. Willing,	3 00
Jas. R. Webbon, agt.	57 63	M. Mendenhall,	2 00
H. K. Boyer,	4 00	J. Waitman,	2 00
John Jones,	2 00	E. Nixon,	2 00
Peter Jones,	3 00	M. B. Haines,	4 00
J. L. Pearson,	4 00	J. Simpson,	2 00
John Weaver,	2 00	W. E. Bruce,	2 00
L. Bowen,	1 00	J. Hadley, Esq.	10 00
H. P. Graves,	1 25	R. Hammond,	2 00
A. G. McElwee,	2 00	D. L. Green,	3 00
Wm. McKenzie,	2 00	J. Logan,	2 00
Jas. A. Bosser,	2 00	D. Bair,	2 00
W. Esworthy,	2 00	N. Snyder,	1 00
June 4.		J. C. Weidler,	2 00
W. Sherwood, Jr.	3 00	T. Manssan,	5 00
W. P. Harris,	2 00	Jas. McConeghey,	5 00
B. F. Rudy,	1 00	*June 11.*	
J. Kilgour,	3 00	L. J. Benson,	3 00
J. J. Grinnell,	2 00	R. E. Pickering, Esq.	10 00
C. B. Martin,	3 00	A. Alvord,	5 00
W. A. Hardison, Esq.	15 00	J. D. Dickerson,	5 00
W. Read,	3 00	J. M. Maury, Esq.	12 00
W. H. Naff, Esq.	10 00	S. Dickson, Esq.	10 00
J. Williamson,	2 00	S. Thayer,	5 00
M. Laurie,	2 00	C. C. Rice,	2 00
J. H. Fitzhugh,	1 50	W. W. Boyce,	3 00
J. Cox,	2 00	F. S. Jung,	2 00
J. McFarlan,	6 00	R. Hinckley, Esq.	12 00
A. S. Wiler,	2 00	W. McCurdy,	5 00
Jacob Parker,	2 00	Jas. Pierce, agt.	22 00
S. E. Ranck,	2 00	C. Seagraves,	1 50
B. Shores, Jr.	2 00	Wm. Waggoner,	8 00
J. Mason,	2 00	D. J. Wood,	2 00
P. H. Warner,	1 00	*June 12.*	
Thos. Mason,	5 00	M. T. Morley,	5 00
R. E. Atwater,	5 00	S. J. Hoyt,	5 00
R. S. Wood,	3 00	D. M. Dickinson,	3 00
C. W. Easby,	3 00	B. E. Cook,	3 00
N. H. Calhoun,	1 00	T. J. Walsh, Esq.	10 00
June 5.		C. J. Yard,	2 00
C. A. Collins,	3 00	W. T. Parker, Esq.	6 00
E. J. Baker,	3 00	M. Daniels,	2 00
F. W. Brown,	3 00	W. Nield,	3 00
S. T. Pruce,	5 00	E. Banes,	2 00
Thos. C. Child,	5 00	J. Bruce,	2 00
W. Brown,	1 00	J. Milvin,	2 00
S. A. Sweeper,	2 00	W. D. Lee,	2 00
A. F. Topley,	1 00	J. Tomlin,	5 00
J. Huckle,	2 00	S. C. Cutler,	6 00
C. Billmyer,	4 00	S. Wilber,	2 00
O. H. P. Stem, agt.	75 00	Miles & Watson,	3 00
W. F. Conner,	2 00	H. Kingsbury,	1 00
J. Calbraith,	2 00	H. Newell,	4 00
C. J. Burnett,	7 00	J. Herbert,	2 00
G. Park,	5 00	Jas. Black,	1 00
D. Nichols,	2 00	J. Lobach,	3 00
H. Mott,	3 00	J. E. Robinson,	5 00
J. Mitter,	5 00	*June 14.*	
J. Woolline,	2 00	J. P. Vanleer,	2 00
M. F. White,	5 00	Mrs. Potts,	2 00
J. A. James,	5 00	E. J. Dettmar,	5 00
S. Harper, Esq.	10 00	R. Moncrief,	2 00
J. Lawton,	5 00	Keeler & Jones,	2 00
June 7.		J. Laroche,	2 00
F. Hinkle,	2 00	J. King,	3 00
H. G. Walker,	2 00	J. N. Shaddiford,	2 00
Jas. Hughes,	2 00	S. Britton,	2 00
W. C. Ackerman,	1 00	A. M. Minich,	2 00
C. J. Wolbert,	5 00	E. Pimber,	4 00
Wm. Hassell,	2 00	E. W. N. Starr,	2 00
G. Fulton,	2 00	F. Nicholls,	2 00
P. Houston,	2 00	W. C. Spalding,	1 00
R. C. Schryock,	2 00	S. Hopper,	2 00
G. Hunter,	2 00	A. Henderson,	3 00
C. R. King,	2 00	M. J. Turner,	2 00
James Orr,	2 00	W. Williams, Esq.	10 00
L. Harmon,	1 00	W. C. Warden,	6 00
L. Atkinson,	2 00	W. C. Upton, Esq.	20 00
H. L. Stiles,	2 00	M. J. Carles,	5 00
Thos. C. Hardison,	2 00	J. Spenagle,	2 00
Saml. H. Camaday,	4 00	Benj. White,	2 00
A. A. Spotts,	2 00	Thos. Headley,	1 25
Jas. Rogers,	2 00	*June 15.*	
Jas. Ridgway,	2 00	G. Mason,	2 00
L. S. Holbrook,	1 00	J. Woodbury,	2 00
John McLean,	5 00	Thos. Kenyon,	3 00
C. Lott,	2 00	S. Baker,	2 00
R. P. B. Caldwell,	2 00	C. Knapp,	2 00
W. Colling,	2 00	S. Kerns,	2 00
H. Miers,	2 00	S. Stern, Esq.	20 00
S. Tucker,	3 00	A. Miller,	2 00
T. P. Rogers,	5 00	W. A. Pierce, agt.	80 00
W. J. Ives,	3 00	J. M. Nelson,	2 00
Wm. C. Clifton,	3 00	E. C. Gregg,	5 00
Jas. P. Parke,	3 00	J. A. Gray,	3 00
Danl. C. Wood,	6 00	Levi Lawler,	5 00
R. M. Pearson,	1 50	L. McGhee,	2 00
U. T. Walter,	4 50	T. F. Browning,	3 00
June 8.		L. P. Cobb,	2 00
Austin Phelps,	2 00	N. J. Atkins,	2 00
W. C. Spahling,	2 00	W. J. Stell,	3 00
E. Mack,	1 00	M. F. Gibb,	2 00
W. R. Wilkinson,	4 00	A. J. Jenk,	3 00
J. W. Smith,	2 00	M. G. Wilson,	3 00
S. W. Shackleford, Esq.	10 00	A. Roberts,	3 00
J. R. Tucker, Esq.	10 00	*June 16.*	
F. Stewart, Esq.	8 00	Wm. Jonk,	1 00
A. Patterson,	2 00	P. Geiger,	3 00
R. Vermillion,	2 00	D. C. Eldridge,	5 00
P. Cline,	1 00	W. H. Edward,	6 00
A. Fellows,	2 00	E. Roe,	2 00
Jas. Nelson,	1 25	R. Anderson,	2 00
S. R. Shonk,	3 00	O. Robinson,	2 00
W. Yates,	3 00	W. Dvoit, Esq.	5 00
W. P. Bisbetter,	3 00	I. Stroud,	2 00
G. Reinhart,	3 00	E. Fish,	2 00
S. D. Wolf,	3 00	J. Jackson,	6 00
B. C. Cotton,	3 00	W. Sharpless,	1 00
W. Reynolds,	3 00	C. B. Bird, Esq.	13 00
J. Wente,	3 00	L. W. Rorer,	2 00
G. A. Brodhead,	3 00	W. Dickinson,	3 00
June 9.		J. S. Greenleaf,	5 00
S. J. Powers,	1 00	T. R. Hammond, Esq.	20 00

Drowsiness, Swimming of the Head, a roaring noise in the ears, headach, palpitation of the heart, &c. The Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints; because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors, which, when floating in the general mass of circulation, are the cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, giddiness, loss of memory, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

The Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines in the world for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, and entirely prevent any evil consequence resulting from a rush of blood to the head, but will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

Offices for the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia.

Health Office, June 12, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington. From the 5th to the 12th of June.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	23	31
Cancrum Oris,	0	2	——Lungs,	1	5
Cancer,	1	0	——Stomach,	1	1
Caries of Spine,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	0
Casualty,	0	1	——Bowels,	2	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	4	——Breast,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	4	——Pleura,	0	1
Diarrhoea,	0	1	Jaundice,	1	0
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	2
——Head,	0	9	Measles,	0	5
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Bowels,	0	1	Neglect,	1	1
Drowned,	0	1	Old Age,	3	0
Debility,	1	2	Palsy,	1	0
Excessive Heat,	1	0	Rheumatism,	1	0
Fever,	1	0	Rupture of a Blood Vessel,	1	0
——Remittent,	1	1	Small Pox,	2	3
——Bilious,	0	1	Still Born,	0	8
——Typhoid,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
——Scarlet,	0	2	Summer Complaint,	0	2
Hernia,	2	0	Tetanus,	1	0
Hæmorrhage from Bowels,	1	0	Ulcerated Sore Throat,	1	0
Inflammation of the Brain,	1	0	Unknown,	1	2
——Bronchi,	0	1	Worms,	0	1
			Wounds,	1	0
Carried over,	23	31	Total, 108—	44	64

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 15 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 6,	79	81	86
7,	71	77	81
8,	79	84	86
9,	79	84	86
10,	78	81	82
11,	78	84	86
12,	75	75	76

The OLD COUNTRYMAN, a Journal of the general and local news of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.—The contents of this paper cannot fail to be interesting to every OLD COUNTRYMAN, let him come from what part he may, as the selections are made from papers published in every part of the United Kingdom and the Colonies, but more particularly from papers published at the following places:

England.

London, Bristol, Bath, Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Lancaster, Wigan, York, Leeds, Wakefield, Doncaster, Halifax, Sheffield, Birmingham, Coventry, Leicester, Derby, Lincoln, Stamford, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Shrewsbury, Oxford, Chester, Nottingham, Stafford, Norwich, Durham, Exeter, Glocester.

Ireland.

Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Donegal, Tyrone, Longford, Westmeath, Cavan, Tipperary, Carlow, Kildare, Clare, Armagh, Mayo.

Scotland.

Edinburg, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Dumfries, Paisley, Greenock, Argyle, Dunbarton.

Wales.

Glamorgan, Pembroke, Caermarthen, Conwa, Monmouth, Caernarvon, Denbigh, Monmouth, &c.

Since the enlargement of the Old Countryman in January last, it has been enabled to publish choice extracts from the British Magazines and Reviews, both of a literary and political character, a copious list of Deaths, Bankrupts, &c. Sports and pastimes of the English, Irish and Scotch are regularly given, including a racing calendar, such as cannot be obtained on this side the Atlantic for less than twenty dollars.

The paper is published every Wednesday in New York at $3 per annum. Office No. 3 Barclay street.

N. B. Any person on remitting a five dollar bill to the office of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished with both papers for one year.

Persons desiring to send for their friends from the Old Country, can have them brought out to land in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, by applying to the Agents of the Old Countryman.

JOHN SAMBURY, [illegible] North Third street, Philada.

Where subscriptions will also be received for both the above papers. june 5 cow3m

ALMANAC.

June, 1841.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
19 Saturday,	4 25	7 25	2 12	
20 Sunday,	4 25	7 25	3 18	D. H. M.
21 Monday,	4 24	7 26	4 19	
22 Tuesday,	4 25	7 24	10 23	
23 Wednesday,	4 26	7 23	6 7	Full 3 10 43
24 Thursday,	4 26	7 23	6 55	Last 12 2 50
25 Friday,	4 25	7 25	7 39	New 19 2 13
26 Saturday,	4 25	7 25	8 25	First 26 5 34

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Arrives		Departs	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern	at 8 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married,

On Tuesday morning, the 15th inst. by the Rev. I. Gerhardt, Mr. Edmund A. Dickey, of Fort Madison, Iowa Territory, to Miss Barbara Lindamuth, o Springville, Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. R. M. Greenbank, Mr. George W. Cannon, to Miss Deborah Brown, all of this city.

On Wednesday morning, 16th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, James P. Tatman, of Delaware, to Miss Romaine M. Williams, of this city.

On the 19th ult. in St. Croix, W. I. Rt. Hon. Baron Joe Von Brytton, to Ursey Maria, daughter of Johnston Blakely, of North Carolina, late of the U. States Navy.

At St. Peter's Church, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. William Henry Odenheimer, Rector, Charles Macalester, to Susan Bradford Wallace, daughter of the late John B. Wallace, Esq.

On the 10th inst. in the village of Marcus Hook, by the Rev. Mr. Talbot, Thomas Forsyth, to Susannah, daughter of the late P. Pennel, all of Marcus Hook.

At Trenton, N. J. on Monday, 14th inst. by the Rev. S. Starr, Capt. G. Hicks, of Middletown Point, N. J. to Miss Sarah F. Fitcher, of Trenton.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 13th inst. Mr. John H. Cooper, Jr. to Miss Maria F. Rudland.

In New Bedford, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Peabody, Samuel Griffith Morgan, to Caroline, daughter of the late Nathaniel Hathaway, Esq.

At Harrisburg, on Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. De Witt, Henry Buehler, to Frances S. daughter of Alexander Mahon.

On the 23d of May, 1841, by Alderman Brazer, William R. Millman, to Miss Violetta H. Seal, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. McDowell, James C. Donnell, of Lycoming county, to Mary Richards, daughter of Tobias Huber, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, William Gorman, Esq. of Frankford, to Miss Mary Christy, of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. Kennedy, Mr. Charles B. Skinner, to Miss Catharine Jones, of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. E. Miller, Mr. Alexander Henderson, to Miss Harriet Quay, both of Haverford, Delaware county.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Robert Steele, L. L. Johnson, to Sarah, daughter of the late Christian Wirtz, Esq.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. G. B. Ide, General William Duncan, to Miss Anna C. Staughton, both of this city.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Hiram F. Reed, to Miss Emma C. Smith, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William H. Elliott, Mr. Moses M. Chase, of Southwark, to Miss Eliza Diery, of West Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John B. Nichols, Mr. John Baker, to Miss Anna Maria Brindley, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 10th inst. at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Tobias Wagner, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the late Samuel Rhoads.

On the 17th of February, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kenrick, J. Manuel R. De Porras, of Trinidad de Cuba, to Mary Louisa, daughter of Jonathan Thomas, of this city.

At Friends' Meeting House, in Wilmington, Del. on Fifth-day, 10th inst. Joseph Tatnall, of Brandywine Mills, to Sarah, daughter of Ashton Richardson.

May 25th, 1841, by the Rev. John Nicholson, Thomas Crummer, to Eliza Myers, both of Spring Garden.

At St. Michael's Church, on the 8th ult. by the Rev. T. J. Donohue, Mr. John F. Combs, to Miss Angelina, daughter of John Ducoing, Esq. all of this city.

On the 20th ult. in the borough of Honesdale, by the Rev. J. B. Greaves, John L. Ford, of New York, to Anna Olevia, daughter of J. Neal, Esq. formerly of Philadelphia.

Died,

On Saturday evening, 12th inst. of pulmonary consumption, Willis Gaylord Clark, Editor and Proprietor of the Philadelphia Gazette, aged 32 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Martha A. Laird, wife of Wm. Laird.

On the 16th inst. in the 79th year of his age, David Parker.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Simon Bennat, in the 76th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Wm. W. Tice, in the 26th year of his age.

On Wednesday, 16th inst. Joseph C. son of Lambert and Mary A. Adams, aged 6 months.

On Tuesday morning, 15th inst. Mrs. Ruth Durnell, in the 77th year of her age.

On Monday morning, 14th inst. Mr. Wm. Dillon, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Wm. Benner, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Joseph Alonzo Shipley, in the 8th year of his age, nephew of Miss Nowell, of Charleston, South Carolina. The N. York and Charleston papers will please copy the above.

On the 9th inst. Mary Jane Bush, daughter of Rebecca Bush, widow of the late George Bush, aged 2 years and 11 months. [The N. York papers will please copy the above.]

On the 3d inst. at his residence, near Mercer, in Mercer county, in this State, Rev. Saml. Tait, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of that place, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 10th of May, at Halifax, Yorkshire, England, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Wm. Cook, of Cook's Equestrian Corps, aged 12 years.

On board the ship Chandler Price, on her passage from this port to Trieste, Howard Claxton, son of Mr. Geo. B. Claxton, of this city, in the 19th year of his age.

On Tuesday, the 8th inst. at his residence near the city, Daniel Wurts, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 12th inst. John Schultz, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Lydia Shelmer.

On the 11th inst. Mary Ann Wray, daughter of Andrew Wray, in the 24th year of her age.

At Jersey city, on the 9th inst. Alonzo Wakeman, formerly of this city, aged 54 years.

On the 9th inst. Charles Smith, Sr. in the 79th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Martha Jane Ingram, daughter of C. W. and Eliza M. Ingram.

On the 8th inst. Thomas Norris.

On the 9th inst. Thomas, son of Washington and Rebecca Vandine, aged 5 years.

On the 10th inst. Thomas Wilson, aged 36 years.

On the 10th inst. Joseph Stevenson, son of Johnson and Mary Jane Stevenson.

On the 10th inst. Julia Dikeman, infant daughter of F. W. Clark.

On the 10th inst. Elizabeth Knisel, aged 66 years, relict of the late Christopher Knisel, of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 10th inst. Matila R. Warner, aged 21 years.

At his residence in Dutchess county, N. York, on the 5th inst. Gen. John B. Van Wyck, in the 89th year of his age.

In Braintree, Vt. on the 9th ult. Duncan Nichols, aged 105 years.

On the 11th inst. George Washington, infant son of David and Martha Watson, aged 5 months.

On the 11th instant, Mary R. daughter of William and Mary R. Maule, aged 5 years.

On the 10th inst. Charles McCalvy, aged 29 years.

In London, on the 17th ult. John D. Lewis, Esq. of Philadelphia, for many years an eminent merchant of St. Petersburg.

At New York, on the 6th inst. Emma Matilda, infant daughter of Thomas H. and Rebecca R. Young, aged 11 months.

On the 7th inst. near Bristol, Pa. John Newbold, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, aged 77 years.

The last tear I shed, was the warm one that fell,
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee farewell:
When I saw the deep anguish, impress'd on thy face,
And felt, for the last time, a mother's embrace:
And heard thy choked accents, impassion'd and wild,
God bless thee forever, God bless thee, my child!

On the 12th inst. Miss Anna Margaretta Ter Hoeven, aged 45 years.

On the 12th inst. Daniel, son of Worthington and Eliza Jane Saber.

On the evening of the 10th inst. at his residence in Washington city, Richard Harrison, Esq. late Auditor of the Treasury, in the 92d year of his age.

At Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa. 31st ult. Hamilton Franklin Whitney, M. D.

On Monday morning, 14th inst. Mr. Samuel Snelling, formerly of Boston, aged 46 years.

On Monday morning, 14th inst. Miss Susan M'Knight, youngest daughter of the Rev. John M'Knight.

On Sunday evening, 13th inst. Elizabeth R. daughter of Dr. G. and Clarissa Hohn, aged 14 months and 17 days.

Rotteck's History of the World, second edition.—This work is designed to fill up a great chasm in one most important department of Literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the Student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to man, from the earliest dawn of history down to recent times, and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories," it is true; but all of them (we except those in a small form, and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill-selected, and worse arranged; they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered strictly speaking General Histories of the World.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a *scholar*, as a statesman, and as a *bold defender of liberty*, and thus reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in the [illegible] of learning, and breathing a *German* atmosphere, he is not a German alone;—he is a man whom the World may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible, curious theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, (in the *German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish languages*) and is the most popular one, that has ever been published. For, although he may be ranked as the first historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the Student, the Merchant, the *Farmer*, the *Mechanic*, and the *Professional* man.

☞ In order to give this valuable work a more extended circulation, and to bring its price with the means of every one, the publisher has determined to issue this second edition in twenty numbers at 25 cents each, payable on delivery. One number will be ready for delivery every two weeks: the first four will contain Ancient History; the second the History of the Middle Ages; the third five will embrace the period from the discovery of America to the French Revolution, and the fourth five from the French Revolution to the present time. Each number will contain from 80 to 100 pages.

C. F. STOLLMEYER, Philadelphia, No. 4[illegible] South Fourth street.

☞ Having made arrangements with the publisher of Rotteck's History, we can furnish our subscribers and agents, as well as the public at large, that we will furnish the above valuable work at the publishers' price. Orders will be thankfully received. june 19 tf G. R. GRAHAM & Co.

Chesterfield Boarding School for Boys under 14 years of age. Situated on the Crosswicks Road, about three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

The School will open for the Summer term on the 17th day of the 5th month, 1841.

In the government of the School, care will be extended to form such habits and inculcate such principles, as will best advance the welfare of the pupils, both morally and physically.

The scholars will be expected to attend (with their Teacher) Friends' Meeting at Crosswicks, about three fourths of a mile distant.

The number of Boys limited to twenty-eight.

TERMS—Sixty dollars per term of twenty two weeks, payable half in advance, the remainder in the middle of the term. Books and Stationary included, no extra charge.

It is desirable that the outer garments of the Boys should be dark color,—and all the clothing marked with the pupil's name.

HENRY W. RIDGWAY.

REFERENCES—

Joseph Ridgway, No. 70 Chesnut st. Philadelphia.

George Truman, No. 165 Arch street.

George M. Justice, No. 165 Market st.

ap 17 3m*

Creditors take notice.—That I have applied to the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, of Perry county, for the relief provided for Insolvent Debtors by the existing laws of this Commonwealth, and they have appointed Monday, the second day of August next, for the hearing of me and my creditors, at the Court House, in the borough of Bloomfield, when and where they may attend if they think proper.

KESIAH ROWE, Tyrone Township, Perry county, Pa. june 19 3t*

Wetherill & Brothers, Chemists and Druggists, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Paint, Window Glass, &c. importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries' Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 24 ly

A NATURAL REMEDY,

Suited to our Constitution, and competent to the cure of every curable disease will be found in the

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

These extraordinary Pills are composed of plants which grow spontaneously upon our own soil; and are, therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded upon the principle that human body is in truth

SUBJECT TO BUT ONE DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on

NATURAL PRINCIPLES,

by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest, that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to directions, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, we drain it of the superabundant waters. In like manner if we wish to restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease in an easy and NATURAL MANNER; and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name, is rapidly driven from the body.

The above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, have been three years before the American public; and we can now say without fear of contradiction, that of all the various medicines which have *heretofore* been popular, not one has given such universal satisfaction, or obtained such a permanent hold upon the affections of the people. Not only do all who use it, invariably experience relief, and recommend it in the strongest terms; but it has effected some of the most astonishing cures ever performed by medicine.

Hitherto, very few of the numerous testimonials which have been received in favor of this extraordinary medicine have been published, as the medicine obtained its present great celebrity more by its own intrinsic goodness than from extensive advertising. It has been deemed proper, however, to offer the following opinions of the public press, together with a few extracts from letters of Agents merely to show, that the fame of the Indian Vegetable Pills, is not confined to any one section, but is rapidly extending itself to every section of the Union.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity in New England as well as other parts of the United States. The attempt of persons to defraud the public by the sale of spurious articles, meets with general reprobation. Mr. Wright is an indefatigable business man, and shows an array of cures by the medicine which warrant confidence in the virtues of his Indian Vegetable Pills.

From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

People are pretty well satisfied by this time, that Calomel, and the other thousand and one mineral preparations of the shops, are better adapted, as a general rule, to kill rather than cure the patients; as a matter of course, vegetable medicines are therefore in great request. There are very many humbugs, however, among the latter, and we would advise all those who have the least regard for their health, to try the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH; sold at 169 Race street, Philadelphia; as they are the preparation of one intimately acquainted with the healing art.

From the Boston Daily Times.

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of all the public advertised medicines of the day, we know of none that we can more safely recommend for the "ills that flesh is heir to" than the Pills that are sold at the depot of the North American College of Health, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston. Several instances we know of where they are used in families with the highest satisfaction; and no longer ago than yesterday, we heard an eminent Physician of the city recommend them in high terms. There used to be in the community, a great repugnance to the use of QUACK medicines, as they are all indiscriminately termed, but it was mainly owing to the regular M. D.'s constantly denouncing them. They are, however, becoming more liberal in this respect, and the consequence is that good vegetable medicines are now more extensively used than formerly.

Extract of a letter from Peter Christ, Uniontown, Carrol county, Md. Nov. 17th, 1839.

Dear Sir:—About two months ago, I had business in Baltimore, and called at your office, and bought a few boxes of the Indian Vegetable Pills; and upon trying them I found them to be far superior to ——— Pills, or any other medicine I had ever used. I had been subject to a cough for five years past, and during the time have taken a variety of medicines without any relief, until I got the Indian Vegetable Pills, and by taking four doses, the cough began to leave me; and I now enjoy better health than I have done for five years past. After I found them to be a valuable medicine, I immediately sent to Baltimore for a large supply. I have received so much benefit in using the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS that I cannot help, but recommend them to every invalid I see, and think so well of the medicine that I have sent two dozen boxes to my invalid friends in the state of Indiana.

Signed, PETER CHRIST.

From G. C. Black, New York.

Mr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—You will please to forward as soon as possible, some of your Indian Vegetable Pills, as we are almost out of the article, and they appear to be getting into general use here. We have a great call for the medicine at present, and those that have used them, speak very high of them. One gentleman attributes his being CURED OF DROPSY to the use of them; and another has been CURED of DYSPEPSIA, solely by the use of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and is willing you should publish his case if you think proper.

G. C. BLACK, No. 1 Chatham Square, New York.

Extract of a letter from Mr. A. Larrimore, Indiana.

Doctor Wright—Dear Sir—Having some knowledge of your most excellent compound, THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and not knowing how to get a fresh supply, my stock being nearly exhausted, and wishing to always have them in my family, I take this method to open a correspondence with you. The pills alluded to are well thought of here and very much wanted. I wish to make arrangements with you for a constant supply, as I think a very great quantity could be sold in this section of the country.

Extract of a letter from Samuel Griffith, Stewartstown, York county, Pa.

Mr. W. Wright—Dear Sir—I am selling the Indian Vegetable Pills by the dollar's worth, and at that rate the stock of Pills, left by your travelling agent, will soon be out.

I am pleased to find they are such ready sale. Those who have used them speak in the highest terms of them. Many have already found great relief from their use, and when the others, are finally effected, I shall do you the justice to inform you of the same.

Extract of a letter from Washington City.

Mr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—You will have the kindness to forward as soon as possible, two or three gross of the Indian Vegetable Pills. The sales have, for the last two months, increased rapidly; those who buy, generally remarking, "that they are the best pills they have ever used;" and my opinion is, that they will in a short time supersede all others in this city.

ROBERT FARNHAM, Washington City, D. C.

Extract of a letter from Lycoming county, Pa.

Mr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—On being appointed Agents for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS in this place, we only took one gross on trial; but it would have been better if we had taken a half dozen gross; for on a fair trial they have *far exceeded our most sanguine expectations*. In fact so much so that we have been obliged to send to Mr. Zimmerman, at Lancaster, more than a hundred miles from here, for ten dozen, but these will last but a very short time the way we are selling them since they have been fairly tested. In the first place, I gave some to our Physicians, to make trial of some which they have purchased a number of boxes, and highly approve of them. A few days ago, there was a lady sent thirty miles to get a box of the Pills, she at the time was very low, and unable to turn herself in bed; but in two days, at my informant says she was able to help herself.

We could mention many other cases, but deem it unnecessary at this time; but would merely say: that as the season is fast approaching when there will be a great demand for the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS; and if we only could get a supply of the medicine, we could establish other agents, which would be of immense advantage, not only to the NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH; but to the public generally. Please let us know your views on the subject, and any directions relative to the case, will be promptly attended to by

Very respectfully, your friends,

S. WINCHESTER & SON, Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa.

OFFICES for the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, NO. 169 RACE ST. PHILADELPHIA; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York. No. 86[illegible] Baltimore street, Baltimore; and 198 Tremont street, Boston. ap 3-3m

David Evans' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 280 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 200 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those who have them in use, and the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23 ly

Superb New Flower Seeds, for the Spring of 1841.—Comprising superb German Asters, Ten Weeks Stocks, German and Fancy Balsams, Rocket Larkspurs, Lupins, Hollyhocks, &c. with the addition of all the most superb and beautiful varieties in cultivation.

Our flower seeds comprise a more choice and extensive assortment than that ever before offered in Philadelphia, all of which are from the best collections in America, Great Britain, Holland and France, and such as are in every way worthy the attention of the lady or gentleman amateur florist. Catalogues gratis on application. Prices from 6¼ to 25 cts. per paper. To those who prefer having their seeds already done up, we offer the following viz:

Assortments of 20 fine kinds of Annual Flower Seeds, all bearing the present season in boxes, with directions for cultivation. Price $1.

Assortments of 50 fine kinds of Annual, Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, including fine and curious sorts. $2.

Assortments of 12 very choice and fine sorts Annual Flower Seeds, bloom the present season. $1.

Assortments of 8 distinct varieties [illegible] $2 or of 20 most choice varieties. $2.

Buyers Flower Garden Companion, 75 cents. Bridgeman's Florist Guide, [illegible] cts. or Buists Flower Garden, $1.25. All the best works on the Flower Garden published, Pine Wreathing, and Transplanting Trowels, Hose, Garden Rakes, &c.

With the largest and choicest assortment of Vegetable Seeds to be found in Phila. Summer Flowering Bulbous Roots, superb Double Dahlias, &c. &c.

D. & C. (of the late firm of Hare and Bro.) & F. M. [illegible], No. 27 South 6th street, east side, above Chesnut street, Philada. apl 1-3m

Does not common sense teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most natural as well as the most effectual agent in arresting and curing

PULMONARY DISEASES?

Reason says yes, because

OBSTRUCTION

is either immediately or remotely the cause of Inflammations and Catarrhal Fevers, producing Croup, Consumption, and Asthma, of the Lungs, Pain and Soreness of the Throat, Breast, Sides, or Shoulders—Bronchitis, causing mucous and purulent secretions, thereby clogging up the lungs, so as to interfere and impede both respiration and the free circulation of the blood, make Difficulty of Breathing.

ASTHMA,

Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Decay of the Heart and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs and

SPITTING OF BLOOD.

To remove this obstruction, from which all those alarming and dangerous disorders originate, [illegible] to produce a radical cure, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

It stands unrivalled—it stands pre-eminent—try it, and you will be forced to acknowledge that its virtues have not been overrated; that it stands far above and beyond the reach of competition; that it is the only remedy in the world, and the most truly successful method of relieving and curing diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

N. B. No charge for medical advice. ap 24 3m

THE OLIO.

"Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

Peter's Ride to the Wedding.

Peter would go to the wedding, he would,
So he saddled his ass—and his wife,
She was to ride behind, if she could,
Follow, not lead through life.

He is mighty convenient—the ass, my dear,
And proper and safe, and now
You stick by tail while I stick by the ear,
And we'll ride to the wedding in time, never fear,
If the wind and weather allow.

The wind and the weather were not to be blam'd,
But the ass has let in a whim,
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, he seemed quite ashamed
That two should be stuck upon him.

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot!"
"I'm thinking we won't," says the ass,
In the language of conduct, and stuck to the spot,
As tho' he had said he would rather be shot,
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little!"
"Try it, my dear," says she;
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle,
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle—
Never a step moved he!

"I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle," says she:
"I'm thinking he'll alter his mind."
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels:
"I'm thinking," says Peter, "he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind."

Says Peter, says he, "We're getting on slow;
While one end is up t' other sticks to the ground.
I'm thinking a method to match him I know—
We'll let for an instant, both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around!"

So said, so done—all heels were spinning,
[illegible] he did alter his mind;
For off he set, like porridge a whirring,
And got to the wedding while all were a dining;
But left all his load behind!

Old Poetry.

The editor of the Miners' Journal, after quoting some queer paraphrases of Scripture, gives the following verses as a part of the psalmody of his acquaintance:

The race is not forever got,
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battel by those people
That shoot with the longest guns!

Our contemporary does not remember well. The verse runs thus:

The race is not forever got
By those who fastest go,
Nor the battel by those people
That "shoot with the longest bow."—U. S. G.

Salting Rags.—A few years since a gentleman of our acquaintance in Philadelphia took into his house a raw Irish girl, fresh from the "Emerald Isle," whose good nature was only equalled by her entire ignorance of every thing that appertained to house-work. Her mistress one day told Biddy to go up stairs and sort the rags. Biddy having staid rather long, she went up to see what kept her, and to her utter surprise discovered Biddy with a pile of rags on one side, and the salt box on the other.

What on earth are you doing with that salt, Biddy?

An sure, did'nt you say I should salt the rags, ma'am, and aint I after doing what you tould me.

It is needless to say Biddy was informed the rags would keep without salt, and that she had been sent to assort and not to salt them.

Luck.—Some persons appear to be always lucky in whatever they undertake, but the secret of this is exposed in an excellent little book called "Hints to Mechanics." The author says, that generally speaking, your "lucky fellows," when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the right way. Their luck ceases to them because they work for it; it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be hard luck indeed, if he does not get at least, employers, customers, and friends.

No Wonder.—The late George Colman related, on the authority of his father, the following anecdote of Lord Bath's parsimony in trifling matters. Across a lane, near his country house, through which his lordship often passed in his carriage, a gate was placed, which was opened for travellers by a poor old woman. His lordship one day, touched by her appearance, gave the word to halt; the out-riders echoed the order, the coachman pulled up, and William Pultney, earl of Bath, stretched forth his hand from his coach, bedizened with coronets and drawn by four horses, and threw to the venerable object of his bounty a halfpenny! Lorth Bath died worth one million two hundred thousand pounds—no wonder!

Obedience to the Letter.—The Sporting Magazine tells a capital story about some good people, who, anxious that their negroes should be well dressed, and testify by their appearance how speedily they were approaching civilization, gave out among other raiment, some boots, many of which had tops to them. As these boots were to be used but upon full occasions, the following order was passed:—"The laborers are to appear at church only in boots." The negroes, in their warm climate too happy in literal obedience to this command, left off all their Christian habiliments save the usual linen round the waist, and came verily in top boots only!

Education.—It was at least a century after the discovery of the art of printing, before any other marks of punctuation than the colon, or period was used. About that time a perpendicular stroke, like a parenthesis without its curves, was introduced to designate the pause of a comma. The notes of exclamation and interrogation were not used until the early part of the last century. Law books were formerly printed as law documents are now written, without stops, which rendered it somewhat difficult to understand the meaning, and hence arose the well known phrase, "the glorious uncertainty of the law."

A Singular Fact.—A minister of the Presbyterian church lately visiting one of his parishioners, was thus accosted by him:—"Sir," said he, "I am perhaps able to tell you myself what not another of your flock could. I have lived seventy-two years in the same house, out of which I have decently buried fifteen corpses, have had twelve children baptized, and have married four wives." What added to the rest of the narrative was, that his fourth wife, who was sitting by, immediately said—"And I think, from the state of my health, you have a good chance for a fifth."

Changing one's Mind.—"Maint I see you'home from meetin', Eunice?" said a Yankee to a girl whom he "kinder sorter," had a feeling for.

"No you shan't do no such thing, I'm otherwise engaged."

"Well, I guess you've missed it for once—I've got my pockets chuck full of gingerbread and cinnamon."

"You may take my arm Reuben."

Cologne.—"Ma, is the river of Rhine, Cologne water."

"Why, no, my child; where did you get such an odd conceit?"

"The geography says Cologne is on the Rhine, and I thought that must be where the Cologne water came from."

"Well, heaven bless the boy—take your finger out of your mouth, sir!"

A Minute.—"I shall only be idle a minute." A minute! in which time the idea of Hamlet's soliloquy flashed upon Shakspeare's mind. A minute! in which Napoleon gained the summit of the Alps. A minute! in which a tear reached the eye of the repentant prodigal, says the Chicago Times. We always considered it a matter of moment.

A Hard Hit.—Two doctors, Mead and Woodward, fought a duel under the gates of Gresham college; the latter slipped his foot and fell. "Take your life," exclaimed the other. "I will take any thing but your physic," replied the prostrate medico—and the affair terminated with the joke.

Rules for Duellists.—Let two men quarrel, and be careful publicly to vilify and defame each other—then discharge pistols, no matter about balls, taking care not to "shoot lower" than the situation—then walk up, shake hands and apologise. Such a process invariably heals wounded honor!

Queer Consumer.—The editor of the Catskill Recorder complains that his subscribers don't pay, and says he would take "roasted pig's tails soaked in vinegar," rather than nothing.

A Pun.—A brewer was drowned in his own vat. Mr. Jekyll, being informed of the circumstance, said that the verdict of the jury should be "Found floating on his watery bier."

Bull.—I never shot at any thing in the shape of a bird except a squirrel, and that I killed with a stone—when it fell from the tree into the river, and was drowned.

A Fowl Undertaking.—A newspaper has lately been started at a place called "Buzzard Roost," by the name of "The Owl"—published by Dick Dunhill.

The History of Imitation.—Wooden cakes beautifully frosted, and mahogany doughnuts are advertised to be let for parties, in one of the Maine papers.

Conundrum.—Why was Eve the first sugar planter? D'ye give it up, Billy? Because she raised Cain.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Catching A Debtor.

BY THE AUTHOR OF [illegible].

"'The way of it was this,'" resumed O'Shaughnessy, "my father, who, for reasons registered in the King's Bench, spent a great many years of his life in that part of Ireland geographically known as lying west of the law, was obliged, for certain reasons of family, to come up to Dublin. This he proceeded to do with due caution; two trusty servants formed an advanced guard, and patrolled the country for at least five miles in advance; after them came a skirmishing body of a few tenants, who, for the consideration of never paying rent, would have charged the whole Court of Chancery, if needful. My father himself, in an old chaise victualled like a fortress, brought up the rear; and, as I said before, he were a bold man who would have attempted to have laid siege to him. As the column advanced into the enemy's country, they assumed a closer order, the patrol and the picket falling back upon the main body; and in this way they reached that most interesting city called Kilbeggan. What a fortunate thing it is for us in Ireland that we can see so much of the world without foreign travel, and that any gentleman for six and eightpence can leave Dublin in the morning and visit Timbuctoo against dinner-time! Don't stare! it's truth I'm telling; for dirt, misery, smoke, unaffected behavior, and black faces, I'll back Kilbeggan against all Africa. Free-and-easy pleasant people ye are, with a skin as begrimed and as ragged as your own potatoes! But to resume: the sun was just rising in a delicious morning of June, when my father—whose loyal antipathies I have mentioned made him also an early riser—was preparing for the road. A stout escort of his followers were as usual under arms to see him safe in the chaise, the passage to and from which every day being the critical moment of my father's life.

"'It's all right, your honor,' said his own man as, armed with a blunderbuss, he opened the bedroom door.

"'Time enough, Tim,' said my father; 'close the door, for I haven't finished my breakfast.'

"Now, the real truth was, that my father's attention was at that moment withdrawn from his own concerns, by a scene which was taking place in a field beneath his window.

"But a few minutes before a hack-chaise had stopped upon the road side; out of which sprang three gentlemen, who, proceeding into the field, seemed bent upon something which, whether a survey or a duel, my father could not make out. He was not long, however, to remain in ignorance. One with an easy-lounging gait strode toward a distant corner; another took an opposite direction; while the third, a short pursy gentleman, in a red handkerchief and a rabbit skin waistcoat, proceeded to open a mahogany box, which, to the critical eyes of my respected father, was agreeably suggestive of bloodshed and murder.

"'A duel, by Jupiter!' said my father rubbing his hands. 'What a heavenly morning the scoundrels have, not a leaf stirring, and a sod like a billiard-table.'

"Meanwhile, the little man who officiated as second, it would appear, to both parties, bustled about with activity little congenial to his shape; and, what between snapping the pistols, examining the flints, and ramming down the charges, had got himself into a sufficient perspiration before he commenced to measure out the ground.

"'Short distance and no quarter!' shouted one of the combatants from the corner of the field.

"'Across a handkerchief if you like!' roared the other.

"'Gentlemen every inch of them!' responded my father.

"'Twelve paces!' cried the little man. 'No more and no less. Don't forget that I am alone in this business!'

"'A very true remark!' observed my father; 'and an awakened predicament yours will be if they are both shot!'

"By this time the combatants had taken their places, and the little man, having delivered the pistols, was leisurely retiring to give the word. My father, however, whose critical eye was never at fault, detected a circumstance which promised an immense advantage to one at the expense of the other; in fact, one of the parties was so placed with his back to the sun, that his shadow extended in a straight line to the very foot of his antagonist.

"'Unfair! unfair!' cried my father, opening the window as he spoke, and addressing himself to him of the rabbit-skin. 'I crave your pardon for the interruption,' said he; 'but I feel bound to observe that that gentleman's shadow is likely to make a shade of him.'

"'And so it is,' observed the short man: 'a thousand thanks for your kindness; but the truth is, I am totally unaccustomed to this kind of thing, and the affair will not admit of delay.'

"'Not an hour!' said one.

"'Not five minutes!' growled the other of the combatants.

"'Put them up north and south!' said my father.

"'Is it thus?'

"'Exactly so: but now again the gentleman in the brown coat is covered with the ash-tree.'

"'And so he is!' said rabbit-skin, wiping his forehead with agitation.

"'Move them a little to the left,' said he.

"'That brings me upon an eminence,' said the gentleman in glue; 'I'll be d—d if I'll be made a cock-shot of.'

"'What an awkward little thing it is in the hairy waistcoat!' said my father; 'he's lucky if he don't get shot himself.'

"'May I never! if I'm not sick of you both!' ejaculated rabbit-skin, in a passion. 'I've moved you round every point of the compass, and the devil a nearer we are than ever.'

"'Give us the word,' said one.

"'The word!'

"'Downright murder,' said my father.

"'I don't care,' said the little man; 'we shall be here till doomsday.'

"'I can't permit this,' said my father. 'Allow me—;' so saying, he stepped upon the window sill, and leaped down into the field.

"'Before I can accept of your politeness, said he of the rabbit-skin, 'may I beg to know your name and position in society?'

"'Nothing more reasonable,' said my father. 'I'm Miles O'Shaughnessy, Colonel of the Royal Rangers: here is my card.'

"The piece of pasteboard was complacently handed from one to the other of the party, who saluted my father with a smile of most courteous benignity.

"'Colonel O'Shaughnessy,' said one.

"'Miles O'Shaughnessy,' said another.

"'Of Killinhoula Castle,' said the third.

"'At your service,' said my father bowing as he presented his snuff-box: 'and now to business, if you please; for my time also is limited.'

"'Very true,' observed he of the rabbit-skin, 'and, as you observe, now to business; in virtue of which, Colonel Miles O'Shaughnessy, I hereby arrest you in the king's name. Here is the writ: it's at the suit of Barnaby Kelley, of Loughrea, for the sum of £1583 11s 7½d. which——

"Before he could conclude the sentence, my father discharged one obligation, by implanting his closed knuckles in his face. The blow well aimed and well intentioned, sent the little fellow summerseting like a sugar hogshead. But, alas! it was of no use; the others, strong and able-bodied, fell both upon him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in getting him down. To tie his hands, and convey him to the chaise, was the work of a few moments; and, as my father drove by the inn, the last object which caught his view was a bloody encounter between his own people and the myrmidons of the law, who in great numbers had laid siege to the house during his capture. Thus was my father taken; and thus, in reward for yielding to a virtuous weakness in his character, was he consigned to the ignominious durance of a prison. Was I not right, then in saying that such is the melancholy position of our country, the most beautiful traits in our character are converted into the elements of ruin!"

"Beautiful."

Love is a sad thing. Love is a dizziness.
Hindering a young man tending tew his business.
Some of the gals they get something odd in 'em,
And tew soothe themselves they go to taking laudanum

The Highlander's Gloves.

"Ye may have heard," said the Scotchman, "maybe of the M'Nab o' that ilk, and what happened him with the king's equerry?"

"I am not quite certain," said Hampden, "if I ever heard the story."

"It's nae muckle of a story; but the way of it was this: When Montrose came back from London, he brought with him a few Englishers to show them the Highlands, and let them see something of deer-stalking. Among the rest, a certain Sir George Sowerby, an aid-de-camp or an equerry of the prince. He went out every morning to shoot with his hair curled like a woman, and dressed like a dancing-master. Now, there happened to be at the same time at the castle the Laird o' M'Nab; he was a kind of cousin of the Montrose; and a rough old tyke of the true highland breed—wha' thought that the head of a clan was fully equal to any king or prince. He sat opposite to Sir George at dinner the day of his arrival, and could not conceal his surprise at the many new fangled ways of feeding himself the Englisher adopted. He ate his [illegible] wi' his fork in ae hand, and a bittock of bread in the other; he would na touch the whiskey; helped himself to a cutlet wi' his fingers; but, what was maist extraordinary of all, he wore a pair of braw white gloves during the whole time o'dinner; and, when they came to tak away the cloth, he drew them off with a great air, and threw them into the middle of it, and then leisurely taking another pair off a silver salver which his ain man presented, he put them on for the dessert. The M'Nab, who, although an auld-fashioned Earle, was aye fond of bringing something new hame to his friends, remarked the Englisher's proceeding with great care, and the next day he appeared at dinner wi' a huge pair of highland mittens, which he wore to the astonishment of all and the amusement of most, through the whole three courses; and exactly as the Englishman changed his gloves, the M'Nab produced a fresh pair of goat's wool, four times as large as the first, which, drawing on with prodigious gravity, he threw the others into the middle of the cloth, remarking as he did so—

"'Ye see, captain, we are never ower auld to learn.'"

The Whitewood or Tulip Tree.

The Tulip tree belongs to the same natural order as the Magnolias, and is not inferior to most of the latter, in all that entitles them to rank among our very finest forest trees.

The taller Magnolias, as we have already mentioned, do not grow naturally within 100 or 150 miles of the sea-coast; and the Tulip tree may be considered as, in some measure, supplying their place in the middle Atlantic states. West of the Connecticut river, and south of the sources of the Hudson, this fine tree may be often seen reaching in warm and deep alluvial soils, 80 or 90 feet in height. But in the western states, where indeed the growth of forest trees is astonishingly vigorous, this tree far exceeds that altitude. The elder Michaux mentions several which he saw in Kentucky, that were fifteen and sixteen feet in girth; and his son confirms the measurement of one, three miles and a half from Louisville, which at five feet from the ground, was found to be twenty-two feet and six inches in circumference, with a corresponding elevation of 130 feet.

The foliage is rich and glossy, and has a very peculiar form; being cut off, as it were, at the extremity, or slightly notched and divided also, into two sided lobes. The breadth of the leaves is six or eight inches. The flowers which are shaped like a large tulip, are composed of six thick yellow petals, mottled on the inner surface with a red and green. They are borne singly on the terminal shoots, on full-grown trees have a pleasant, slight perfume, and are very showy. The seed-cones, which ripens in October, is formed of a number of scales surrounding the central axis in the form of a cone. It is remarkable that young trees under 30 or 35 feet high, seldom or never perfect their seeds.

Whoever has once seen the Tulip tree in a situation where the soil was favorable to its free growth, can never forget it. With a clean trunk, straight as a column, for 40 or 50 feet, surmounted by a fine ample summit of rich green foliage, it is in our estimation, decidedly the most stately tree in North America. When standing alone, and encouraged in its lateral growth, it will indeed often produce a lower head, but its tendency is to rise, and it only exhibits itself in all its stateliness and majesty when, supported on such a noble columnar trunk, it towers far above the heads of its neighbors of the park or forest. Even when at its loftiest elevation, its large specious blossoms, which from their form, one of our poets has likened to the chalice;

—— Through the verdant maze
The Tulip tree,
Its golden chalices oft triumphantly displays.
PICKERING.

jut out from amid the tufted canopy in the month of June, and glow in richness and beauty. While the tree is less than a foot in diameter, the stem is extremely smooth, but when older, it becomes deeply furrowed, and is quite picturesque. For the lawn or park, we conceive the Tulip tree eminently adapted; its tall upright stem, and handsome summit, contrasting nobly with the spreading forms of most deciduous trees. It should generally stand alone, or near the border of a mass of trees, where it may fully display itself to the eye, and exhibit all its charms from the root to the very summit; for no tree of the same grandeur and magnitude is so truly beautiful in every portion of its trunk and branches. Where there is a taste for avenues, the Tulip tree ought by all means, to be employed, as it makes a most magnificent overarching canopy of verdure, supported on trunks almost architectural in their symmetry. The leaves also, from their bitterness, are but little liable to the attacks of any insect.

The tree was introduced into England about 1668; and is now, we are informed, to be found in almost every gentleman's park on the continent of Europe, so highly is it esteemed as an ornamental tree of the first class. We hope that the fine native specimens yet standing here and there, in farm lands along our river banks, may be sacredly preserved from the barbarous infliction of the axe, which formerly despoiled without mercy, so many of the majestic denizens of our native forests.

In the western states, where this tree abounds, it is much used in building and carpentry. The timber is light and yellow, and the tree is commonly called the Yellow Poplar, in those districts, from some fancied resemblance in the wood, though it is much heavier and more durable than that of the poplar.

When exposed to the weather, the wood is liable to warp, but as it is fine grained, light, and easily worked, it is extensively employed for the pannels of coaches, doors, cabinet-work, and wainscot. The Indians who once inhabited these regions, hollowed out the trunks, and made their canoes of them. There are two sorts of timber known; viz: the Yellow and the White poplar, or Tulip tree. These, however, it is well known are the same species, but the variation is brought about by the soil, which, if dry, gravelly, and elevated, produce the white,—and if rich, deep, and rather moist, the yellow timber.

It is rather difficult to transplant the Tulip tree when it has attained much size, unless the roots have undergone preparation, but it is easily propagated from seed, or obtained from the nurseries, and the growth is strong and rapid.

Landscape Gardening.

There are properly but two styles of Landscape Gardening—the natural and the artificial. One seeks to recall the original beauty of the country, by adapting its means to the surrounding scenery; cultivating trees in harmony with the hills or plain of the neighboring land, detecting and bringing into practice those nice relations of size, proportion and color, which, hid from the common observer, are revealed everywhere to the experienced student of nature. The result of the natural style of gardening is seen, rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities, the prevalence of a beautiful harmony and order, than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles. The artificial style has as many varieties as there are different tastes to gratify. It has a certain general relation to the various styles of buildings; there are the stately avenues, and retirements of Versailes, Italian terraces, and a various mixed old English style, which bears some proportion to the domestic Gothic or English Elizabethan architecture. Whatever may be said against the abuses of the artificial Landscape Gardening, a mixture of pure art in a garden scene, adds to it a great beauty. This is partly pleasing to the eye, by the show of order and design, and partly moral. A terrace with an old moss-covered stone balustrade, calls up at once to the eye the fair forms that have passed there in other days. The slightest exhibition of art is an evidence of care and human interest.

The best proof of the value of Landscape Gardening is, the use it has been turned to by the poets. One of the most remarkable and beautiful pictures of a garden, occurs in Giles Fletcher, and probably grew out of some similar quaint attempts in the gardens of the day. The beautiful invention of the passage is a tribute to the art which cherished such conceits in practice. The art would never have suggested such refinements, if it had not some element of beauty in itself. The Poem unites the highest cultivation of nature with a most graceful acknowledgment of the surpassing beauty of woman, and leads the heart captive by a double chain of sympathy. How luxurious is the blending of the charms of the poet's two mistresses, Nature and Woman. How freshly does the stream of conceits and fancies flow in upon the mind, tired with the common-place poetical description of this day.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the ev'ning blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built;
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd;
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colors living stand;
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dress'd;
Or how her watchman, armed with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at ev'ry wind their leafy spears,
While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine;
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine.
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes, laugh'd at her paramour.

The Library of the British Museum.

This library—which, with the exception of gifts, many of them very munificent gifts, by individuals, has been entirely formed through the medium of parliamentary grants, and of the privilege, under the copyright act, of receiving a copy of every published work—is said to contain between 200,000 and 300,000 volumes. The British Museum was instituted in 1754, by act of parliament; the act authorizing the raising of the sum of £100,000 by way of lottery, for the purpose. Of this sum, £30,000 was set apart, by the first trustees, for the payment of future annual expenses, the remainder having been expended in the purchase of Sir Hans Sloane's library and collections, of the Harleian manuscripts, and of the splendid mansion which (since very greatly enlarged) is still the British Museum. In 1757, George II. transferred to the library of the British Museum the privilege, secured to the king's library by the act of 8 Anne, of receiving a gratuitous copy of every published work. For nearly a century, therefore, have English authors been contributing, under compulsion, out of their own scanty gains, to the aggrandizement of this national collection. Large annual parliamentary grants have formed the principal part of the income of the British Museum, from its establishment to the present time. This grant has latterly ranged from £16,000 to £17,000. In the last year it amounted to £20,000, but was thus swelled by the large expenses of new buildings.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Arts and Artists.

The enclosed remarks of one of the ablest artists and best writers of the present day are so fraught with good sense, truth and justice, that they deserve a wider circulation than they have yet obtained in this country. The particular advantage of a re-publication at this time will be found not only in disseminating a correct idea on the subject of criticisms on art; but will most conclusively show that of the many writers now in the field, few if any write from a knowledge of the principles upon which all good works of art must be produced. Several papers of this city have devoted considerable space to remarks on paintings, but have the public been in the least enlightened on the subject? or has any thing been said calculated to convince the artists that their principles are false, or their practice in opposition to correct taste. It requires considerable knowledge to handle this subject fairly, as well as refined taste and judgment to give the why and wherefore on those delicate principles unrecognized by the common observer. Our merely likely or disliking a picture, statue or building, has frequently but little to do with its merit, for if we cannot sustain our opinions by reason, we may rest assured they are formed from ignorance, prejudice or caprice.

"In literature, the public taste is commonly directed by persons who have some pretensions to be heard upon the subject; they are almost always professors or proficients in the art of which they speak, and often in their powers of performance vindicate their right to judge. The poet, the historian and the philosopher, are generally tried by their peers; who, although they may be sometimes tainted with the jealousy of competition, must at least be acknowledged to understand the case, and to have a common interest in the establishment of sound principles and correct taste. But in the arts every man is a critic, except the artist, and any man may come forward to direct the public judgment, except him who is best qualified for that office. The poet may scrutinize and contest the claims of his contemporaries, but the painter is expected to be all meekness and submission; to preserve his character for candor, he must cry bravo! to every blockhead in his profession, and behold the quack and the coxcomb puffed into pre-eminence without a murmur of disapprobation or discontent.

"In matters of taste the public is a child that must be instructed by precept as well as example. Taste is something like chess; we cannot become proficients by looking on: the principles of the game must be explained, or the best play is lost upon the spectator. If the public taste is more enlightened in poetry than in painting, it is because in the one poets have performed the duty of critics, and in the other critics have performed the duty of painters. Every scribbler who can get possession of the critical corner of a newspaper or magazine, draws his redoubtable pen upon the painters, lays down the law with ludicrous absurdity, and delivers his decisions with ridiculous arrogance. The public read their effusions without respect, but also without knowledge; they are, therefore, impressed by their confidence, because they do not perceive their presumption. Thus are the best interests of the artists and the art sacrificed to the capricious or corrupt motives of those who neither study or understand them."—*Sir Martin Archer Shee.*

Wishes.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Now, give me but a cot that's good,
In some great town's neighborhood:
A garden, where the winds may play
Fresh from the blue hills far away,
And wanton with such trees as bear
Their loads of green through all the year,
Laurel, and dusky juniper:
So may some friends, whose social talk
I love, there taking their evening walk
And spend a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
Where the morning sun may come,
Stored with books of poesy,
Tale, science, old morality,
Fable and divine history,
Ranged in separate cases round,
Each with living marble crown'd
Here should Apollo stand, and there
Isis, with her sweeping hair;
Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
Or the winged Mercurius,
Or some that conquest lately brought
From the land Italian.

And one I'd have whose heaving breast
Should rock me nightly to my rest,
By holy chains bound fast to me,
Faster by Love's sweet sorcery
I would not have my beauty as
Juno or Paphian Venus was,
Or Dian with her crested moon
(Else, haply, she might change as soon,)
Or Portia, that high Roman dame,
Or she who set the world on flame,
Spartan Helen, who did leave
Her husband-king to grieve,
And fled with Priam's shepherd boy
And caused the mighty tale of Troy
She should be a woman who
(Graceful without much endeavor)
Could praise or execute all I do,
And love me ever.
I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin
White as the white soul within;
And her fringed eyes of darkest blue,
Which the great soul looketh through,
Like heaven's own gates cerulean
And these I'd gaze and gaze upon,
As did of old Pygmalion.

Country Towns.

In large towns every man finds a sufficient circle after his own taste; there the petty influences of locality are broken up by the multitude of objects and the ample choice in association. But in small towns, and in country neighborhoods, where wealthy or educated families are thinly scattered, nothing can be more lamentable; and, were it not lamentable, nothing can be more ludicrous, than the state of rivalry, heart-burning jealousy, personal mortification or personal pride, from mere accidents of condition or favor. What mighty and eating sore is the struggle for distinction! In the little town, or thinly scattered neighborhood, every one is measuring out his imaginary dignity, to see if it does not exceed, at least by some inches, that of one or other of his neighbors. The lower you descend in the scale, the more exacting becomes the spirit of exclusiveness. The professions look down upon the trades; the trades upon one another. Every where the same uneasy spirit shows itself. Nothing can be more ludicrous or amusing to the philosophic spectator, than to observe how leadership is assumed in every country neighborhood by certain wealthy families; how carefully that leadership is avoided and opposed by other families. How the majority of families aspire to move in one or the other circle; what wretched and anomalous animals those feel themselves that are not recognized by either. How the man who drives his close carriage looks down upon him who only drives his barouche or phaeton; how both contemn the poor occupier of a gig. I have heard of a gentleman of large fortune who, for some years after his residence in a particular neighborhood, did not set up his close carriage; but afterward, feeling it more agreeable to do so, was astonished to find himself called upon by a host of carriage-keeping people, who did not seem previously aware of his existence; and rightly deeming the calls to be made upon his carriage, rather than himself, sent round his empty carriage to deliver cards in return. It was a biting satire on a melancholy condition of society, the full force of which can only be perceived by such as have heard the continual exultation of those who have dined with such a great person on such a day, and the equally eager complaints of others of the pride and exclusiveness they meet with; who have listened to the long catalogue of slights, dead cuts, and offences, and witnessed the perpetual heart-burnings incident to such a state of things. These are the follies that press the charm of existence out of the hearts of thousands, and make the country often a purgatory where it might be a paradise.

Poverty in Cities.

The conscious bitterness of poverty is of tenfold bitterness in a place like London, where men do not only starve, but starve in the midst of plenty; there is but an eighth of an inch between the perishing wretch and abundance. Who has not observed the greedy eyes with which a poor, half-naked creature, pinched about the stomach like an ill-fed grey-hound, devours the heaps of gold and silver coin, and the thousand pound-notes ostentatiously paraded in the wire-latticed windows of the silversmiths, as if in mere mockery of his misery! Who has not seen the fingers work convulsively in the pocket of the tattered jean trowsers, as if clutching in imagination the golden store, one piece whereof would be to him a little fortune! Who, that walks up Holborn Hill, has not observed crowds of famine-stricken creatures gathered before the window of a celebrated soup shop opposite St. Andrew's Church, peering with ravenous eyes at the slims of horse-beef, dabs of dough called pudding, steaming soup, and other equivocal viands dispensed within, or passing slowly to and fro before the door, inhaling with distended nostrils the grateful vapor of the food they want, but must not, dare not touch! This is no romance—no mystery. You have only to pass that way, and you will yourself bear witness to the truth of our description; and recollect, if you do go there to satisfy your curiosity, do not have the curse upon your soul of satisfying your curiosity with the sight of unsatisfied hunger. For a great a-piece you may make a dozen human creatures forget the pangs of famine, and you lay out, oftener than you will confess, fifty times the sum on your follies or your vices. Don't button your pocket and walk off, because you see among the crowd a face you don't like. Don't fancy that the poor creatures are all impostors, nor regard them with the eye of a ruffian overseer; they are hungry, and hunger will break through stone walls. Let us bless God, while we relieve the hunger of another, that we know not the devilish temptations into which it leads too many of our fellow creatures.

Ladies Department.

Woman.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowd that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last sad sigh
—And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis Woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

Who is a Beautiful Woman?

Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness.

Wherever there is most boon tranquillity, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from the door and windows; a woman to six healthy children and a happy husband, is proportioning out a simple and scanty meal. She is a good mother and an affectionate wife; and though tinged by smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved: she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage, there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and the image of thrifty and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful, too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that English woman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and simple in her person, her cheeks glowing with health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately, as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly, and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now this is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo round her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honorable to nature and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, catch the eye and vex the heart.

A Compliment to Woman.

Woman in all ages has been the subject of eulogium, but among the most elaborate and finely turned compliments which gallantry or affection has uttered, we have never read one so well worthy of admiration as the following. It is the unstudied effusion of *Ledyard*, the distinguished American traveller, who explored the interior of Asia and Africa, and particularly the sources of the Nile. It was written in his private note book in Russia, after enduring a series of hardships which ultimately carried him to his grave. Mr. Sparks, his biographer, copied the following from the original manuscript. We republish it for the purpose of giving more circulation to a truth which is as beautiful as it is meritorious.

"I have observed," says he, "among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, Woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

Female Friendship.

A combination of virtues is necessary to true and profitable friendship. Elevation of character, firmness of principle, and an affectionate heart, are among its essential elements; and when we consider how rare such virtues are in human nature, it is not to be wondered at, that friendship is not of more frequent growth. The attributes that qualify one to be a friend, are such as reflect lustre on human nature, and especially on the female character. If, as females, we would form permanent friendship we must look to the basis on which they are erected. Those intimacies that spring up in promiscuous society, are generally of short duration. True friends are monitors to each other in a benevolent and mutual fault-finding for improvement. A true friend will be as ready to sympathize with us in our sorrows, as to share our pleasures; and surely such a friend is of incalculable worth. The candor and simplicity of the ancients appear to be more favorable to the development of friendship, than the artificial structure of society in modern times. The history of remote ages records instances which have no modern parallel. The reason for this may be our promiscuous associations, which are averse to true friendship. She that invites her dear five hundred friends, and lavishes much time and expense on their entertainment, perhaps loves not one of them in her heart. Studied courtesies tend to break up that sincerity which is essential to friendship.

To be able to make a proper selection of friends requires more judgment than usually falls to the lot of youth. Among our most intimate associates, should be those who are not offended at the least neglect of any point of etiquette.

Venice in her Glory.

In the fifteenth century the picturesque island city presented to the stranger the most gorgeous of spectacles, especially during the long carnival, or in any other of its numerous local festivals. Such was the anniversary of the Abduction of the Brides, or that still more splendid solemnity in which, annually on Ascension Day, the Doge, surrounded by the gondolas of the whole population, sailed out in the great galley called the Bucentaur, and wedded the Adriatic by throwing his ring into its waters. All the magnificence of the age was there exhibited to the grave Venetians, who, wearing masks and dressed in black, seemed one united nation, equal in rights, and proud of their privileges. If the traveller questioned the merchants in the little square of the Rialto, he heard well-founded boasts of prosperity, and grateful praises of rulers who protected commerce by good laws incorruptibly administered. If he conversed with the gondoliers, the sailors, or the glass-workers, he was told that the government not only amused the poor by public exhibitions, but maintained them in comfort by employment and charity; and that it once displayed equal kindness in allowing the two local factions of the populace, the Nicoloti with their black caps and sashes on one side of the Grand Canal, and the Castellani with their red ones on the other, to fight out their feuds to bloodshed on the bridge of San Barnaba, under the superintendence of the police. If he addressed a patrician, standing untitled among counts and marquises of Dalmatia or Istria, whose honors he had helped to confer, the haughty noble led him to the palace of St. Mark, where the Doge, the nominated head of the state, received royal ambassadors without rising or lifting his peaked cap. But if the stranger could have looked behind the masks which covered the faces of the patricians, he would have seen those fearful glances which proved that every man suspected his neighbor of being a spy; at the corner of each of the principal squares he might have remarked vases of bronze, in the shape of lions' mouths, open day and night to receive denunciations: if he could have penetrated into the dungeons of the ducal palace, (the "Pozzi" beneath the level of the canals, or its "Piombi," which lay in suffocating heat close to the leaden roofs,) he would have witnessed secret tortures, imprisonment for life, and executions by poison or strangling without trial; in the houses of the nobles he might day after day, have missed some accustomed face, and in the Canal Orfano, at dead night, he might have heard a heavy plunge which accounted for the lost friend. The chronicles of Venice would have taught the foreigner yet another lesson. They would have proved that the republic thus anomalously ruled had existed for ages and would resist for ages more, the attacks were destroying, one after another, all the small states of Europe—that it was equally strong against the turbulent nobility and the grasping clergy, and was to be strong for many generations against the new monarchies beyond the Alps.

The Sistine Chapel.

The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel represent, from the pages of the Bible, the outlines of the religious history of man. [illegible] is the stern awfulness of the Hebrew prophets; the milder graces of the new covenant glimmer faintly and unfrequently through; the beauty and repose of classicism are all but utterly banished. The master's idea of godhead is that of superhuman strength in action, and the divinity which he thus conceives he imparts to all his figures of the human race. The work, as a whole, is one which no other mind must venture to imitate; but of these very qualities which make it dangerous as a model in art, none could be removed without injuring its severe sublimity. The ceiling is divided into numerous compartments, each of which contains a scene selected from the Old Testament:—the Creator forming the elements, the earth, the first man;—the creation of Eve, and the fall of man, in which feminine grace for a moment visits the fancy of the artist;—the expulsion from Eden;—the deluge, and the subsequent history of Noah;—the brazen serpent, the triumphs of David and of Judith, and the symbolical history of Jonah. The absorbed greatness which animates the principal figures of these groups is repeated in the ornamental divisions of the ceiling, where are the Sibyls, and those unparalleled figures of the Prophets, which are the highest proofs of the painter's religious grandeur. The Last Judgment, a colossal composition, sixty feet in height by thirty in breadth, and embracing an almost countless number of figures, is a more ambitious and also a more celebrated work, but is far from being so completely successful. No artist but Michael Angelo could have made it what it is; but it might have been made much greater by him—the painter of the Eve, the Delphic Sibyl, the Lazarus, and the Prophets. Its faults are many;—an entire absence of beauty and of repose; vagueness and monotony of character, which is increased by the general nudity of the figures; ostentatious display of academic attitudes and anatomy; and, in some prominent personages, especially the Judge, an absolute meanness and grossness of conception. The merits of this wonderful monument of genius are less enumerated. Its heaven is not the heaven either of art or of religion; but its hell is more terribly sublime than anything which imagination ever framed. Vast as the piece is, its companion is simple and admirable, and nothing ever approached to its perfect unity of sentiment. Every thought and emotion are swallowed up in one idea—the presence of the righteous Judge; with the exception of a single unobtrusive group, composed by a reunited wife and husband, every one in the crowd of the awakened dead stands solitary, waiting for his doom.

Loneliness of a Country House.

The citizen, who lives in a compact house, in the centre of a great city, whose doors and windows are secured at night by bars, bolts, shutters, locks, and hinges, of the most approved and patented construction; who, if he looks out of doors, looks upon splendid rows of lamps, upon human habitations all about him; whose house can only be assailed behind by clinging over the tops of other houses, or before, by eluding troops of passengers and watchmen, whom the smallest alarm would hurry to the spot; I say, if such a man could be suddenly set down in one of our many thousand country-houses, what a feeling of unprotected solitude would fall upon him! To sit by the fire of many a farm-house, or cottage, and hear the unopposed wind come sighing and howling about it; to hear the trees swaying and rustling in the gale, infusing a most forlorn sense of the absence of all neighboring abodes; to look on the simple casements, and the old-fashioned locks and bolts, and to think what would their resistance be to the determined attack of bold thieves; I imagine it would give many such worthy citizens a new and not very enviable feeling. But if he were to step out before the door of such a house, at nine or ten o'clock of a winter or autumnal night, what a state of naked jeopardy it would seem to stand in! Perhaps all solitary darkness; nothing to be heard but the sound of neighboring woods, or the roar of distant waters, or the baying of the ban-dogs at the scattered and far-off farm-houses; the wind coming puffing upon him with a wild freshness, as from the face of vast and solitary moors; or perhaps some gleam of moonlight, or the wild lurid light which hovers in the horizon of a winter night sky, revealing to him desolate wastes, or gloomy surrounding woods. In truth, there is many a sweet spot that, in summer weather, and by fair daylight, do seem very paradises, of which we exclaim, in passing—"Ay, there I could live and die, and never desire to leave it." There are thousands of such sweet places, which, when night drops down, assume strange horrors, and make us wish for towers and towns, watchmen, walkers of streets, and gas light. One seems to have no security in any thing. A single house, five or six miles from a neighbor—Mercy! Why, it is the very place for a murder! What would it avail there to cry help! murder! Murder might be perpetrated there a dozen times before help could come!—*Howitt.*

Scott and Moore.

Having found, in a volume sent to me by some anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of the evening which Sir Walter and myself spent at the Edinburgh theatre, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After adverting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Albans in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—"There was a general buzz and stare for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady and their attention to the stage to wait till the first pieces should be over ere they intended starting again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the Duchess. One pleasing female was with three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round—'Eh, yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart an' his wife, and wha's the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkie een! Wow, but it's Tam Moore just—Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!'—with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish melodies." Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburg, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffery at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, "Ship a hoy!" which there won its first honors. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have its burden by heart.—*Moore's Autobiography.*

The Mothers of the West.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border-fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
On old Kan-tuc-kee's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band
War's tempest and Life's toil!
They shrank not from the foeman—
They quailed not in the fight—
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
Their bosoms pillowed men!
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen
To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place
And fill it should he fall

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
Such were their daily deeds.
Their monument!—where does it stand!
Their epitaph!—who reads!
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
E'en in their own green home!

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
They sleep in unknown graves:
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected!
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

A Great City.

The thousand beds of the great hospitals, that lie hid in the dusky courts and retired passages of London, have their thousand miserable occupants. The "rookeries," as the squalid abodes of the very lowest classes of society are termed, swarm with their hordes of wretches, encamped, like gipsies and outcasts as they are, upon the skirts of civilized society. The prisons of poverty, where great and fortunate rogues immure the luckless children of misfortune, and the more hospitable bastiles of crime rear their massive heads in congenial proximity; full to overflowing with hopes and fears, and sorrows and regrets, and all the mental tortures that await on involuntary confinement. While we wander from street to street, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, human creatures like ourselves are drawing their last breath, and others are born into this turbulent world, to "strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then be seen no more." The poor creep forth to satisfy, if possible, the cravings of their hunger, the rich to satisfy the no less urgent cravings of their pride. The beggar in rags takes God his witness to a hundred lies for a half-penny; and the beggar in broad cloth pawns his soul to whipper-in Stanley, or some other under-pawnbroker of the Treasury. A thousand messengers distribute fate and fortune, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, with their missives of many colored import, at every door; indolence and labor, poverty and wealth, ambitions of good and ill, pursuits of high and low degree, jostle in the busy streets, while summer smiles, and the unchanging sun shines equally on all!

Music.

It has often been asked whether music is a sensual or an intellectual pleasure. Perhaps, it would be best described as a sentimental pleasure, being in a certain degree, mixed up of both. It takes different positions relatively to mind and body in different temperaments, just as love is known to do. We have seen individuals as physically tickled with some pleasing passages of harmony or melody, as a cat when its back is rubbed; and on the other hand those who have been thrown among musicians, and have observed the play of countenance, "the changing cheek" and varying expression of those who hear highly-wrought music under the favorable circumstances of a natural taste and careful cultivation, will hesitate before they admit sense, except as a medium, to have any thing to say to the feelings they witness. A composer must unite both—he must feel, he must perceive, and he must know. It is probable that in most instances, strong physical enjoyment arising from musical sounds has been at the root of subsequent skill and eminence. It is probable that in most instances, strong physical enjoyment arising from musical sounds has been at the root of subsequent skill and eminence. This it is that excites to mental effort, and to the cultivation of taste; and induces us, as in other arts, to refine and elevate the standard of our enjoyments, at the expense of their quantity. What would originally have satisfied us is rejected by the improving taste, and we are in some measure punished for its purification by the diminution of our opportunities of enjoying it as we should wish. This, however, we need scarcely say, is never discouraged the efforts of the musical aspirant, can form no argument in favor of the neglect of the study, or stupid continuance of ignorance. Our rudest readers are not of that class that will—to use Coleridge's image—forbear to sharpen their enjoyments upon the whetstone of refinement, because it *narrows* while it sharpens.

Twilight.

What emotions are sometimes awakened by the evening twilight! As the fading beams of day disappear, the clouds mingle slowly, as if reluctant to obscure the cheerful aspect of nature, while animated existence appears silently sinking to rest. Nature seems to harmonize with the deep feelings of the heart. The wild waves of passion are hushed, and life's stirring scenes become quiet. With nameless feelings we gaze upon these quiet scenes as they fade from sight. Fain would we bid them linger; but restless time bears them away on its sweeping tide, and we reluctantly behold them sink beneath its billows. Then hope springs up in the heart, and bids us look forward to the morning, and hail the approach of other happy hours. Hope, like the twilight of the dawn, crimsons the cheek of expectation. The heart beating high with anticipation hails the morn, and the note of joy invokes us to the sunny bower. Invigorated by the cool breeze and the fresh dews of morning, we gaze on the fair sky, or mark the clouds that vail its glory, which, like our own brief sorrows, seem few and transitory. The evening star points us to our destined home, and one could gaze.

Till life's last glimmering ray of light is fled,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart."

Anecdote of Henry Clay.

He was travelling in Virginia, and late one evening arrived at a fashionable hotel, in a very plain farmer-like dress, and stepping to the bar he enquired of the spruce bar-keeper if he could give him a room. He was told that the rooms were all occupied, but that he could have a bed in a room with several others. "Very well," said Mr. Clay, and was shown up three or four pair of stairs into a room with several common sort of people, already snoring. He "turned in" and was soon sound asleep. In the morning he arose, and sitting on the side of his bed, he kept his companions in a roar of laughter, relating humorous anecdotes and jokes. Some of them enquired of the bar-keeper, when they went down, "what funny old cock" he had put in their room. He could not tell them, but at the breakfast table they were alike surprised, when a gentleman boarding there recognised and saluted him with profound respect as Henry Clay the Senator. The poor bar-keeper was in great confusion, and lost no time in preparing the best room, always reserved for the President and members of Congress, and with many apologies informing him that his room was ready. "Never mind, sir," said Mr. Clay, "*your rooms are all occupied*—I am perfectly satisfied with my present accomodations."

Farmers Department.

From the Essex Agricultural Society Transactions.

Management of Dairies.

To J. W. Proctor, Esq.—Sir: Having been unable to attend the meeting of the trustees in December, I submit the following considerations relating to the management of dairies.

The first and most earnest point to be gained is to obtain *good cows*. It costs no more to feed a good cow, than a poor one. And the comparative result of their produce at the close of the year, makes a most essential difference in the profits of the farmer. Suppose one cow to give one quart at a milking, or two quarts per day more than another, the milk being of equal quality; and this milk to be estimated worth two and a half cents per quart, and this to continue 200 days—here would be a difference of *ten dollars* in the produce of two cows. This rule applied to a dairy of fifteen cows would equal the sum of $150—half as much as the net annual income of a majority of the farmers in the country.

The *quality of the milk* is a consideration not less important than the quantity.—Those, who have never tried the experiment of setting different cows milk separate have very imperfect ideas of their comparative value. I have known some cows that five or six quarts of milk would raise sufficient to make a pound of butter. I believe this was stated to be true of the Oakes cow, from the milk of which was made twenty pounds of butter a week for several successive weeks, and I have heard the same of others. But ordinarily, it takes ten quarts of milk to yield a pound of butter. It therefore becomes a point of great importance, in selecting cows for the making of butter, to obtain those whose milk is adapted to this purpose.

The *manner of feeding* cows is a point not to be neglected, in the management of a dairy. Good feed not only increases the quantity of the milk, but it improves the quality; and of consequence the butter also. The *kind of food used* is also to be regarded. Every Dairy woman knows that the milk will indicate the kind of food used; therefore, those kinds of food which leave the best flavor in the milk should be selected. When cows have been fed on cabbages or turnips, who has not tasted the peculiarities of those vegetables. When they have been fed on Indian meal, on carrots, or on beets—it is fair to presume that these articles become incorporated with the milk also.—I do not presume to say which of these articles is the most valuable to be cultivated for the feeding of cows; though I hope in this age of experiments, with so many inducements as are now held out for the trial it will not be long before some of our farmers will give us satisfactory information on this subject.

The *manner of milking* also demands attention. Cows should be milked about the *same time* each day, and they should be milked *quick and clean*. If a portion of their milk is suffered to remain, this will soon diminish the quantity, and the cows will dry up. It is bad policy to trust milking to children, for they usually do it moderately and imperfectly, and more is lost thereby than would pay the best of laborers.

The *place for the setting of the milk* is also worthy of attention. This should be cool, well ventilated, and exclusively appropriated to this purpose. For if it is permitted to be occupied in part for other purposes, some things will find their way there which will be injurious to the milk. It should also be properly lighted. Cream will rise more favorably in the light than in a dark room and the quality will be better. Therefore a dairy room above ground is preferable to a cellar. The room should be carefully guarded, by the use of wire gauze, or some other substance at the windows, against the approach of insects or intruders of every kind. The milk should be set in pans uncovered; as the cream will not rise so freely when there is a cover over the pans. Care should be taken not to fill the pans full, especially in warm weather, as the cream will rise quicker and better when the milk is spread over a large surface. The sooner it rises and is removed from the milk the better; and this should always be done before the milk begins to turn sour. When the cream is taken off, it should be kept in tight covered vessels, in cool places, until the churning process; and this should always be before any sourness is discoverable.

Much care should be taken to separate the butter-milk thoroughly from the butter. More depends on this than any other part of the process in making good butter.—Unless this is done, it will be impossible to preserve it sweet and good; if our dairy women would apply double the labor to half the quantity of butter, and thereby remove all particles of the butter-milk, this one half would be worth more than the whole in the condition which it is usually sent to market. As this is a matter which interests every farmer, and every lover of good butter, (and who does not love it when it is fair and nice?) I have presumed to forward these remarks. You will use them as you think proper. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH HOW.

Methuen, Jan. 6 1841.

NOTE.—What I have said in relation to the working of butter, is to be understood, in relation to such butter as had the proper previous management. For if the butter becomes soft, it may be worked over so long, and not become hard and good; although it may be improved by working. But if it is to be kept, care should be taken that the butter-milk is thoroughly removed.

It was my intention to have said something on the food of cows. But my remarks have already extended so far, I will simply say, that there is no feed on which cows can be kept, that will make better butter, than a first rate pasture; such as abounds with English grasses. When this supply fails, let the deficiency be made up by green cornstalks. Farmers will do well to plant some corn extra for this purpose.

The present winter, I have boiled roots for my cows, such as turnips and sugar beets, to which I add a little Indian meal. This food, when properly prepared and seasoned with salt is well received by the cows, and improves the flavor, and increases the quantity of the milk.

J. H.

DEAFNESS.—TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS.—An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.—[illegible] in the Westminster Dispensary [illegible] Medical Science, who have tried and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The avidity with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Phillippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis.—These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The Gutta Vegetabilis (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, both in its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cures.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of the Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of hearing.

THOMAS DORNEY, of Farrington street, who was a Lieutenant in the 42 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly affected with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

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The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 90 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, *Eye and Ear*, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

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Dec 5—1y

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Mallorum incoruta pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canada, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed

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A life medicine that will procrastinate death for years—shall it not enter every house? Shall it not be used by every individual? Let us see may not a day and you want it. You know not what to-morrow may bring forth. All should use this remedy, and remember that health is the first blessing from God.

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SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES, are the greatest discovery ever made, for dispelling the various kinds of worms, that so frequently and distressingly annoy both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and as pleasant to the taste that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint Lozenge.

Benj. F. Goodspeed, 134 Sixth Avenue, has always cured his children of worms, by Sherman's Lozenges. He would not be without them in his house on any account.

The Rev. Jabez Townsend's girl, nine years old, was given up as incurable by two physicians. She was fast wasting away, and was so miserable, that death was alone looked to for relief. Three doses of Sherman's Worm Lozenges entirely cured her.

Dr. Stevens, one of the most distinguished physicians in this country, says Sherman's Worm Lozenges are the safest and best article he knows of for destroying worms.

Dr. Hunter, another celebrated physician, uses no other worm medicine in his practice.

Dr. Castle, 297 Broadway, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice, for more than two years,—and never knew them to fail.

Hon. S. B. Beardsley, Col. L. Clark, Joseph Haines, Esq. Professor Bingham, and the thousands who have used the Lozenges, can fully attest to their great and wonderful virtues.

More than 300 certificates might be added of their truly wonderful properties.

Price, 25 cents per box.

NERVOUS HEADACHE CURED IN FIVE TO TEN MINUTES BY SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGE.

These are a very pleasant, agreeable and efficacious article, an unfailing remedy for lowness of spirits, nervous or sick headache, inflammatory or putrid sore throat, as well as all other complaints where the camphor is recommended.

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER

1,000,000 sold yearly, and only 12½ cents each.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

(From the New Yorker.)

Come, all that's bald, and all that's gray,
Come, listen to my ditty,
I wish to tell, without delay,
What brought me to your city

It is to clothe your naked heads,
With nature's proper covering,
Renew the soil that's almost dead,
Nor under wigs be hovering.

My name and fame are outspread wide,
Beyond the distant ocean,
Both France and England, Spain beside
Have all got in the notion.

A *Bald Head* now, would ne'er be found
Throughout at this mighty nation,
If we would only till the ground
With the grand preparation.

Your offer'd now both free and pure,
Although your case be chronic,
A pleasant, sure, and perfect cure
In DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 SOUTH THIRD street. Price $1 per bottle.   april 2m

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them. Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD St. Philadelphia.

ap 16-3m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf   R. & W. WILSON

JOSEPH SWAYNE'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality.   oct 12-1y

SILK Worm Eggs—Pea Nut and Sulpha White Silk Worm Eggs of the first quality for sale by the subscriber at 200 Market street.

N. B. Also Pennsylvania Silk Books.

feb 20-3t   CHAS. CADWALLADER.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$3 per annum—$0.87 paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word *free* of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names as postals.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Gov'Persons forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

Y. Joseph H. Tucker, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed Agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

Y. I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Dunn and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

Y. Thomas Bowen, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

Y. C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Mecker.

Y. R. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

Y. R. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

Y. W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Y. Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

Y. T. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be visited upon by these gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once.

Y. R. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

The Money Market.

Nothing now has transpired worthy of notice since our last, except that the present officers o the U. S. Bank give formal notice that no application will be made to the next Legislature, for certain amendments and alterations in their charter, by changing the name and style of the Corporation and body politic, and of the location thereof, and by reducing the amount of its capital, and for such other alterations and amendments, as may be deemed advisable, all of which will be set forth in their memorial. That the name and style of the said Corporation shall be "The State Bank of Pennsylvania," to be located in the city of Philadelphia, and that its capital shall be reduced to a sum not exceeding Fourteen Millions of Dollars. Mr. Ewing has sent in his bill to create a national bank. We give a synopsis of it below.

The debt of Pennsylvania, due the 1st. inst. has not been paid to the holders of the stock. The amount of the loan is about $400,000 exclusive of the debt of Pennsylvania, to most which not the slightest arrangement was made by the Legislature, nor even seriously talked of; and it is by no means certain that even the interest falling due next month will be paid in full.—What makes it worse, there is not the slightest remedy. The State cannot be sued.

Two dollar bills of the "New Haven County Bank," (not the New Haven Bank,) have been alleged to be'd.

The Mutual Safety Insurance Company, New York, paid the sum insured on the cargo of the steamship President by them, viz. $15,800, on the 18th inst. The other offices of that city are said to be ready to pay.

The Kensington Bank has declared a dividend for the last six months, of three per cent. which will be paid on the 1st of next month—whether out of the profits or out of the capital is not stated.

On the 11th inst. it was announced that the Bank of Michigan had been visited with an injunction, as was supposed for the joint benefit of all the creditors of the institution, but to the surprise of all on the subsequent day an assignment was [illegible] of all that was valuable of that concern, to a family of Dwights, who reside, we believe, at Buffalo and New York, and who are said to have been mainly instrumental, by various speculations, in conjunction with its corrupt officers, in bringing it to bankruptcy. The creditors, it is thought, will not realize a sixpence to the dollar.

The amount of the notes and other assets of the Bank of Michigan, assigned to the Dwights to cover their illegal claim, is $175,197—the capital of the Bank is only *five hundred thousand dollars!* The bill holders are to get what they can.

The State of Illinois has arranged for her July interest. The bills to pay in London were remitted by the [illegible] Indiana has not yet met hers, and what [illegible]

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price said for
1230	shares United States Bank.	1¾
100	do. Girard Bank.	20
500	do. Commercial Bank.	62
100	do. Farmers' Bank.	40
22	do. Commercial Bank, Cincin.	50a57
32	do. Far. & Mechanics Bank.	42
100	do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R R.	27¼36
26	do. Northern Bank. Ky.	63
20	do. Planters Bank, Tenn.	64
16	do. Girard Trust.	23
15	do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	36
15	do. Schuylkill Bank.	50
16	do. Penn Township Bank.	45¼
6	do. Philadelphia Bank.	72
10	do. Mutual Insurance Co.	60

Synopsis of Mr. Ewing's Bill for a Fiscal Bank of the United States.

Section 1st, provides that the bank shall be located at Washington. Capital, $300,000,000—300,000 shares, at $100 each. $6,000,000 to be subscribed by the United States, and $9,367,214 by Congress, on behalf of the States. The residue by individual companies, corporations, or States.

2d provides, that books for subscription shall be opened on the first Monday of September next, at one city named in each State, under the superintendence of five commissioners at Washington, and there at each of the other places.

3d provides, that the sums subscribed shall be paid in specie—110 dollars in bullion, coin, gold, or silver, or treasury notes—and $25 at the expiration of four months, $25 at the end of the eight months, and the balance, $40, at the end of twelve months from the time of subscribing.

4th, provides, for the return to subscribers of any surplus moneys that may be paid in, for the care of the money and the compensation of the commissioners.

5th provides, that stock shall be transferred only by operations of law, until the payment of the third instalment, and that the President and Directors shall have power to sell the treasury notes, received for stock, for gold and silver.

6th provides, that at the opening of the books, the Secretary shall subscribe on behalf of the government $6,000,000, and $9,000,000 on behalf of the States. The shares so subscribed to be divided among the States according to representation. If any State refuses to accept for two years, the amount to be divided pro rata, between the other States. These subscriptions to be paid in a [illegible] per cent. stock of the United States, redeemable in 15 years. If the deficiency in the subscription to the stock allotted to individuals do not exceed one-third in amount, it is to be subscribed by the Secretary.

Sec. [illegible] incorporate the concern for 20 years, under the name of "Fiscal Bank of the U. States."

Sec. 8 provides for the election and qualification of the officers as a directors.

Sec. 9 provides that the Bank is to commence operations as soon as $6,000,000 on account of subscription to stock shall have actually been paid in.

Sec. 10 empowers the directors to appoint officers, clerks and servants as they deem.

Sec. 11 prescribes oath who rules and regulations to form the fundamental articles of the constitution of the Bank. These are 23 in number.

1st, regulates the number of votes to which each stockholder is entitled—no person or corporation to have more than 60 votes—shares to be held 3 months before vote, no proxy valid more than 20 days, or issued to an officer—no foreign stockholder to vote by proxy or otherwise.

2. One-fifth of the directors to go out each year.

3. Director to be a stockholder and resident citizen.

4. Three directors to form a quorum.

5. no stockholders owning 1000 shares may call a general meeting.

6. Cashier to give bonds in $50,000.

7. The bank to hold only such real estate as is necessary for the transaction of business, or that taken for debt, not longer than five years.

8. The bank not to owe more than $25,000,000 more than its deposites, under penalty to the director who shall contract them.

9. The bank to deal or trade only in domestic exchange, gold or silver coin, or bullion, or goods, or lands taken for debts.

10. No loan to be made to government exceeding $3,000,000, nor to any State exceeding $100,000, or for a longer time than 180 days.

11. Stock to be assignable and transferable.

12. The bills of credit under seal of the bank to be not less than 5000, and shall be assignable under endorsement.

13 regulates the transfer of the issues of the bank which for all under $100 shall be made payable on demand. Those payable to order not be less than $100 and not exceeding 30 days.

14 provides for the payment of dividends half-yearly.

15 provides that, once in a year, the directors shall lay before the stockholders a particular statement of overdue bills, surplus profits.

16 provides for the establishment, in each State, with the assent of the legislature thereof.

17.—The Secretary to be furnished, as often as he may require, a report of the condition of the bank, which shall be published monthly.

18.—The issues not to exceed three times the specie on hand, and not to be less than $10.

19.—The debts due the bank not to exceed 15 per cent. of the capital.

20.—No paper to be discounted to run longer than 180 days. No note to be renewed.

21. No note or bills to be issued by Branches, which may, however, exchange drafts not less than $50.

22. The Bank not to deal in produce.

23. The Bank to pay out its own notes only and coin.

24.—All surplus exceeding $1,000,000 to be paid into the federal treasury.

Sec. 12 enacts a penalty against the Banks dealing directly or indirectly in goods of any kind.

Sec. 13 enacts a penalty against exceeding the prescribed amount to be loaned to the State and Federal Governments.

Sec. 14. The bills issued by the Bank to be receivable for public dues.

Sec. 15 provides for the paying out and transfer of the public moneys by the Bank.

Sec. 16 provides for the deposite of the public moneys in the Bank and branches.

Sec. 17. The Bank not to suspend under penalty of 12 per cent. interest from time of demand.

Sec. 18 enacts a penalty against counterfeiting, forging or uttering any bill or note of the Bank.

Sec. 19 enacts further provisions against frauds.

Sec. 20. No other Bank to be chartered during the existence of this Bank.

Sec. 21. If the Bank shall not so have completed its subscriptions as to go into operation by April next, this law to be null and void.

Sec. 22 provides for cases of violation of the charter, which shall be forfeited on such proof of such violation.

Sec. 23 provides that Congress shall have power to limit or extend, for which notes may be discounted, &c.

City News.

City Case.—A case was heard on Tuesday before the Mayor, in which a complaint was made by a Mr. Grubb against McMullen, a cab driver, for charging an excessive rate of fare. From the statement made, it appeared that Mr. Grubb on Friday, chartered a cab of McMullen for one hour, for which, according to the ordinance of the Councils, he was to pay fifty cents. During the hour Mr. G. with three ladies, were driven to several places within the city limits, and finally were taken to the steamboat landing.

On settling the fare, McMullen charged one dollar, being fifty cents for the charter of the vehicle by the hour, and fifty cents for taking them to the steamboat. For the extra charge the complaint was brought, which after a hearing was dismissed, the Mayor being satisfied that there was no over charge. The ordinance makes a very nice distinction in this matter, yet there can be no doubt that a cab driver may make an extra charge of fifty cents for conveying one or two persons to a steamboat landing during the hour for which they may have engaged it for driving within the city limits.

Accident and Miraculous Escape.—A girl named Catharine Brown, living in Bryant's Court, on Tuesday morning got out of bed to look at the fire that took place in Spring Garden, between 13 and ote o'clock. Leaning too far forward out of the window which was in the third story of the house, she lost her balance and was precipitated to the pavement. She was taken up alive by the watchman of the beat and afterward conveyed to the Hospital. None of her limbs were fractured, but she appeared to be so much stunned as to be unable to give any account of herself.

An Experiment.—With a view to the clearing out of the channel in the canal through Windmill Island, the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, whose property it is, have cut off about two hundred feet from the northeast and southwest ends, for the purpose of diverting the tide through it, hoping thereby to carry off the heavy deposite of mud which has gathered there. The work has been finished, and it is now supposed to be seen what will be the success of the experiment.

Smuggling—Arrest.—Thomas O'Neil, U. States Deputy Marshal, on Monday morning arrested John Mortimer, the Irish passenger in the ship Shenandoah from Liverpool, who smuggled the jewellery from on board that vessel which was seized by the Collector on Saturday morning by High Constable William Young of the city police. Mortimer was committed to the debtors' department of the county prison, in default of bail in the sum of $2400.

Pistols and Cutlass.—On Monday a young man of nerve, named John Whitney, was held to bail in the sum of $100, before Alderman Hay, for sending a letter to another young man named Richard P. Loudon, couched in threatening terms. It was also alleged that he had drawl and squinted that way, rather hinting that the author would, at a convenient season, have satisfaction. The affair was not without the usual cause of such matters of a lady.

Attack upon a Child by a Hog.—A child of Mr. Ace, in Fourth street near George, was attacked by a large hog on Monday afternoon, and dragged, with its hand in the beast's mouth, some distance on the pavement. The child was fortunately rescued without receiving much injury, except upon its hand, which suffered from the teeth of the animal.

A Caution to Cruisemen.—A farmer, named Thomas Martin, was arrested by the Clerk of Market, yesterday morning, and held to bail in the sum of $300, before Alderman Redman, who imposed upon him, the penalty, $2 fine, and costs.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Columbia.

Eight Days Later from England.

Sums of Commerce—Dissolution of Parliament—Recent News—The President—The Brill mail Steamship—Bills on the President Steamship—Important News from China—Proclamation of the Chief Superintendent—Bombardment of Hong Kong—Spain—Portugal—Italy—Hungary—Austria—Sardinia—Prussia—Turkey, &c. &c.

The Columbia steamship arrived at Boston on Wednesday week at half past ten o'clock. The foreign news reached Philadelphia on Friday afternoon, and was announced, in a postscript in our paper. We give to-day full accounts of the intelligence.

The Queen, Prince Albert and the Princess are well. Parliament is still in session, and it is expected will continue so until the defeat of the ministry on the corn law question, when that body will be dissolved.

The news from China is of great interest. Canton has been taken, and the war seems now to be pushed vigorously forward.

Dissolution of Commons.

Thursday, May 27.—*Worst of Confusion in the Ministry.*—Sir R. Peel rose to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice. The first of his two propositions was, that the ministry had forfeited the confidence of the House which was necessary to carry their measures; and it was a fact which would scarcely require any detail of proof. The evidence of it was recent and continuous; and if it were unbosomed, then the other proposition necessarily followed, that their continuance in office was at variance with the spirit of the constitution, and that it had been once stated the sentiment of the House of Hanover. (Hear.) In affirmance of this view, he could cite the authority of every important writer, and the practical course of every administrary.

In every case where the House of Commons had indicated that its confidence was withdrawn from the Ministry, the Ministry had retired. So had acted Sir Robert Walpole—so Lord North, although with the majority of 307—so Lord Liverpool on Lord Wharncliffe's motion—so the Duke of Wellington on King William's civil list—so the Ministry of Sir R. Peel himself in 1835. He would refer to three events in the history of the present administration, which peculiarly illustrated the evil of attempting to govern without the confidence of the House. The first was the appropriation clause, which, after so much excitement, the Ministers finally abandoned. The next was the Jamaica Bill, on which these Ministers themselves expressed a strong practical opinion of the unfitness of retaining office without the confidence of the House. The third was the recent budget.—(Cheers.)

He concluded by moving the following resolution:—"That her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons, to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare; and that their continuance in office under such circumstances, is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." (Loud cheers.)

Dissolution of Parliament.

We learn from the best authority, says the Hereford Journal that the dissolution of Parliament will take place about the 12th of this month. The proclamation is ready, and only waits the Queen's signature. The Parliament is expected to meet on the 4th of August. We trust that the conservatives in this district will be fully on the alert, but the remark is almost unnecessary, for the very best spirit prevails all through this country.

Steamer Seen.

Liverpool, June 4th.

We have had a great many arrivals of vessels from foreign ports to day, and among them the Fortitude from Buenos Ayres; the captain (Arbuthnot) of which states, that on the 27th May, at 11 A. M. Lat. 47 N. long. 7 W. about 10 miles distant, he saw a very large steamer steering to the N. E. without a funnel, a crippled foremast, and large yards, apparently fitted for a sail with the exception of a square sail on the main-top-mast, a top-gallant-mast on the fore-top-mast, and with fore and aft sails. The steamer was making very slow progress.

This intelligence, communicated by Captain Arbuthnot, has excited the most intense interest here, and many persons still hope that from concurrent circumstances it may be the President; and probably the steamer seen by the Portuguese brig Cecile de Pedras, on the 23d April, in lat. 31, and long. 40. Others suppose it may be the Britannia steamer, from Halifax, which was due at Liverpool on the 25th ult. At the close of the day the opinion is very strong that the vessel seen by the Fortitude was the President; but it is as best mere conjecture.

The President.

The vessel seen by the Fortitude, and supposed to be the Liverpool steamer, is in all probability the Liverpool steamer, [illegible] N. S. that arrived here yesterday—the description and position of the disabled steamer agreeing with that of the Liverpool steamer.—*Liverpool Paper, June 4.*

The Brittania Steamship.

The sun arrival at England of this vessel, which ran on the rocks at Halifax, has occasioned great uneasiness in London.

The London, Yarmouth, N. S. at Liverpool, May 9, lat. 43, long. 66, fell in with the Paragon, from Liverpool to Halifax, in a sinking state, having been run aboard of by a large steamship, which left her in a sinking condition, and in a dreadful state. May the 12th, lat. 43, long. 50, the London struck on iceberg and lost bowsprit, foremast, mainstepmast, &c. and stove in her larboard bow. The London brought a large piece of ice, which was supposed to proceed from another vessel running against the ice, and is feared sunk, but the weather was too thick to distinguish her.

Liverpool, 6, 15 p. m.—The impression gaining ground every hour, that the steam ship seen by the Fortitude is the President.

The Brittish Steamship.

The arrival of the Brittish steamship [illegible] at Lloyd's was to have taken place today, but was postponed to the eleventh instant, to allow further time for news to arrive, being the manner of her [illegible]. Among those interested in the fate of the crew and passengers on board the President, and who called at the Company office, in Billiter court, yesterday afternoon, for information, no inquiries of any moment had been received respecting her, was the eldest son of Mr. Power. Inquiries were also made on the part of his Grace, the Duke of Richmond, (a passenger,) Mr. Bell, (the commander, a passenger,) Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the commander, &c.

We copy, without any remark, the following from the *Morning Chronicle* of Friday, June 78.—We have been assured that a large ship's deck, supposed to be that of a large steamship, has been found by some fishermen in the Cattegat, and towed into Marstrand."

China.

Most Important Intelligence from China—Capture of the Bogue Forts and the City of Canton by the British.—The intelligence received from Canton during the past month is of a highly interesting nature. The latest news from China is to the 21st March. Gordon's continued procrastination having at length exhausted Captain Elliot's patience, the Nemesis steamer was despatched from Macao on the 14th February, with the draft of a treaty for the approval of the imperial high commissioner.

The commander of the steamer was ordered to wait at the Bogue for a reply until the 16th, and in the event of his not receiving one by that day, to return immediately to Macao. This he accordingly did on the 19th. Kushen was then at Canton, and had made his proclamation published, stating that the squadron were then moving towards the Bocca Tigris. On the following day Captain Elliott received a message from Kushen, in which the latter stated that he was ready to sign the treaty and excused his delay in not coming to the Bogue when the steamer was there, by alleging that he had been detained by some piratical boats. The commander of the Nemesis, in his report to Captain Elliott, says, "I have the honor to inform you that I have made more than one attempt to carry the tide through it, hoping thereby to carry off the heavy deposite of mud which has gathered there. The work has been finished, and it is now remained to be seen what will be the success of the experiment.

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General News.

The Norwegian.—The New York Journal of Commerce has received a letter from a gentleman residing near Nassau, giving an account of an excitement which exists against the Mormons and the arrest of Jo Smith, from which it appears that the scenes enacted in Missouri, are in danger of being repeated in Iowa. The feeling against them arose, it seems, from their having taken possession of a tract of land, about 120,000 acres, which had been purchased from the Indians by the whites, and were about to be divided among the lawful claimants by partition. The Mormons took possession, it is said, claiming a title direct from the Creator. In addition to despoiling the lands of much valuable timber, they now forbid the Commissioners and Surveyors, on pain of death, to attempt a survey and partition. Jo Smith was arrested by the authorities of Illinois, on a requisition from the Governor of Missouri. Martin Harris, who was one of the witnesses to the book of Mormon, and who has been for some time lecturing against the Mormons, was found dead, having fallen through the bridge, near the Quincy (Ill.) Wharf. Some suspicions of the arrest of Jo Smith, the Mormon prophet, on the charge of treason against the State of Missouri. Smith [illegible] discharged, and in the very same place, on the same charge of treason against the State of Missouri. Smith [illegible] applied to Judge Douglass for a habeas corpus, which was succeeded, and in my opinion, he will be discharged.

A Steamboat Collision.—The Cincinnati Republican of the 15th states that on the morning, the steamboat Export, on her way down, [illegible] while came in collision with the steamer Lucy M. [illegible] above Rising Sun, by which the latter vessel was sunk to her bother deck, the water coming nearly to the top of the wheel house. The Export was freighted with dry goods, and many hard words were used, [illegible] transhipments from other boats, [illegible] taken in at Pittsburg. She is a new boat, but this season, and this, we understand, was her third trip. There was no loss, we get, of damages, sustained through the boat will probably be an entire loss.

The British Mail Packets.—The establishment of the Chamber of Deputies has proposed to the Minister of Finance to inscribe upon the great book of the public debt, and to negotiate with publicity and competition the amount of rentes necessary to produce a capital of 450,000,000 francs.

The town of Hum was thrown into consternation by the unexpected arrival of cavalry and artillery, which had made forced marches, to repel, as it was rumored, a projected attack on the citadel of Hum, for the delivery of Prince Louis Napoleon.

The National, Commerce, Quotidienne, Echo Français, Journal du Peuple, and Gazette de France were seized at the Post Office, for having inserted Didier's letter.

Spain.

Madrid, May 27.—The Chamber of Deputies met to-day, but transacted no business of importance.

It is expected that a decree ordering the disbanding of 30 battalions of the Provincial militia would shortly appear in the Gazette. This reduction is the effective force of the army, at a moment when money is so scarce, produced a favorable effect, as it shows that the Government is not unmindful of the necessity of introducing a system of economy into every branch of the administration.

Portugal.

Frontiers of Italy, May 17.—The negotiations with Don Miguel at Rome, with respective to his entire renunciation of his claims to the throne of Portugal, on the condition of receiving a suitable pension are still proceeding, and are favored not only by the Austrian Court in concert with Rome and Prussia, but likewise by the Papal See.

Italy.

According to private letters from Naples, of the 17th ult. the government had received intelligence that capital and Macedonia, which would establish a communication between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The king had declared his readiness to grant a concession of a 41 per cent. interest to the company who should undertake to execute it. The whole expense would amount to 14,000,000 of ducats, (£2,440,000.) The King and Queen of Naples, accompanied by the young Princess, and all the Royal household, had returned from Caserta to Naples.

Hanover.

Some circumstances have given rise to an expectation of a new government, the King of Hanover has declined the Portuguese brig Cecile de Pedras, on the 23d April, in lat. 31, and long. 40. Others suppose it may be the Britannia steamer, from Halifax, which was due at Liverpool on the 25th ult. At the close of the day the opinion is very strong that the vessel seen by the Fortitude was the President; but it is at best mere conjecture.

Austria.

A Austrian corps [illegible] is to be formed on the frontier of Turkey, in consequence of the insurrection which was becoming universal through the Europeans provinces of the Turkish empire.

Russia.

The Russian papers contain the melancholy accounts of the devastations caused in the southern provinces by the inundations of the Bug, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and other rivers in that part of the empire. The sudden heat (21 degrees of Reaumur) which set in the first days of April, made the snow on the steppes dissolve with almost unexampled rapidity.

Turkey.

The Insurrection in Candia.—The Augsburg Gazette, under date Trieste, May 20, states that up to the recent arrival at Alexandria, Pasha, the Governor of the Island of Candia, had acted with the greatest moderation, and that in consequence no blood had as yet been shed. The force of the rebels was estimated at 30,000 men, of whom but 5000 were armed.

Constantinople, May 16th.—Accounts from Belgrade, state that the insurrection in Bulgaria had been suppressed. It was believed that Mehemet Ali, although the dispute with Mahmoud had not been brought to a final settlement, had given orders for a peace to the Porte, and, it is said, been fined at 90,000 (£472,000.) He had obtained a loan of 200,000 dollars, on a deposit of produce.

Persia.

The intelligence, via India, is pacific. It is said that the British agent was about to return to Bushire, and amicable relations were to be renewed on the basis of a treaty which the British will consent to evacuate Karack, and the Shah cede the fort Gorian to the Shah Kamran, and arrest his expedition to Herat. These stipulations are doubted, and it is thought that Karack will not be given up.

Varieties.

The Malta Times of the 10th instant publishes a letter from Tunis of the 5th, announcing that the Bey, at the recommendation of the Prince de Carignan, and Thomas Bricha, had deemed the abolition of the slave trade within its dominions.

On the day of the marriage of the Grand Duke Alexander to Princess Marie, a special manifestation by the Emperor, granting a full pardon, or diminution of punishment, to all parties charged with offences not involving sacrilege, murder, robbery with violence to the person, or violence of property of the state, usury, coining and forgery.

The revenue from the Penny Postage in England is increasing. From a statement made by the Postmaster of the Post Office system, it appears that the present rate of increase is 14 per cent. per annum, so that if it should continue to increase in the same ratio for the next year, the amount of the gross revenue of this department will be complete.

The whole line of the Great Western Railway will be opened from Bristol to London in July next. The steamers of the next New York steamship will on her arrival, be within five hours of the metropolis.

Gen. Hamilton, the Texan envoy, has arrived in Paris from London.

The Greek Courier publishes a decree signed by King Otho, forbidding, under severe penalties, any of his subjects to be concerned in the traffic in slaves.

On the night of the 17th ult. a very violent thunder storm visited London and extended over a large space of the surrounding country, doing great damage. A very considerable number of vessels were driven from their moorings on the 26th ult. The loss is estimated at above £70,000.

In Ireland, the repealers are everywhere awake. Meetings of from ten to one hundred thousand have been held in various places, at which harmony has prevailed, and the strongest determinations has uniformly been expressed never to be satisfied but with the boon required.

Congressional News.

Washington, June 16, 1841.

Had evening in this House, a noisy and exciting debate on the rules, was kept up until after dark.

The question on the adoption of the recommendations offered by Mr. Wise, and agreed to a fortnight ago, and which was read.

Mr. Pope, That a committee of nine members be appointed of this House, and report rules for the government, and that the hand that until such committee make and orders of the hall be finally acted upon, the rules the 21st, shall be considered of Representatives, except House.

As soon as the resolution had [illegible] demanded the previous question. [illegible] mend, Mr. Botts

With a great deal of trouble the Speaker [illegible] a warning order. The vote was then announced as follows:—for the resolution 104; against it 110. So [illegible] was rejected, and the House once more left without any rules.

At 6 o'clock on adjournment took place.

This morning Mr. Stuart, of Virginia, rose and said he did [illegible] the could, by way of compromise, offer a resolution, which he thought would be satisfactory to all. He read it as follows:

Resolved, That all the rules and orders of the last House not rescinded by any resolution adopted at the present session, be adopted for the regulation of the House at the present session, and that the select committee heretofore appointed, proceed to revise the rules, and report, they be allowed to report at any time.

Mr. Niles, after some remarks in favor of the resolution, moved the previous question.

A long debate then arose on the propriety of ordering the previous question, which lasted two hours. Much warm feeling was displayed, and many hard words were used.

Mr. Stanly, after the presentation of memorials on the subject of a General Bankrupt Law, etc. the motion to print fifteen thousand copies of the letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, relating to the establishment of a Bank, was called up.

Washington, June 17, 1841.

After an agitation of [illegible] the House of Representatives is now "[illegible] and ready to proceed to business."

Last evening, the resolution [illegible] Mr. Stuart was adopted. [illegible] to be postponed until the regular session of December.

The following report of his select committee, adopted by Mr. Wise, [illegible] rules and orders of the House" are superseded.

"Upon the presentation of petitions, memorials, or resolutions of Members not specially referred [illegible] considered in the House in the morning of the Friday following of the present extra session, objections to the reception shall be considered as made, and the question of reception shall be laid upon the table. This rule to be construed only in force during the present session. Petitions and other papers for or against a bankrupt law, to be excepted from the operation of this rule.

The standing committee of the House is to be strictly referred to the consideration of the Messages of the President shall be expeditiously [illegible] the revenue of the Government, and to supply its business present session, the committee of ways and means, on the subject of revenue, nor the House shall not be occupied with any subject of a general bankrupt law."

So the above are the only rules now in existence for the government of the House during the present session.

In the House this morning a resolution was adopted appointing a committee to ascertain the number of clerks and agents employed by government, and to report the next session of Congress whether the number can be reduced. A committee was also appointed to investigate the alliance in relation to stationary, &c., so as to prevent future imposition on the House by persons interested in the contract of it. After the disposal of some other unimportant business, the House went into a committee of the whole on the bill for the relief of the family of the late Charles Ogle, of Alabama, moved to fill up the blank in the bill by inserting $25,000. Mr. Snyder moved to amend by making provision for the family of the late Charles Ogle.

A long and warm debate ensue. Messrs. Dean, of Ohio, and Payne, of Alabama, contended that the House had no power by the Constitution to make any such appropriation.

Messrs. White, Briggs and others opposed that view and contended that Congress had the right to do as it pleased in that matter.

In the Senate the debate on the motion to print extra copies of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, was resumed.

Washington, June 18, 1841.

The Senate has been engaged nearly the whole day in a debate on a report of the Secretary of the Treasury relative.

Mr. Bayne, Mr. Adams offered a resolution to the effect that the standing committees be re-appointed.

The Chair stated that in his opinion the standing committees [illegible] appointed were still in existence.

Mr. Adams then offered [illegible] on the consumption of Indian [illegible] he was ordered accordingly.

The House then considered itself [illegible] the whole in the state of the Union, and resumed consideration of the relief of the widow of the late President.

Mr. Adams had moved to fill up the blank by inserting $25,000.

Mr. Gordon had moved to amend by inserting $6,000.

Mr. Snyder having withdrawn his amendment in relation to the widow of Mr. Ogle, had moved to amend by inserting "the sum of $1,000, to be paid to Mrs. Harrison, the widow of Mr. Harrison, and during her life the sum of $500 every half year.

Mr. Gilmer said he could not vote for the bill. If it were a mere act of generosity, there would, in his mind be but one opinion on the subject. But it was not so done from their own private purses, for in his own opinion just this man had lost considerable sums by speculations in the Bank of the United States, which was a public building ruined him. Reduced to the most abject misery, Denis terminated his career by throwing himself into the Seine."

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Mr. Adams offered a resolution calling for a report of the last census; adopted. Several other resolutions were offered and the messages referred to appropriate committees. Mr. Davis submitted a resolution calling for a correspondence on the seizure of American vessels by British cruisers.

Mr. Fillmore, of New York, offered a resolution instructing the Select Committee on the Currency to report a bill for a National Bank, to be established on the "following plan." The plan, however, was not read.

Mr. Gilmer moved to lay it upon the table.

Mr. Calvary Morris moved an adjournment, and the House adjourned at 3 o'clock without a count.

Washington, June 21, 1841.

The House of Representatives met at 10 o'clock this morning, which arrangement will continue through the present week.

The Senate bill for the repeal of the Sub-treasury law, was finally referred to the committee on ways and means, and ordered to be printed.

The several States and Territories were then called for resolutions.

After petitions had been exhausted, the next business in order was resolutions.

The question pending was on certain resolutions offered by Mr. Bayne, on Saturday, asking the reference of the following plan for a Fiscal Agent, "The capital stock to be 25 millions; the United States to own one-fifth thereof, the rest to be paid for in five per cent. stock, one other fifth to be sold in open market, not below par, for specie only; the bank and central branch to be located in the city of New York, &c. &c.

The resolutions were then put, the whole subject on the table,—and the yeas and nays being ordered, resulted yeas 69, nays 77. So the motion to lay on the table was rejected.

The plan was then referred to the select committee on the currency.

The bill providing for the expenses of the extra session, the pay of members, &c., was discussed in committee of the whole, reported to the House, and passed in the Senate, Mr. Clay, from the select committee to whom was referred the plan of the Secretary of the Treasury for a Fiscal Agent, reported the same with numerous amendments, amendments.

The bill for the relief of the Banks of the District was taken up, and debated with much warmth. There was much opposition on the ground that small notes will universally drive specie out of circulation.

Washington, June 22, 1841.

The House met at 10 o'clock this morning, when the call upon the States for petitions was resumed. A considerable number were presented, calling for the establishment of a National Bank, the passage of a bankrupt law, &c. after which a motion to print 10,000 extra copies of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury was taken up and agreed to.

Several resolutions requiring information from the treasury department, relative to the amount of expenditures since the present administration came into power, were then taken up and concurred in.

Mr. Pope, of Kentucky, moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the House had on yesterday referred the Senate bill for the repeal of the Sub-Treasury law to the Committee on Ways and Means.

A long and tedious debate arose, from which it appeared that since yesterday it had been ascertained that the majority of the Committee of Ways and Means was not likely to report the bill soon.

Mr. Wise warned his friends against repealing the Sub-Treasury law. He hoped they would wait to see what the substitute was to be before the existing law was repealed.

The previous question being called, the motion for the reconsideration prevailed—yeas 118, nays 90.

The bill was then referred to the select committee on the currency.

A message was received from the President of the United States, forwarding copies of the correspondence held between him and the committee appointed by the authorities of Cincin

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Charming Woman.

BY MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

So Miss Myrtle is going to marry?
What a number of hearts she will break!
There's Lord George, and Tom Brown, and Sir Harry,
Are dying of love for her sake!
'Tis a match that we all must approve,
Let the gossips say all that they can;
For indeed she's a charming woman,
And he's a most fortunate man!

Yes, indeed she's a charming woman,
And she reads both Latin and Greek,
And I'm told that she solved a problem
In Euclid, before she could speak!
Had she been but a daughter of mine,
I'd have taught her to knit and to sew;
But her mother, a charming woman,
Couldn't think of such trifles, you know!

Oh, she's really a charming woman!
But I think she's a little too thin;
And no wonder such very late hours
Should ruin her beautiful skin!
Her shoulders are rather too bare,
And her gown's nearly up to her knees;
But I'm told that these charming women
May dress themselves just as they please.

Yes, she's really a charming woman!
But have you observed, by-the-bye,
A something—that's rather uncommon,
In the flash of her very bright eye?
It may be a fancy of mine,
Though her voice has a very sweet tone,
But I'm told that these charming women
Are apt to have wills of their own!

She has brothers and sisters by dozens,
And all charming people, they say!
And several tall Irish cousins,
Whom she loves—in a sisterly way.
Oh, young men, if you take my advice,
You would find it an excellent plan—
Don't marry a charming woman,
If you are a sensible man!

Genius in Death.

ROUSSEAU, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window that he might once behold his garden. Dean Swift... Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he felt it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line. Walter died repeating some lines of Virgil. Tasso's last request of Cardinal Cynthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life. He had one favor, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his Jerusalem Delivered. Liebnitz was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand. Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life. Chaucer died making. His last production he entitled "A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish." Wicherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand, in a very solemn manner said he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again.

Angling.

It was amidst the streams of Cumberland, with his fishing rod in his hand, that Paley meditated those solidly reasoned works, which will give to him an immortality upon earth, and to so many others an immortality in heaven. It was, as every one knows, amid similar scenes, that old Walton sought for health and pleasure, and found inspiration. And we need not tell the scientific reader, that the illustrious Davy, whose inventions and discoveries have been so many benefactions to all succeeding generations of men, was nowhere more in the enjoyment of all his powers, social, moral, or scientific, than where he plied the angler's gentle craft with a perseverance and a cunning which was not unattended with its appropriate reward. Other worthies crowd upon our remembrance, of whom, if we were to write as our heart prompts, the few pages allotted to us in this number would soon be filled with but a very brief notice of their talents and their virtues. Suffice it to mention the names of Chantry, Hogg, Professor Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, as men who do not, or did not, disdain to taste of the simple pleasures of the pursuit we love, nor fail to derive from it tranquility and contentment, a greater satisfaction with their lot here, and a better preparedness for hereafter.

Ambition.

Great minds had rather deserve contemporaneous applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it; if it follow them, it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable; so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of honest men, when dead. Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words) his high ambition was, "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him than why they were.

PUTTING EMINENCE.—In his early days, Lord Chief-Justice Holt gave but little promise of his future eminence. He had a great many "wild oats" to sow, and it took him a great while to sow them. Many of the associates of his younger years were unprincipled. One of them, while Holt presided in the Court of King's Bench, was tried for highway robbery, convicted, and sentenced to be executed. After sentence had been passed, the Chief Justice inquired of him what had become of Jack, and such a one, and the rest of the gang? "Alas, my lord," said the criminal, with a low bow, "they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

POSTHUMOUS SYMPATHY.—In a suit for slander before the Circuit Court of New York, the counsel for the slandered person made the following appeal to the posthumous sympathies of the jury:

"Gentlemen, (said the barrister, in his most pathetic tone,) place yourselves in the position of my client—how could you bear the thought, after you are dead and gone, that you had left a child behind, to be pointed at as the FATHER *of the man who stole the Cutting Knife!*" It were needless to add, that the roars of the Court and audience drowned the response of the sympathising Jury.

ROADS.—An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England; let me see, there is the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's through physic."

"Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

SEDLEY'S WIT.—Sir Charles Sedley, who took an active part in the British revolution, which was partly instigated by the dishonor of his daughter by James II. who made her Countess of Dorchester, said: "I hate ingratitude, and as the king has made my daughter a Countess, I will endeavor to make his daughter a Queen;" meaning the Princess Mary, wife of William Prince of Orange.

GRAMMAR.—Among several instances of those who go out of the world reciting verses with the expiring breath, D'Israeli relates the curious dying expression of Bouhours, a French grammarian who, in his last moment, exclaimed, "*Je vais, ou je vais mourir: l'un ou l'autre se dit!*" which may be translated, "I die; or, I am dying; both terms are allowable!"

SPOONING ESCAPED.—Some pretty young ladies have formed a temperance society, and pledged themselves not to allow any beau to make love with them who even tastes of wine. Several accidents have happened by these young ladies attempting to smell the breath of their visiters; but then accidents will occur in the best regulated societies.

ROCHESTER.—Lord Oxford said of the dissolute Earl of Rochester, that he was "a man whom the Muses were fond to inspire and ashamed to avow; and who practised, without the least reserve, that [illegible] which can make verses more read for their defects than their merits.

A SUFFICIENCY.—"I am striving to obtain a sufficiency," said a witness in the Court of Common Pleas. "And what is a sufficiency?" inquired the Judge. "A little more, my Lord, (replied a witty barrister,) than what a person has already got."

PA, PA.—"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?"—Certainly not, my child, why do you ask that question?"—"Cause I see that all the newspapers call it Pa."

SHORT AND SWEET.—"Will you have me?" said a young man to a modest little girl.
"No John," said she, "but you may have me if you will."

HOW TRUE.—Every adoration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation—"so long as you are what you now are."

A FINE SENTIMENT.—There is no richer treasure than a collection of correct and beautiful thoughts and maxims.

TRUTH AND MODESTY.—Love, unaccompanied with [illegible], cannot exist in the heart of woman.

[illegible]—"This is not gain," as the lean [illegible] to the fat fly.

[illegible]

Foreign Magazines.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for June.

Deserter's Division.

After a draft was told off our depot, to joint the companies in Bermuda, my comrade, Matt, under the lash of the major's displeasure, with truth that is no figure of speech; for while under his displeasure was sure to catch the "cat" in the following manner. I think I [illegible] poor Martin had got himself into some little affair—in his own neighborhood—connected with his theological studies; so for him knowing that home was no [illegible] at the army, [illegible] buildings, he made a [illegible] at the army, and took the shilling. He was, as may be [illegible] but a poor soldier—his heart was not in [illegible] but that he neglected it, but he neglected himself just into that careless way that shows how a man regards any thing save the trouble that weighs on his heart. But, although no great hand at soldiering, there was no positive harm in the fellow; and, if it had not been for the unhappy affair I am about to relate, it is probable that a total change of scene would have restored to him peace of mind, and have spared to me a very excellent companion. It was my chance to be told on the draft for the service companies, and my comrade volunteered immediately to go with us, and his offer was promptly accepted by Major Snooks. I was little prepared to find, a few mornings after, that Martin had given us all the slip, and deserted. A corporal's guard was sent out in search of him, and to my sorrow I was upon that, to me, most unpleasant service. We started off for the county Tipperary, and occupied some days in search for the deserter with but little effect. However, one morning, just as our little party had breakfasted and were preparing to sally forth on our search for the day, a tall, dark, and careworn man, dressed like one of the more respectable class of [illegible], stepped into the public-house where we were lodged, and calling for the corporal, enquired whether he was not in search of a deserter; to this stranger said, on receiving the affirmative, when the our pursuit would be soon discovered.

This was excellent news to our little party, myself excepted; nor could I refrain from ejaculating an inward curse on the informer, who, for what reason I knew not, thus volunteered his services to bring an unfortunate young fellow to punishment and shame. We followed, however, as our unknown guide led us, through some [illegible], and after some thirteen miles, we came in sight of one of the ruined castles that abound in that part of the country, toward which, as toward a landmark, we now directed our wearied limbs. Soon we entered its precincts through a breach in the mouldering wall, and straggling over huge masses of fallen masonry, which had formed one side of the great central tower or keep, and still lay in mass as it had stood, we descended, still headed by our guide, and entered a subterraneous passage, directed by a glimmering light which shed a faint gleam at the distant end of the vault we were traversing. The sudden change from the glare of the bright sunshine to the midnight darkness of this gloomy cavern, precluded me from seeing, for a time, the occupants of the place; but a loud and piercing shriek informed us of the presence of a woman. In a few moments we were assembled in a vaulted cell, at the termination of the passage, where, on a pallet, pale and wan, lay the unfortunate object of our pursuit; around his neck, a young and lovely girl had flung her arms, clinging convulsively, and uttering, at intervals, heart-rending screams; while, on bended knees, an aged female form knelt before our guide, imploring mercy. With difficulty poor Martin disengaged himself from the girl, and raising himself upon the pallet, regarded our party for a moment, while our corporal, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his prisoner, bade him prepare to accompany us.

"I am ready, quite ready," said the unfortunate youth; then, turning to the stranger who had acted as our guide, exclaimed in a broken voice—"Father, father, I did not expect this from *you!*"

"Reprobate!" exclaimed his parent, gnashing his teeth, and stamping the ground with fury; "Reprobate, you have deserted the service of God, and now you would desert the service of man; and all for that lump of painted clay!" pointing to the inanimate form of the hapless girl, who had swooned away and lay senseless upon the earth.

"Spare her," exclaimed the deserter; "spare her, and do as you please with me—she never injured you."

"Go to your punishment, [illegible]," interrupted [illegible] foaming at the mouth with fury; "go to your punishment, and when the lash cuts into your back, recollect your want of duty to your father."

"Father!" interrupted the youth with a melancholy smile, "you have indeed shown yourself a father to me."

"Is he your father, my lad?" inquired our corporal.

"He was, till now," replied the prisoner.

"Then, by St. Patrick," exclaimed the corporal, "he shall have his reward;" and in a twinkling, unscrewing his bayonet, the non-commissioned officer lent the wretched devotee a stunning blow over the head with the socket of his weapon, which made the blood flow in torrents down his face, rendering him a hideous spectacle. But he recked not of his wound or aught else save his revenge, and, imprecating curses upon his child, the unfortunate wretch retired from the place.

It was now almost night, and under the circumstances it was considered dangerous to resume our march until the morning; having ascertained that the retreat afforded no possibility of escape, a guard was set upon the entrance of the cave, and the rest of us made such preparations as circumstances afforded, of passing the night among the ruins. My opportunities in life have not given me many opportunities of indulging in the pathetics any more than in the heroics; so I spare my readers the scene of the following morning, when we were compelled to tear our prisoner by force from the fond captivity of her he loved, and to forbid her and her aged parent to accompany us, which, in the discharge of our sad duty, we were reluctantly compelled to. On our way home, Martin gave me an account of the circumstances under which he disappeared from the regiment, and which in themselves were sufficiently painful. It appeared from Martin's account of the matter, that, on his departure from home, his father, somehow or other, ascertained the fact of his enlistment, and, in pursuance of that diabolical feeling which it would be charitable to attribute to a mind diseased, sought out the sweet girl with whom Martin had reciprocated vows of never changing attachment, and told her, with apparent sincerity, that if she could prevail upon her lover to desert from the regiment, that he (the father) would shelter him for the time, join their hands, give them his blessing and a provision, and put them on board a vessel bound to America. Led away by this specious kindness, the poor young creature, with her mother, set out for Cork, where, having found the object of their search, they exerted every means of persuasion in their power to induce him to quit the army, and take advantage of his father's good intentions in his behalf.

To this Martin refused altogether to accede: some vague suspicion of ill crossed his mind, which was by no means diminished on recollecting that his father, if he pleased, might have sent, without difficulty, money to purchase his discharge, and thus have enabled him to fulfil what appeared to be his intention, without risk or dishonor. All that he would do in furtherance of the entreaties of his beloved girl was, to apply to his commanding-officer for a few days' furlough, which was refused; when with difficulty the poor fellow extorted a promise from mother and daughter, that they would leave him on the morrow, and trust to time and opportunity for a more fortunate issue to their passion. The required promise having been given, the mind of the soldier was more at ease, and he willingly agreed to spend with them the short hour that remained before he must return to barracks; and, to raise their hearts and give some little comfort, refreshment was sent for, which was brought to where they were by the girl's mother, who with that short-sighted imprudence characteristic of the weakly affectionate, mingled with the glass she had prepared for Martin a powerful narcotic, under whose strong influence all sense of consciousness was speedily gone, and in this condition the unfortunate fellow was put upon a car, and hurried toward the asylum assigned him at the suggestion of his father, no doubt with the intention of carrying into effect that strange and unnatural revenge, of whose consummation I was one of the unwilling witnesses.

Such was the account we had from our prisoner as we escorted him to our depot, where he was tried forthwith by court-martial, and awarded five hundred lashes, for the infliction of which punishment a parade was ordered, subject to a preliminary requisite, with which the non-military reader shall presently be made acquainted.

The fatigue of the [illegible] of the deserter laid me up for a few days, and on my recovery I was called down to act as orderly to the medical officer who had the charge of our depot during the temporary absence on furlough of the hospital sergeant. Our doctor was a gruff fellow, with a remarkable aversion to the sound of any body's voice but his own; while he spoke with a voice of thunder, every body who came near was obliged to address him in whispers. He was sadly annoyed by the loquacity of the women of the depot, who, whenever one of their infants cocked a toe, or put its mouth awry, came to the doctor with a litany of lamentations about the little dear, to listen to which was the most cruel infliction human ears ever were subjected to.

Soon after poor Martin's trial and condemnation, I was sitting in the surgery writing out a petition to the commanding officer, in the name of the unfortunate creature who had led the poor fellow into the commission of the offence for which he was about to suffer condign punishment, when the doctor, coming in unexpectedly, desired to know what I was about. Handing him the petition, I requested he would have the goodness to read it, which he at first refused, saying that soldiers had no business drawing up petitions, but afterwards put it into his pocket; and shortly after, having had an opportunity of looking over it, he asked me, with his usual menacing voice, how I came to be engaged in advocating the cause of a scoundrel who had left his colors. The only reply I could make, and offering, referring to the contents of the paper, proved by trying to have the truth of the statement to write the parties in whose behalf I was only one of his the petition. The doctor [illegible] indicative of disapprobation, thundering growls, [illegible] from alluding to it, to induce him the following morning. Further to the subject, our doctor was engaged writing, after visiting the surgery, when a note from the [illegible] having his report handed in, requesting a certificate of adjutant of a soldier for corporal punishment.—this is an essential preliminary to the carrying any such sentence into effect, and is adopted lest the germs of any fatal disease might lurk about the man, which would the effect of rendering his sentence in effect a sentence of death. The certificate of the medical officer is a guarantee to the commanding officer that the infliction of the awarded punishment does not necessarily endanger life.—When our doctor read the note, after giving vent to an under growl of imprecations, showing how little he liked the odious duty then imposed upon him, of being caterer for the "cat," he ordered the man to be brought in, and on my opening the door, poor Martin, looking like death, entered, followed by the corporal in charge, and two rank and file with drawn bayonets.

There is not—there cannot be—a more revolting, melancholy, or painful spectacle in which our human nature takes part, than an inspection for a punishment certificate. A fine young fellow in rude health is brought, stripped, and examined to see if he is in condition for the [illegible], fingered and pawed like a bullock by a butcher; and dismissed with a diploma qualifying him to be scourged on his backbone and his fleshy part company!

"Strip, sir," said the doctor, when he had ordered the corporal and his guard out of the surgery, and was left alone with my unlucky comrade and myself. The culprit trembled from head to foot, but made an exertion to comply with the orders of his superiors; indeed, from the intense agitation that pervaded his whole frame, it is evidently impossible for him to obey. With some difficulty I succeeded in taking off his jacket, while the doctor questioned him as to his state of health. "You're quite fit for punishment, I suppose?" enquired the surgeon.

The lips of the deserter quivered, but he made no reply.

"Curse you, sir, do you mean to be insolent—do you hear—have you any disease upon you?"

"Nothing that you care for," replied Martin, placing his hand on his heart; "what I suffer is here."

"Come, come, sir, don't be contumacious; you [illegible] tell me you have disease of the heart; hand me the stethoscope, and let me examine him."

Having applied the instrument, the doctor put his ear to the other end and listened attentively; then applied the tips of his fingers to the chest, tapped a great many times, then ordered the man out of the room; while he wrote and subscribed the certificate which was handed to the corporal of the guard, and the prisoner taken back to his place of confinement.

In less than ten minutes an adjutant came, in a devil of a hurry, into the surgery, certificate in hand, and enquired, somewhat sharply, upon what grounds the doctor had taken upon himself to certify the man *not* in a fit state to undergo corporal punishment.

"Why, the fact is, adjutant," said the doctor, leaning back in his chair, and speaking with great formality—"the fact is, there is an antiphlogistic diathesis in the auriculo-ventricular cavernosities, coupled with a regurgitability of the pericardial capillaries, which, taken together, will be sure to superinduce an erysipelatous transexudation into the lining membranes of the superior exterior inferior larongeo-pharyngeal mesenteric, which, by revulsion to the external gluteus muscle, will bring on an anti-peristaltic motion of the ilio-caecal tuberosities, and—*and kill the man.*"

"You don't mean that!—the fellow looks as sound as a trout; the major stripped him at the orderly room, and swears he never saw a man in finer condition for the triangles."

"My dear fellow," replied the doctor, "allow me to know my own business. I tell you again, the metatarsal plexus of the popliteal sympathetic is in a high state of sub-acute symptomatibility; and *if you flog him*, the consequence will be, that the interstitial maxilaries will induce peritoneal decomposition, and the man will go out like snuff! Tell that to the major."

"Tell that to the marines! I tell you that sound [illegible] my horse, and all you say is past my comprehension."

"Want of comprehension," observed the doctor, dryly, "is a common disease in the army, and, for all that I can see, must be classed among incurable cases; at least I never could make any thing of it."

"Well, I'll report the matter to Major Snooks."

"You may report the matter to Field-Martial Snooks, if there is such a person; I give you my professional opinion of the case, and, if you don't like that, you can flog the man upon your own responsibility—I wash my hands of you and him."

The adjutant had not been gone longer that was necessary to report to the major that the doctor persisted in his opinion, when the latter was summoned to attend the former at the orderly room; whither the assistant-surgeon repaired, and presently returned in a high state of excitement, muttering to himself, at intervals, snatches of sentences, from which I concluded that he must have had a jolly good blowing-up from the major, who was fated to see the mouse taken from the claws of his favorite "cat." At length the doctor, wound up to a high pitch, forgetting apparently that there was any body else in the surgery, broke out with—

"Flog a man because [illegible] Snooks, my boy, we don't do it that way. If there's nothing else the matter with him, there's a maggot in his nose, and that's enough." Here the doctor began to whistle like a blackbird, which was his favorite amusement in moments of irritability.

But the matter did not end here. Major Snooks forthwith got a medical board, consisting of the principal doctor—or inspector-general, I believe they call him—a staff surgeon, and another doctor to report upon the case of the unlucky deserter. The board met at our hospital, and, of course, our assistant surgeon was admitted to their consultation; and as he was a remarkably clear-headed fellow, no doubt the note he sent down to the inspector the day before the board met, explained all the particulars of Martin's complaint satisfactorily; for after a long consultation, much listening through the stethoscope, and tapping with the fingers, the staff-surgeon, who was very deaf and very stupid, agreed to whatever the inspector said; and the assistant, not to be behind in manners, agreed with every syllable uttered by the staff-surgeon; and the result of this united deliberation was a certificate which I had the honor to copy in a clean hand, that "although no decided evidences of cardiace disease were manifest, yet, from the indications afforded by the stethoscope, and particularly the *bruit de soufflet* and the *rale sonore*, the board considered that, in this case, the regimental medical officer had exercised due discretion, and that corporal punishment was at present unadvisable."

I conclude this whole affair to be a little bit of professional *hum*; for after the staff-surgeon and the other were gone, the inspector laughed very heartily, as I could hear, and our doctor whistled double strong. As the former passed through the surgery to take his leave, the latter shook him heartily, saying, "God bless you, dear doctor; I owe you my commission" to which the other replied, "God bless you, my boy: I respect your humanity; but take care of one thing—whatever you do, don't be found out!"

Levee at New Orleans.

I have introduced you upon the levee of this great caravan town, for it seems to resemble, not such places as London, Liverpool, Hamburg, or New York so much as, some of those eastern cities, where for a time, men come from all parts to attend a great mart or fair, and then leave it comparatively deserted.

The levee is the bank of the Mississippi:—in some parts four hundred feet in width, it forms a complete semi-circle of three miles in length before the city. The two extreme portions, say of a mile in length, are occupied by shipping, moored lengthwise along the bank, and three or four tiers in depth; between these two portions, at the middle of the arch, the steamboats come in; they look like a Noah's ark, with two tall chimneys, and are lying bow to the bank across stream. One we shall suppose is just coming in: she is covered with cotton piled over every projecting part, till she seems like a moving mass of bales, and the guards are sunk to the water's edge; like a huge beast the engine pants as the boat forces her way between two others, to fill a vacancy just made by one leaving the solid tier lying at the bank; in a few minutes a way is pushed through, and the negroes and hands roll the cotton on the levee, where it waits a customer. Shall we go on board one of the finest of these boats? step on the plank and walk on the bow—be careful, for there is only a raised curb of wood on this boiler deck, about nine inches high; there are the boilers before you, seven or eight cylinders of iron, four feet in diameter, and thirty long, fixed side by side in a furnace, and surmounted by two chimneys; there is the greatest uniformity in these steamboats—to the smallest particular they seem devised by one mind. On the side of the boilers are stairs to ascend to the upper deck, where the cabin and accommodations of the passengers are; and as the lower deck has merely the engines and crank turning the machinery, we will go up stairs, enter at a little door just in front of the stairs; there, looking down, is the great dining-room, and settees strewed with gentlemen in divers easy and unstudied attitudes. These gentlemen are apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some abstract point, or in the investigation of certain feelings induced by the application of the expressed juice of the tobacco plant to their mouths and throats. The berths, or state-rooms, open into this dining-room, and are arranged on each side of it. Far in the stern you see flitting about, three or four gentle hoosiers, or buckeye fair ones. Immediately over the boilers, is the social hall: where are the bar and barber's shop, and the paradise of the men. On deck, immediately in front, a crowd of men, sitting in all diversified attitudes, are smoking cigars, and looking earnestly at the Planter's Hotel on the other side of the levee, or at the grocery store, and the euphonious name of Mr. Roebling, the proprietor thereof. The bell rings; and since I cannot pay my passage up river, we must go on shore. Let us walk down the levee: I would I had you for one or two days, if no longer, to talk and ramble over the town. But what have we here: a public square, fronting on the river; in the centre is a fountain, that plays on Sunday only; and on the other side, away from the river, are three remarkable buildings: the central one is the old French cathedral; it is brick built and plastered, but the plaster is dingy and falling off, from the humid atmosphere; the towers are three, two like St. Thomas', at the side, and a third in the centre; the side is plain, as all stuccoed buildings are: the central tower is eighty or one hundred feet high; the side ones about fifty or sixty feet high, and they are all surmounted with a pear shaped dome. The whole reminds one of some faded engraving of some Parisian church we have seen a long time back, and of our day-dreams of European travel. The buildings on each side are nearly alike, although one is freshly stuccoed and painted, the other dingy and cracked; both buildings are two stories, and with broad arches, forming a vaulted portico below and above—broad windows with semi-circular arches; one of the buildings contains the courts of law, and the other is the old Calaboose, so famous in the annals of this town. Suppose we go down Conde Street, and turn off at the Nun Ursulines: what is this building that looks like a manufactory of cotton, with a small lantern, where a bell hangs, like that which summons the natives to the daily unceasing toil? The building is tiled with red tiles; and see, a large cross is over the door-way, and some French women and half blacks are entering to prayers; it is the convent of the Ursuline Nuns, where they have retired from the world, within sound of the busy hum of the levee, the clamor of commerce, the ceaseless bustle of hurrying to and fro, and the sound of men striving to be rich. A magic circle those walls form—a veil impenetrable—separated as effectually from the vain world that moves without their dwelling, as if the grave and the peaceful sod were between: as far removed from its care and turmoil as the sleepers in Trinity church are from the trading and shining of renowned Wall Street.

The old city is about one mile long, and one half deep from the river; it is surrounded by boulevards—streets with a strip of green, bordered with trees in the centre; Canal Street on the south; Esplanade on the north; Rampart on the side, away from the river. Back of the last named street, are the Catholic cemeteries; where, in sacred turmoil, rest the victims of the pestilence, of the assassin, of the duel—of all the various forms of death. In French and Spanish, English and Latin, their virtues and the sorrows of their friends are read; built of brick the best are; and stuccoed like Doric temple—like an old Cyclopian monument. They sleep. Amid the tombs are growing the willow, the oleander and flowers, that pious hands have planted. One family tomb has round it my flower-pots, and a beautiful parterre; it looks like a tiny baby-house, and a miniature garden. And there they repose; the All-Encompassing holding their souls in his bosom—the grave, the tomb—till the word is spoken that wakes the dead. Let them rest in peace. Their virtues will live in them in other hearts, and preach to the end of time. What a lesson! here are hopes dying and living in the ground, till, transplanted, they shall bloom forever—faith and confidence disappointed and turned to dust, yet not utterly dead; and all the good works, though unwritten, still immortally giving perfume, and diffusing peace in whose memories they live; and in one mind, they are remembered always.

Guess, Guess.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as, when to others told,
Awake the sigh or wring the tear—
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow
Come o'er my [illegible], ev'n now,
Were echoing far off [illegible]—
There is no sense of joy or wo
But she doth gild with influence bright;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

Liberty of Conscience.

"In the extensive practice of my profession," says the lamented Dr. Parrish, "for many years I have been accustomed to view poor, frail human nature in its most unveiled forms. The longer I live, the greater is my compassion for erring humanity. I have observed, that, in the hour of deep affliction, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Friend, &c. &c. notwithstanding their various modes of faith, all call upon one common God and Father. Among these, none manifest more composure than the Catholic, after confession and absolution by his priest. Thou wouldst perhaps call him an idolater, when thou sawest him with the crucifix, on which his dying eye was reposing with confidence and consolation, as he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Were I in the same situation, and the priest were to offer me such consolations, I would reject them at once, as 'absurd and ridiculous,' so far as they related to me. Yet never have I dared, at such a moment, to attempt to unsettle the mind of a Catholic, by an exposition of my own religious views. I have also seen the poor despised Jew, calm and resigned on the bed of death, unshaken in the religion of his fathers. Surely these things should teach us a lesson of charity, remembering we are dust.

I have often admired, and been humbled in beholding, the simplicity of the Gospel, as taught by our Divine Master. In the first place, he commissioned poor fishermen to be its promulgators. Does he refer us to nice theological distinctions—or are we called upon to test each other by opinions and speculations? Look at his plain directions delivered in his sermon on the Mount. Hear his positive declarations—'A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; therefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.' And in the hour of final judgment, on what is that judgment predicted? Is it on orthodox opinions, or on practice? 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me, in prison and ye came unto me.'

When I perceive the bitter fruits which are so often produced by the conflicting opinions of professing Christians, my mind is affected with sorrow; yet it is at seasons consoled by the reflection, that, happily for the human family, they are not to be finally judged by any earthly tribunal, but by a heavenly and compassionate Father, who pities his erring children; who sleeps not by day, nor slumbers by night; but who watches over us for good, and numbers the very hairs of our heads; And although justice and judgment are the habitations of his throne yet thanksgiving and praise be ascribed unto our God, for his mercy endureth forever."

Courage of Luther.

The essential quality of him was, that he could fight and conquer—that he was a right piece of human valor. No more valiant man, mortal heart to be called braver, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic kindred, whose character is valor. His defiance of the "devils" in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken; it was a faith of Luther that they were devils—spiritual denizens of the pit, continually besetting men. Many times in his writings this turns up, and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg, where he sat translating the Bible, they will show you a black spot on the wall, the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn down with long labor, sickness, and abstinence from food: there arose before him some hideous, indefinable image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his work. Luther started up with fiend defiance, flung his ink-stand at the spectre, and it disappeared. The spot still remains there—a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition in a scientific sense; but the man's heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this earth or under it. Fearless enough!—They spoke once about his not being at Leipzig, as if "Duke George had hindered him," a great enemy of his. "It was not for Duke George," answered he: "no; if I had business at Leipzig I would go, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running!"—*Carlyle.*

Carlyle's French Revolution.

The so-called History of the French Revolution, is no history; but a gallery of portraits, and scenes of civil war; a strange medley of incongruous particulars; a raree show. We have compared it to a magic lantern, exhibited in a ruinous barn; the incidents gleaming out fitfully at times with a wild splendor, but shadowed by a dull, squalid, colorless background. It is no history, inasmuch as it does not *relate*. It *describes* and *speculates*. It is dramatic; but true history is epic. It infers, as no genuine history should, previous knowledge of the actors and incidents. It is, in a word, a mere melodramatic piece. It might have been written by a clever mad-man. The most spirited of the classic historians are tame, to this rant and bombast.—Nevertheless, there is strength in it; but it is not a spasmodic, nervous, occasional vigor! We make bold to think so. Carlyle cannot write narrative, none. His jerking sentences, like a careering horse, throw the historian out of his saddle. He cannot keep his seat. It is like nothing so much, as the Sybiline leaves. His descriptive powers are far superior. His fancy is wild and picturesque; he can paint with striking, but not with mild and gentle colors.

Ladies Department.

Prudes and Coquettes.

What different effects does the same cause produce! That universal desire of pleasing the opposite sex which exists among young females makes of one a Prude and of another a Coquette; both, by different means, hoping to arrive at the same end; the one by a graceful vivacity—the other by an interesting diffidence; the one by ostentatiously parading her charms—the other by ostentatiously veiling them. This is ridiculous enough when something attractive really exists; but it becomes exquisitely so when there is absolutely nothing worth parading, and nothing worth veiling. A Coquette and a Prude commence their existence at the age of fifteen; and if not married, pass into another state of being at about thirty, or a little more, according to temperament. The whole interim has been employed in one continual attack on that wayward creature, Man; the Coquette, like a bold sportsman, aiming at all she considers worthy of powder and shot—the Prude, like a wary fowler, spreading a snare to entrap the wandering. But after a time hope is generally abandoned, and wonderful to behold is the change! The Coquette throws away her weapons and retires, with the most utter resignation, to meditate on the folly of her former pursuits; whilst the Prude, in despair of taking game, is fain to put up with any miserable hedge-sparrow that may find its way into her net. In short, to sum all together, there is but one established course to pursue—the Coquette turns religionist, and the Prude marries the best lover left. It is highly amusing to watch, in a ball-room, the manoeuvres of these two fair enemies of man. The Coquette is all animation—her heart fluttering with the imagined conquest of her partner in the quadrille, who (very possibly) may never think of her till he sees her again, and who (very probably) thinks more of himself than of her at any time. On the other hand, the Prude looks icy-winter at a man who asks if she has seen the last new opera, seems astonished at his daring to hand her a glass of lemonade; and, in fact, upon all occasions performs the part of the "Cruel Beauty," the gentleman being supposed to enact the "Despairing Lover." But how unavailing are, often, all these efforts! The male creatures seem endowed with an instinctive ability to escape the most desperate attempts and the most deeply-laid plans. "Men are all brutes," is hath been comprehensively remarked; and, in good truth, the expression may be allowed to a woman who perceives, with indignation, that the meritorious endeavors of those who studied fascination as a science are frequently defeated by some perverse girl who protests against their practices, laughs at their laborious attempts, and pleases merely because she can't help it. This is a crime against the initiated of the highest order, and it has often surprised me that some well-organized plan of operations has not been projected where all would be compelled to regularly enter themselves, according to taste, in either of the two branches which constitute the system, and those who refused would, on all occasions, be discouraged and placed without the pale of communion. The principal reason, I apprehend, why the ladies have not endeavored to carry out something of the sort is, the jealousy that prevails between the two great parties to which they are divided. A Prude cannot, for her life, speak well of a Coquette; nor has a Coquette a good word for a Prude. Their ill-feeling toward each other is greater than toward the daring Radical who laughs at them both; and whilst they should be guarding against the common enemy, they would be quarrelling among themselves.

Another reason is, their conviction of the truth contained within the before-mentioned maxim: namely, that "men are all brutes." Manage as cleverly as they might, and dreadful as might be the penalties for disclosure, the existence of such a formidable union could never be kept from the knowledge of the men, who, with their natural obstinacy and dread of being outwitted, would immediately support the cause of the malcontents, exhibit a marked coldness to the allied members, and, at last, by these means, succeed in breaking up the coalition. Thus would matters come again to their present state, and the observer—from their doctrine would act with perfect impunity. Even though it would be so difficult for the two great parties to combine against their opponents, yet the same reasons do not prevent the opponents from devouring to set up their theory as the Universal Creed. As the basis of the present system is falsehood, inducing the practice of deceit, let those who agree not with it base *their* system on sincerity, and make the practice of truth their chief study. It would be charming to see the race of Prudes and Coquettes supplanted by a confederation of spirited and sensible girls, whose avowed determination was, as regards the other sex, to affect neither more nor less than they actually felt. I predict that their success would be immense, and that they would demonstrate, by the number of their conquests, the superiority of their system over that of their rivals. Besides, such a good example would have a very beneficial effect on the "brutes" of men, and tend marvellously to polish their manners. If sincerity influenced the one sex, it must soon influence the other, and the present cunning and warlike mode of conducting matters would give place to one more rational and agreeable. The two great classes of Deceivers and Believers, which now include nearly all of both sexes, would then diminish rapidly, and truth would, to some extent, exist between man and woman. When this great reformation takes place, I hope the crest that the disciples of the New Movement may wear [illegible] (such as a peculiar comb or flower in the hair) by which all men of sense may know them from the Prudes and Coquettes who will surround them. The creed should be called Sinceritarianism, and the professors known as Sinceritarians. A committee chosen from the general body must be formed, to examine into charges, of insincerity which may be brought by either sex against members; and, if proved, the culprit should be deprived of her symyol of sisterhood, and branded with the ignominous name of a Prude or Coquette, as the case may be, until, by repentance and amendment, she shall have proved her right to enjoy again the honorable title of a Sinceritarian. There are many scattered believers and practisers of this doctrine; but hitherto the prejudices among many in favor of either Prudery or Coquetry have been too strong to allow the few advocates of the New Movement to form themselves into a distinct and organized association. The time, however, is perhaps not far distant when they will be able to do so; and in the meantime I drink, in this cup of coffee—To the speedy advent of Sinceritarianism.

A Quiz on Tourists.

The avidity with which the most absurd stories respecting America, are re-published by English tourists in our country, has brought out the following inimitable quiz from that witty journal the New Orleans Picayune.

"'Madam,' said a free-spoken, warm-hearted, enthusiastic and a little quizzical son of old Kentucky, while paying his devoirs to one of the famous lady tourists of America, 'Madam, you should have been born in America; the greatest country in the known world; nature has clustered all her stupendous and dazzling works upon this land, and you should be among them! We have got the greatest men, the finest women, the longest rivers, the broadest lakes, the tallest trees, the widest prairies, the highest waterfalls, *and* the biggest hearts in all creation.'

'Madam, go and see the Falls of Niagara. May the lord take a liking to you, my dear ma'am, if I didn't think I'd waked right up in futurity when I first *seed* that big slantendicular puddle! (Slantendicular's an alge-*bra* word, ma'm, you mayn't know it.) Why, Madam, I could tell your something about them falls—but you mustn't put it in your book, 'cos nobody 'll ever believe it. The people that live round 'bout there all lose their speech and never hear each other speak for years, with the noise of the cataract! Fact, ma'm, true as that's a pencil and note book you're taking out of your pocket. Why, there was a man lived there ten years, and he got so *deef* he never knew a man was speaking to him till a pail of water was poured down the back of his neck! When you go to see the falls, ma'm, you must do all the talking you want before you get within twenty-five miles of them, for after that not a word of any kind can be heard!'

'Then, madam, you should go and see the great cave in Kentucky, where the bats hibernaculate in countless millions. There is not such another hole in the ground to be found upon the face of the earth, or, rather, under the earth. Madam, if you go back to England without seeing our mammoth cave you'll put your foot in it,—no, beg pardon, excuse me—that's quite *unpossible*—but you'll leave a pretty big hole in the book you're going to write. There is no end known to it, madam, and there is a salt-water lake in the middle of it twenty-five miles broad. One of the rooms is called the 'Antipodean Chamber,' from the unpronounceable fact that a man can just as easy walk upon the ceiling as upon the floor; and in this same apartment there's a natural fountain of pure brandy!'

'You haint been South yet, have you, ma'm? you haint seen the Mississippi river and the city of New Orleans! Well, ma'm, New Orleans is a hundred and twenty-five feet *below* the level of the sea, and the Mississippi runs through a canal bridge right over the city!—The inhabitants are chiefly alligators and screech-owls, (which last word has been vulgarly perverted into *Creoles*!) Their food is chiefly gum, procured from trees in the swamp, and which they call *Gumbo*. Epicures have a way of making a exceedingly rich by putting in little strings made from vermin caught in cellars, and which is called *vermicelli*!—There is a paper published there called the *Picayune*, the name being well chosen as significant of its professed parentage upon Kant's Philosophy, Baron Munchausen, the Pilgrim's Progress, Joe Miller, Washington Irving and Bell's Life in London. It is a violent and stupendous political print, and the government of the country has in vain endeavored to suppress it. One of the peculiar marks about this extraordinary city is the entire absence of those small quadrupeds of the genus *mus* commonly known as rats! One was seen, many years ago, by a citizen, who brutally murdered the unknown creature, but he was immediately tried, sentenced and hung for the enormity.—There are no hotels fit for respectable entertainment in the place, and the only houses fit for a stranger to visit are Messrs. *Fudge* and *Who's-his-name's* Log Cabin, and the *King's Bench*, which was formerly a court of justice, but is now the fashionable tavern. The prisoner's bar is now *counter-fitted* and called '*King's Bar*!' Next door to this are the St. Charles *stables*, which are about to be transformed into a theatre.'

'You will hear, madam, a great deal about the *floating* population of New Orleans, a phrase which you will understand when I tell you that the town is half the year under inundation from the Mississippi! You should have been born in America, my dear ma'm, but as you were not, you may possibly *die* here, and that's some consolation for you!'"

The Old Frenchman.

Permit me to return to my guide, who, all the while preceding me, has told me as much as could four Englishmen and two Americans in the same space of time. I soon learned his history. He was of middle age, or rather more advanced, though his activity belied it. At fifteen, he enlisted under the nation's idol, until the final catastrophe, in the capacity of trumpeter. He blew the charge of the cuirassiers at Waterloo. How vividly he described every thing connected with that eventful day!—"Here," said he, running forward and drawing a diagram with his finger in the sand, "here stood Napoleon, here the English: there through the forest, came the Prussians—ah, Gon—and then, *sauve qui peut*, the *plus grand*—ah!" Such a face! The whole scene was enacted before me, for he *felt* it all. "Which way did you all run after the battle?" said I. A faint smile crossed his dolorous countenance: "Which way, Monsieur! Where else could we? To Paris. We expected a rescue—a one more effort—— (his voice failed;) but you know the rest. Pauvre Napoleon!" He turned away his face, and if I am not greatly mistaken, a movement which he made with his hand wiped away a tear.

"The English," said I, "did not treat him very well."

"No, Monsieur, they did not, nor France, for whom he fought the greatest battles in the annals of the world: even she, in the hour of need deserted him. No more, Monsieur, no more! It pains me." He heaved a deep sigh, beat violently upon his breast, and his head dropped in despair.

I wished to try him once more, and cruelly mentioned the Prussians. Such a change as came over the spirit of his dream! Such rage, such curses, never have I seen or heard: "Only for one reason," said he, "do I now desire to live; and oh, may it come in my day! 'T is that France may crush *la Prusse!*"

Farmers Department.

For the Saturday Evening Post.
COMMUNICATION.
Arrest Farm, Cecil county, Md. June 12th, 1841.

Cure for Diseases in Peach Trees.

Gentlemen—

As I have understood from a source that cannot be doubted, that there is several persons employed in this State and Pennsylvania, curing diseased Peach Trees and charging for doing so, and as that information has been received directly or indirectly through me without cost to them; I feel it a duty I owe my fellow agriculturists to make it public.

My experiments commenced in 1836, when I came into possession of the farm I now occupy, the information was derived from observations in nature of more than twenty years standing; an account of which, with my experiments, I propose to prepare for the Cultivator, published at Albany, N. Y. as early as convenient for me to do so.

The application to the trees consists of salt and salt petre combined in the proportion of one part of salt petre to eight parts of salt, one half pound of this mixture to a tree seven years old and upward, to be applied upon the surface of the ground, around and in immediate contact with the trunk of the tree: this will destroy the worm, but to more effectually preserve the tree I also sow this mixture over my orchard at the rate of two bushels to the acre. The size of the fruit is increased, and the flavor [illegible] greatly improved, the worm destroyed and the yellows prevented.

I hope that other papers will place this matter before their [illegible] so as to prevent the public from being imposed upon.

With high respect, I am yours, &c.
LYTTLETON PHYSICK.

Game Laws.—We are glad to see that a law [illegible] New York, for the *preservation of game*. It prohibits partridges or quails from being caught or killed from March to Sep. and woodcocks from March till July. Many have been the efforts in Maryland to get some Legislative enactments to protect these birds from being shot—the mothers on the nest, and the young, soon *after they leave it*. But ignorance associates with every view of the subject, the odious spirit and operation of the "game laws" in England, and those who have not spirit enough to note the distinction, raise the senseless cry of aristocracy!—privileged others!—oppression of the poor by the rich! As if it were intended to revive, or establish here, the laws of the tyrant William I. which made it forfeiture of property and imprisonment, to disable a wild beast, and loss of eyes for disabling a stag, buck, or wild boar. Whenever it is proposed to pass laws to prevent the early *annihilation* of these innocent and delicious birds, the "largest liberty" is the popular theory—a liberty [illegible] allow any loafer to come and dip the meat out of his pot, and walk off without saying how dare you! for fear of losing his vote.

Why will Water Mills grind more in the night than in the day-time?

It is known to every miller, says a modern writer who argues philosophically, that the velocity of water wheels is increased at the approach of night, without the volume of water or aperture through which it passes being enlarged. The solution of this well-known and singular fact is found in two distinct causes. Water-wheels generally, are impelled by the specific gravity of water. The specific gravity of water, in some measure depends on its temperature; for instance, say water at 60 degs. weighs 61 pounds per cubic foot, while at 40 degs. it weighs 62 pounds. Supposing the temperature of water during the day to be 60 degs. and 40 degs. at night, it follows that the specific gravity of water used at night, is 1-62 greater than the water used during the day, consequently, the power, impelling water-wheels, is 1-62 greater at night than day, *the aperture through which the water issues being the same*. The volume of water expended in a given time is the same at night as in day, but the weight of water consumed is greater at night than in day, caused by the greater density of water at night.

The second cause producing this singular fact alluded to is, that at the approach of night, the vapors suspended in the upper regions of the atmosphere during the day, descend and rest on the surface of the water in forebays of mills, and aid by their weight and density in forcing an increased quantity of water through the aperture. The difference of the specific gravity between cold atmosphere charged with vapor, and air heated by the noonday sun, is the pressure added at night to water in forebays of mills.

Floriculture.—No where that we know of, is this beautiful art and the taste that belongs to it, more cultivated than at and around Washington. In our judgment nothing indicates finer feelings than a fondness for flowers. The lady who takes delight in her beds of carnations, the tulips, and lilies, deserves to lie forever on "beds of roses." Doubtless some of our enterprising florists will soon "FEAST" our eyes and olfactories with the sight and odor of

The Perpetual Rose.—A Parisian florist has succeeded in producing a new hybrid rose from the Bourbon Rose and Gloire de Rosomene, the flowers of which he fertilised with the pollen of some damask hybrid roses. The plant is said to be extremely beautiful, the color bright crimson, shaded with maroon purple, and is further enriched with a powerful and delicious fragrance.

How universally is this queen of flowers associated with modesty, beauty, and enjoyment; Hence, the most exquisite of all vegetable perfumes which we get from the East Indies, one drop of which will shed its fragrance over all around, is called "*Otter of Roses.*" "Oh, let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose buds before they are withered.

Bread-Stuffs.—We have taken occasion to remark, with no feelings of satisfaction, however, on the tendency of the *new* grain growing States, to out-produce and under-sell, the old States which yet rely on the growth of grain as their chief staple and support. Among other extracts from recent papers, we find the following:

Wheat—Michigan and New-England.—The State of Michigan, now in its infancy, with a population of two hundred thousand, produced in 1838, five hundred and fifty thousand bushels more of wheat than the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont, with a population of more than one million seven hundred thousand. In less than ten years, the annual produce of wheat in Michigan will probably amount to ten million bushels. According to a recent calculation made in England with great care, this alone would supply a population of two millions with bread stuffs for a year.

Wheat Prospects.—The Lebanon Star states that in Warren county, Ohio, the fly or the frost has destroyed many fields of wheat, so that the farmers have ploughed the ground for spring planting. The New Albany (Ia.) Gazette of the 9th inst states that the wheat crop in that section of Indiana has been almost entirely destroyed by the fly, and that in many instances the fields have been ploughed up and planted in corn. In consequence of the strong probability of a small wheat crop the present season, flour has taken a sudden rise there from $3,75 to $4,50 per barrel.

This is the first croaking we have seen this season. A gentleman from Northern Indiana last week, informed us that the wheat crop in that section of the State looked very fair. An unusual quantity was grown, and with prospect of a great yield. A gentleman just from the wheat region of Ohio, speaks of the very promising appearance of the growing crop.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A NATURAL REMEDY.
Suited to our Constitutions, and competent to the cure of every curable disease will be found in the
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

THESE extraordinary Pills are composed of plants which grow spontaneously upon our own soil; and are therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth

SUBJECT TO BUT ONE DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on NATURAL PRINCIPLES—

by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest, that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to directions, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, we drain it of the superabundant waters, in like manner if we wish to restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out the

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease in an easy and NATURAL MANNER; and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name, is rapidly driven from the body.

The above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, have been three years before the American public; and we can now say without fear of contradiction, that of all the various medicines which have heretofore been popular, not one has given such universal satisfaction, or obtained such a permanent hold upon the affections of the people. Not only do all who use it invariably experience relief, and recommend it to the notice of [illegible] it has effected some of the most astonishing cures [illegible] by medicine.

Hitherto, very few of the numerous testimonials [illegible] have been received in favor of this extraordinary medicine have been published, as the medicine obtained its present great celebrity more by its own intrinsic goodness than from extensive advertising. It has been deemed proper, however, to offer the following opinions of the public press, together with a few extracts from letters of Agents, merely to show, that the fame of the Indian Vegetable Pills, is not confined to any one section, but is rapidly extending itself to every section of the Union.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.
THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity in New England as well as other parts of the United States. The attempt of persons to defraud the public by the sale of spurious articles, meets with general reprobation. Mr. Wright is an indefatigable business man, and offers an array of certificates of the medicine which warrant confidence in the virtues of his Indian Vegetable Pills.

From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.
THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

People are pretty well satisfied by this time, that Calomel, and the other thousand and one mineral preparations of the shops, are better adapted, at a general rule, to kill rather than cure the patients; as a matter of course, vegetable medicines are therefore in great request. There are very many humbugs, however, among the latter, and we would advise all those who have the least regard for their health, to try the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH; sold at 169 Race street, Philadelphia; as they are the preparation of one intimately acquainted with the healing art.

From the Boston Daily Times.
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of all the public advertised medicines of the day, we know of none that we can more safely recommend for the "ills that flesh is heir to" than the Pills that are sold at the depot of the North American College of Health, No 198 Tremont street, Boston. Several instances we know of where they are used in families with the highest satisfaction; and no longer ago than yesterday, we heard an eminent Physician of the city recommend them in high terms. There used to be in the community, a great repugnance to the use of QUACK medicines, as they are all indiscriminately termed, but it was mainly owing to the regular M. D.'s constantly denouncing them. They are, however, becoming more liberal in this respect, and the consequence is that good vegetable medicines are now more extensively used than formerly.

Extract of a letter from Peter Christ, Uniontown, Carrol county, Md. Nov. 17th, 1838.

Dear Sir—About two months ago, I had business in Baltimore, and called at your office, and bought a few boxes of the Indian Vegetable Pills; and upon trying them I found them to be far superior to ——— Pills, or any other medicine I had ever used. I had been subject to a cough for five years past, and during the time have taken a variety of medicines without any relief, until I got the Indian Vegetable Pills and by taking four doses, the cough began to leave me; and I now enjoy better health than I have done for five years past. After I found them to be a valuable medicine, I immediately sent to Baltimore for a large supply. I have received so much benefit in using the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS that I cannot help, but recommend them to every invalid I see, and think so well of the medicine that I have sent two dozen boxes to my invalid friends in the state of Indiana.

Signed, PETER CHRIST.

From G. C. Black, New York.

Mr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—You will please to forward as soon as possible, some of your Indian Vegetable Pills; as we are almost out of the article, and they appear to be getting into general use here. We have a great call for the medicine at present, and those that have used them, speak very high of them. One gentleman attributes his being CURED of DROPSY to the use of them; and another has been CURED of DYSPEPSIA, solely by the use of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and [illegible] his case if you think proper.

No. 1 Chatham Square, New York.

Extract of a letter from Mr. A. Larrimore, Indiana.

Doctor Wright—Dear Sir—Having some knowledge of your most excellent compound, THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and not knowing how to get a fresh supply, my stock being nearly exhausted, and wishing to always have them in my family, I take this method to open a correspondence with you. The pills alluded to are well thought of here and very much wanted. I wish to make arrangements with you for a constant supply, as I think a very great quantity could be sold in this section of the country.

Extract of a letter from Samuel Grifith, Stewartstown, York county Pa.

Mr. W. Wright—Dear Sir—I am selling the Indian Vegetable Pills by the dollar's worth, and at that rate the stock of Pills, left by your travelling agent, will soon be out.

I am pleased to find they are such ready sale. Those who have used them, speak in the highest terms of them. Many have already found great relief from their use, [illegible] cases [illegible] I shall [illegible] of the same.

Extract of a letter from Washington City.

Mr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—You will have the kindness to forward as soon as possible, two or three gross of the Indian Vegetable Pills. The sales have, for the last two months, increased rapidly, those who buy, generally remarking "that they are the best pills they have ever used;" and my opinion is that they will in a short time supercede all others in this city.

ROBERT FARNHAM.
Washington City, D. C.

Extract of a letter from Lycoming county, Pa.

Mr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—On being appointed Agents for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS in this place, we only took one gross on trial; but it would have been better if we had taken a half dozen gross, for on a fair trial they have *far exceeded our most sanguine expectations*. In fact so much so that we have been obliged to send to Mr. Zimmerman at Lancaster, more than a hundred miles from here, for ten dozen; but these will last but a very short time the way we are selling them since they have been fairly tested. In the first place, I gave some to our Physicians, to make trial of some which they have purchased a number of boxes, and highly approve of them. A few days ago, there was a lady sent thirty miles to get a box of the Pills, she at the time was very low, and unable to turn herself in bed; but in two days, as my informant says she was able to help herself.

We could mention many other cases, but deem it unnecessary at this time; but would merely say, that as the season is fast approaching when there will be a great demand for the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and if we only could get a supply of the medicine, we could establish other agents, which would be of immense advantage, not only to the NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH; but to the public generally. Please let us know your views on the subject, and any directions relative to the same, will be promptly attended to by Very respectfully, your friends,

S. WINCHESTER & SON,
Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa.

OFFICES for the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, NO. 169 RACE ST. PHILADELPHIA. No. 288 Greenwich street, New York. No. 56½ Baltimore street, Baltimore; and 198 Tremont street, Boston. my 8 3m

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 South Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 200 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, which are in use in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 400 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. je 23 1y

SUPERB New Flower Seeds, for the Spring of 1841—Comprising superb German Asters, Ten Weeks Stocks, German and Paris Balsams, Rocket Larkspurs, Lupins, Hollyhocks, &c. with the addition of all the most superb and beautiful varieties in cultivation.

Our flower seeds comprise a more choice and extensive assortment that has ever been offered in Philadelphia, all of which are from the best cultivators in America, Great Britain, Holland and France, and such as are in every way worthy the attention of the lady or gentleman Amateur florist. Catalogues *gratis* on application. Prices from 6¼ to 25 cts. per paper. To those who prefer having their seeds already done up, we offer the following, viz:

ASSORTMENTS of 20 fine kinds of Annual Flower Seeds, all blooming the present season in boxes, with directions for cultivation. Price $1.

ASSORTMENTS of 20 fine kinds of Annual, Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, blooming first and second years. $1.

ASSORTMENTS of 12 very choice and rare sorts Annual Flower seeds blooming the present season. $1.

ASSORTMENTS of 40 distinct varieties, fine kinds $2, or of 20 most choice varieties, $2.

Buyers' Flower Garden Companion, 75 cents. Bridgeman's Florist Guide, 62½ cts. of Buists' Flower Garden, $1.25, all the best works on the Flower Garden published, Fine Weeding, and Transplanting Trowels, Hoes, Garden Rakes, &c.

With the largest and choicest assortment of VEGETABLE SEEDS to be found in Phila. Summer Flowering, Bulbous Roots, Superb Double Dahlias, &c. &c.

D. B. (of the late firm of Hirst and Dreer)
& F. M. HIRST, No. 27 South 6th street, east side, above Chesnut street, Philada. my 1-3m

DOES not common sense teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most natural as well as the most rational agent in arresting and curing
PULMONARY DISEASES?
Reason says yes, because
OBSTRUCTION
is either immediately or remotely the cause of Inflammation and Catarrhal Fevers, producing Croup, Consumption, and Abscesses of the Lungs, Pain and Soreness of the Throat, Breast, Sides, or Shoulders—Bronchitis, existing serous and purulent secretions, thereby clogging up the lungs, so as to more or less impede both respiration and the free circulation of the blood cause Difficulty of Breathing, and
ASTHMA.
Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Injury of the Heart and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs and
SPITTING OF BLOOD.
To remove this obstruction, from which all these alarming and dangerous diseases originate, and to produce a radical cure, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
It stands unrivalled—it stands pre-eminent—TRY IT, and you will be forced to acknowledge that its virtues have not been overrated or exaggerated; that it stands far above and beyond the reach of competition; that it is the only remedy, the only rational, and the only truly scientific method of arresting and curing diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.
Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1.
N. B. No charge for medical advice. ap 24 3m

DRAWN from Nature's Garden Vegetable, an Infallible Remedy for Deafness.—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases [illegible] Dr. Taylor, [illegible] the Institution for the diseases of the Eye and Ear [illegible] the following [illegible] Dr. Lenton, Curtis, Drake, and L. Squires, Aurists and Surgeons, [illegible] who have tried and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis, throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and orders were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts. [illegible] the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied [illegible]. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Phillippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing [illegible] by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis [illegible] recommend to all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The Gutta Vegetabilis (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will be more to persuade others of its efficacy than all that could be said. [illegible]

Miss E. A. HORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, she tried the Gutta Vegetabilis, [illegible] and perfectly restored [illegible].

THOMAS DOBBERT, 60 Pennington Street, who was a Lieutenant in the [illegible] at the battle of Waterloo, [illegible] completely cured by [illegible] the Gutta Vegetabilis.

MRS. GRIGG, of Camberwell, who had been for [illegible] years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases which no hope of recovery had been entertained of, deafness.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in an incredible short time.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been for a long time deprived of their sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill or directions round each bottle with my name signed by my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 60 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young, Letters post paid, describing their case minutely, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET AESCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of the Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable causes of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks conveying in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his cure, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

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